THE

CONFESSIONS

OF

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE CONFESSIONS OF J. J. ROUSSEAU,

CITIZEN OF GENEVA.

PART THE SECOND.

To which is added,

A NEW COLLECTION OF LETTERS FROM THE AUTHOR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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THE CONFESSIONS OF J. J. ROUSSEAU.

CONTINUATION OF BOOK IX.

So many ſucceſſive vexations overwhelmed me to ſuch a degree as to leave me but little power over my mind. Receiving no anſwer from St. Lambert, neglected by Madame H....., and no longer daring to open my heart to any perſon, I began to be afraid that by making friendſhip my idol, I ſhould ſacrifice my whole life to chimeras. After putting all thoſe with whom I had been acquainted to the teſt, there remained but two who had preſerved my eſteem, and in whom my heart could confide: Duclos, of whom ſince my retreat to

the Hermitage I had loſt ſight, and St. Lambert. I thought the only means of repairing the wrongs I had done the latter, was to open myſelf to him without reſerve, and I reſolved to confeſs to him every thing by which his miſtreſs ſhould not be expoſed. I have no doubt but this was another ſnare of my paſſion to keep me nearer to her perſon; but I ſhould certainly have had no reſerve with her lover, entirely ſubmitting to his direction, and carrying ſincerity as far as it was poſſible to do it. I was upon the point of writing to him a ſecond letter, to which I was certain he would have returned an anſwer, when I learned the melancholy cauſe of his ſilence relative to the firſt. He had been unable to ſupport until the end the fatigues of the campaign. Madame D'.....y informed me he had had an attack of the palſy, and Madame d'H....., ill from affliction, wrote me two or three days afterwards from Paris, that he was going to Aix-la-Chapelle to take the benefit of the waters. I will not ſay this melancholly circumſtance afflicted me as it did her; but I am of opinion my grief of heart was as painful as her tears. The pain of knowing him to be in ſuch a ſtate, increaſed by the fear

fear leaſt inquietude ſhould have contributed to occaſion it, affected me more than any thing that had yet happened, and I felt moſt cruelly a want of fortitude, which in my eſtimation was neceſſary to enable me to ſupport ſo many misfortunes. Happily this generous friend did not long leave me ſo overwhelmed with affliction; he did not forget me, notwithſtanding his attack; and I ſoon learned from himſelf that I had ill judged his ſentiments, and been too much alarmed for his ſituation. It is now time I ſhould come to the grand revolution of my deſtiny, to the cataſtrophe which has divided my life into two parts ſo different from each other, and, from a very trifling cauſe, produced ſuch terrible effects.

One day, little thinking of what was to happen, Madame D'.....y ſent for me to the Chevrette. The moment I ſaw her I perceived in her eyes and whole countenance an appearance of uneaſineſs, which ſtruck me the more, as this was not cuſtomary, nobody knowing better than ſhe did how to govern her features and their movements. My friend, ſaid ſhe, to me, I am immediately going to ſet off for

Geneva; my breaſt is in a bad ſtate, and my health ſo deranged that I muſt go and conſult Tronchin. I was the more aſtoniſhed at this reſolution ſo ſuddenly taken, and at the beginning of the bad ſeaſon of the year, as thirty-ſix hours before ſhe had not, when I left her, ſo much as thought of it. I aſked her who ſhe would take with her. She ſaid, her ſon and M. de Linant; and afterwards careleſsly added, and you, bear, will not you go alſo? As I did not think ſhe ſpoke ſeriouſly, knowing that at that ſeaſon of the year I was ſcarcely in a ſituation to go out of my chamber, I joked upon the utility of the company, of one ſick perſon to another. She herſelf had not ſeemed to make the propoſition ſeriouſly, and here the matter dropped. The reſt of our converſation ran upon the neceſſary preparations for her journey, about which ſhe immediately gave orders, being determined to ſet off within a fortnight. She loſt nothing by my refuſal, having prevailed upon her huſband to accompany her.

A few days afterwards I received from Diderot the note I am going to tranſcribe.

This

This note, ſimply doubled up, ſo that the contents were eaſily read, was addreſſed to me at Madame D'.....y's, and ſent to M. de Linant, tutor to the ſon, and confident to the mother.

Note from Diderot.

" I am naturally diſpoſed to love you, and am born to give you trouble. I am informed Madame D'.....y is going to Geneva, and do not hear you are to accompany her. My friend, you are ſatisfied with Madame D'.....y, you muſt go with her ; if diſſatisfied you ought ſtill leſs to heſitate. Do you find the weight of the obligations you are under to her uneaſy to you ? This is an opportunity of diſcharging a part of them, and relieving your mind. Do you ever expect another opportunity like the preſent one, of giving her proofs of your gratitude ? She is going to a country where ſhe will be quite a ſtranger. She is ill, and will ſtand in need of amuſement and diſſipation. The winter ſeaſon too ! Conſider my friend. Your ill ſtate of health may be a much greater objection than I think it is ; but are you now more indiſpoſed than you were a month ago, or than you will be at the beginning of ſpring ?

Will you three months hence be in a ſituation to perform the journey more at your eaſe than at preſent? For my part I cannot but obſerve to you that were I unable to bear the ſhaking of the carriage I would take my ſtaff and follow her. Have you no fears leaſt your conduct ſhould be miſinterpreted? You will be ſuſpected of ingratitude or of a ſecret motive. I well know that let you do as you will you will have in your favour the teſtimony of your conſcience, but will this alone be ſufficient, and is it permitted to neglect to a certain degree that which is neceſſary to acquire the approbation of others? What I now write, my good friend, is to acquit myſelf of what I think I owe to us both. Should my letter diſpleaſe you, throw it into the fire, and let it be forgotten. I ſalute, love, and embrace you."

Although trembling, and almoſt blind with rage whilſt I read this epiſtle, I remarked the addreſs with which Diderot affected a milder and more polite language than he had done in his former ones, wherein he never went farther than my dear without ever deigning to add the name of friend. I eaſily diſcovered the

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ſecond-hand means by which the letter was conveyed to me; the ſuperſcription, manner, and form aukwardly betrayed the manœuvre; for we commonly wrote to each other by poſt, or the meſſenger of Montmorency, and this was the firſt and only time he ſent me his letter by any other conveyance.

As ſoon as the firſt tranſports of my indignation permitted me to write, I, with great precipitation, wrote him the following anſwer, which I immediately carried from the Hermitage, where I then was, to the Chevrette, to ſhew it to Madame D'.....y, to whom in my blind rage, I read the contents, as well as the letter from Diderot.

"You cannot, my dear friend, either know the magnitude of the obligations I am under to Madame D'.....y, to what a degree I am bound by them, whether or not ſhe is deſirous of my accompanying her, that this is poſſible, or the reaſons I may have for my non-compliance. I have no objection to diſcuſs all theſe points with you; but you will in the mean time confeſs that preſcribing to me ſo poſitively

what I ought to do, without firſt enabling yourſelf to judge of the matter, is, my dear philoſopher, acting very inconſiderately. What is ſtill worſe, I perceive the opinion you give comes not from yourſelf. Beſides my being but little diſpoſed to ſuffer myſelf to be led by the noſe under your name by any third or fourth perſon, I obſerve in this ſecondary advice, certain under-hand dealing, which ill agrees with your candour, and from which you will on your account as well as mine, do well in future to abſtain.

" You are afraid my conduct ſhould be miſinterpreted; but I defy a heart like yours to think ill of mine. Others would perhaps ſpeak better of me if I reſembled them more. God preſerve me from gaining their approbatiou! Let the vile and wicked watch over my conduct and miſinterpret my actions, Rouſſeau is not a man to be afraid of them, nor is Diderot to be prevailed upon to hearken to what they ſay.

" If I am diſpleaſed with your letter, you wiſh me to throw it into the fire, and pay no attention

attention to the contents. Do you imagine that any thing coming from you can be forgotten in ſuch a manner? You hold, my dear friend, my tears as cheap in the pain you give me, as you do my life and health, in the cares you exhort me to take. Could you but break yourſelf of this, your friendſhip would be more pleaſing to me, and I ſhould be leſs to be pitied."

On entering the chamber of Madame D'.....y I found Grimm with her, with which I was highly delighted. I read to them, in a loud and clear voice, the two letters, with an intrepidity, of which I ſhould not have thought myſelf capable, and concluded with a few obſervations not in the leaſt derogatory to it. At this unexpected audacity in a man generally timid, they were ſtruck dumb with ſurprize; I perceived that arrogant man look down upon the ground, not daring to meet my eyes, which ſparkled with indignation; but in the bottom of his heart he from that inſtant reſolved upon my deſtruction, and, with Madame D'.....y, I am certain concerted meaſures to that effect before they ſeparated.

It was much about this time that I at length received, by Madame d'H....., the anſwer from St. L.....t, dated from Wolfenbuttle, a few days after the accident that had happened to him, to my letter which had been long delayed upon the road. This anſwer gave me the conſolation of which I then ſtood ſo much in need; it was full of aſſurances of eſteem and friendſhip, and theſe gave me ſtrength and courage to deſerve them. From that moment I did my duty, but had St. L.....t been leſs reaſonable, generous, and honeſt, I was inevitably loſt.

The ſeaſon became bad, and people began to quit the country. Madame d'H..... informed me of the day on which ſhe intended to come and bid adieu to the valley, and gave me a rendezvous at Eaubonne. This happened to be the ſame day on which Madame D'.....y left the Chevrette, to go to Paris for the purpoſe of completing the preparations for her journey. Fortunately ſhe ſet off in the morning, and I had ſtill time enough to go and dine with her ſiſter-in-law. I had the letter from St. L.....t in my pocket, and read it over ſeveral times

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as I walked along. This letter ſerved me as a ſhield againſt my weakneſs. I made and kept to the reſolution of ſeeing nothing in Madame d'H..... but my friend and the miſtreſs of St. L.....t; and I paſſed with her a tête-à-tête of four hours in a moſt delicious calm, infinitely preferable, even with reſpect to enjoyment, to the paroxiſms of a burning fever, which, always, until that moment, I had had when in her preſence. As ſhe too well knew my heart not to be changed, ſhe was ſenſible of the efforts I made to conquer myſelf, and eſteemed me the more for them, and I had the pleaſure of perceiving that her friendſhip for me was not extinguiſhed. She announced to me the approaching return of St. L.....t, who, although well enough recovered from his attack was unable to bear the fatigues of war, and was quitting the ſervice to come and live in peace with her. We formed the charming project of an intimate connection between us three, and had reaſon to hope it would be laſting, ſince it was founded upon every ſentiment by which honeſt and ſuſceptible hearts could be united; and we had moreover amongſt us all the knowledge and talents neceſſary to be

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ſufficient to ourſelves, without the aid of any foreign ſupplement. Alas! in abandoning myſelf to the hope of ſo agreeable a life, I little ſuſpected that which awaited me.

We afterwards ſpoke of my ſituation with Madame D'.....y. I ſhewed her the letter from Diderot, with my anſwer to it; I related to her every thing that had paſſed upon the ſubject, and declared to her my reſolution of quitting the Hermitage. This ſhe vehemently oppoſed, and by reaſons all powerful over my heart. She expreſſed to me how much ſhe could have wiſhed I had been of the party to Geneva, foreſeeing ſhe ſhould inevitably be conſidered as having cauſed the refuſal, which the letter of Diderot ſeemed previouſly to announce. However, as ſhe was acquainted with my reaſons, ſhe did not inſiſt upon this point, but conjured me to avoid coming to an open rupture let it coſt me what mortification it would, and to palliate my refuſal by reaſons ſufficiently plauſible, to put away all unjuſt ſuſpicions of her having been the cauſe of it. I told her the taſk ſhe impoſed on me was not eaſy; but that, reſolved to expiate my faults

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at the expence of my reputation, I would give the preference to hers in every thing that honour permitted me to ſuffer. It will ſoon be ſeen whether or not I fulfilled this engagement.

My paſſion was ſo far from having loſt any part of its force that I never in my life loved my Sophia ſo ardently and tenderly as on that day. But ſuch was the impreſſion made upon me by the letter of St. L.....t, the ſentiment of my duty, and the horror in which I held perfidy, that during the whole time of the interview, my ſenſes left me in peace, and I was not ſo much as tempted to kiſs her hand. At parting ſhe embraced me before her ſervants. This embrace, ſo different from thoſe I had ſometimes ſtolen from her under the foliage, proved I was become maſter of myſelf; and I am certain that had my mind, undiſturbed, had time to acquire more firmneſs, three months would have cured me radically.

Here ends my perſonal connections with Madame d'H.....; connections of which each has been able to judge by appearances according

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ing to the diſpoſitions of his own heart, but in which the paſſion inſpired me by that amiable woman, the moſt lively paſſion perhaps man ever felt, will be honourable in our own eyes by the rare and painful ſacrifices we both made to duty, honour, love, and friendſhip. We each had too high an opinion of the other, eaſily to ſuffer ourſelves to do any thing derogatory to our dignity. We muſt have been unworthy of all eſteem, had we not ſet a proper value upon one like this, and the energy of my ſentiments which might have rendered us culpable, was that which prevented us from becoming ſo.

Thus after a long friendſhip for one of theſe women, and the ſtrongeſt affection for the other, I bade them both adieu the ſame day, to one never to ſee her more, to the other to ſee her again twice, upon occaſions of which I ſhall hereafter ſpeak.

After their departure, I found myſelf much embarraſſed to fulfil ſo many preſſing and contradictory duties, the conſequences of my imprudence; had I been in my natural ſituation,

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after the propoſition and refuſal of the journey to Geneva, I had only to remain quiet, and every thing was as it ſhould be. But I had fooliſhly made of it an affair which could not remain in the ſtate it was, and an explanation was abſolutely neceſſary, unleſs I quitted the Hermitage, which I had juſt promiſed Madame d'H..... not to do, at leaſt for the preſent. Moreover ſhe had required me to make known the reaſons for my refuſal to my pretended friends that it might not be imputed to her. Yet I could not ſtate the true reaſon without doing an outrage to Madame D'.....y, who certainly had a right to my gratitude for what ſhe had done for me. Every thing well conſidered, I found myſelf reduced to the ſevere, but indiſpenſible neceſſity of failing in reſpect, either to Madame D'.....y, Madame d'H..... or to myſelf; and it was the laſt I reſolved to make my victim. This I did without heſitation, openly and fully, and with ſo much generoſity as to make the act worthy of expiating the faults which had reduced me to ſuch an extremity. This ſacrifice, taken advantage of by my enemies, and which they, perhaps, did not expect, has ruined my reputation,

reputation, and, by their affiduity, deprived me of the eſteem of the public; but it has reſtored to me my own, and given me conſolation in my misfortune. This, as it will hereafter appear, is not the laſt time I made ſuch a ſacrifice, nor that advantages were taken of it to do me an injury.

Grimm was the only perſon who appeared to have taken no part in the affair, and it was to him I determined to addreſs myſelf. I wrote him a long letter, in which I ſet forth the ridiculouſneſs of conſidering it as my duty to accompany Madame D'.....y to Geneva, the inutility of the meaſure, and the embarraſſment even it would have cauſed her, beſides the inconvenience to myſelf. I could not reſiſt the temptation of letting him perceive in this letter how fully I was informed in what manner things were arranged, and that to me it appeared ſingular I ſhould be expected to undertake the journey whilſt he himſelf diſpenſed with it, and that his name was never mentioned. This letter, wherein, on account of my not being able clearly to ſtate my reaſons, I was often obliged to wander from the text,

text, would have rendered me culpable in the eyes of the public, but it was a model of reſervedneſs and diſcretion for people who, like Grimm, were fully acquainted with the things I forbore to mention, and which juſtified my conduct. I did not even heſitate to raiſe another prejudice againſt myſelf in attributing the advice of Diderot to my other friends. This I did to inſinuate that Madame d'H..... had been in the ſame opinion as ſhe really was, and in not mentioning that, upon the reaſons I gave her, ſhe thought differently, I could not better remove the ſuſpicions of her having connived at my proceedings than by appearing diſſatisfied with her behaviour.

This letter was concluded by an act of confidence which would have had an effect upon any other man; for, in deſiring Grimm to weigh my reaſons and afterwards to give me his opinion, I informed him that, let this be what it would, I ſhould act accordingly, and ſuch was my intention had he even thought I ought to ſet off; for M. D'.....y having appointed himſelf the conductor of his wife, my going with them would then have had a dif-

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ferent appearance; whereas it was I who, in the firſt place, was aſked to take upon me that employment, and he was out of the queſtion until after my refuſal.

The anſwer from Grimm was ſlow in coming: it was ſingular enough, on which account I will here tranſcribe it.

" The departure of Madame D'.....y is poſtponed: her ſon is ill, and it is neceſſary to wait until his health is re-eſtabliſhed. I will conſider the contents of your letter. Remain quiet at your Hermitage. I will ſend you my opinion as ſoon as this ſhall be neceſſary. As ſhe will certainly not ſet off for ſome days, there is no immediate occaſion for it. In the mean time you may, if you think proper, make her your offers, although this to me ſeems a matter of indifference. For, knowing your ſituation as well as you do yourſelf, I doubt not of her returning to your offers ſuch an anſwer as ſhe ought to do; and all the advantage which, in my opinion, can reſult from this, will be your having it in your power to ſay to thoſe by whom you may be importuned, that your

your not being of the travelling party was not for want of having made your offers to that effect. Moreover I do not ſee why you will abſolutely have it that the philoſopher is the ſpeaking trumpet of all the world, nor becauſe he is of opinion you ought to go, why you ſhould imagine all your friends think as he does? If you write to Madame D'.....y her anſwer will be yours to all your friends, ſince you have it ſo much at heart to give them all an anſwer. Adieu. I embrace Madame le Vaſſeur and the *Criminal**."

Struck with aſtoniſhment at reading this letter I vainly endeavoured to find out what it meaned. How! inſtead of anſwering me with ſimplicity, he took time to conſider of what I had written, as if the time he had already taken was not ſufficient! He intimates even the ſtate of ſuſpenſe in which he wiſhes to keep me, as if a profound problem was to be reſolved, or

* M. le Vaſſeur, whoſe wife governed him rather rudely, called her the *Lieutenant Criminal*. Grimm in a joke gave the ſame name to the daughter, and by way of abridgment was pleaſed to retrench the firſt word.

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that it was of importance to his views to deprive me of every means of comprehending his intentions until the moment he ſhould think proper to make them known. What therefore did he mean by theſe precautions, delays, and myſteries? Was this manner of acting conſiſtent with honour and uprightneſs? I vainly ſought for ſome favourable interpretation of his conduct; it was impoſſible to find one. Whatever his deſign might be, were this inimical to me, his ſituation facilitated the execution of it without its being poſſible for me in mine to oppoſe the leaſt obſtacle. In favour, in the houſe of a great prince, having an extenſive acquaintance, and giving the ton to common circles of which he was the oracle, he had it in his power, with his uſual addreſs, to diſpoſe every thing in his favour; and I, alone in my Hermitage, far removed from all ſociety, without the benefit of advice, and having no communication with the world, had nothing to do but to remain in peace. All I did was to write to Madame D'.....y upon the illneſs of her ſon, as polite a letter as could be written, but in which I did not fall into

into the ſnare of offering to accompany her to Geneva.

After waiting for a long time in the moſt cruel uncertainty, into which that barbarous man had plunged me, I learned, at the expiration of eight or ten days, that Madame D'.....y was ſet off, and received from him a ſecond letter. It contained not more than ſeven or eight lines which I did not entirely read.—— It was a rupture, but in ſuch terms as the moſt infernal hatred only can dictate, and theſe became unmeaning by the exceſſive degree of acrimony with which he wiſhed to charge them. He forbade me his preſence as he would have forbidden me his ſtates. All that was wanting to his letter, to make it laughable, was to be read over with coolneſs. Without taking a copy of it or reading the whole of the contents I returned it him immediately accompanied by the following note:

"I refuſed to admit the force of the juſt reaſons I had of ſuſpicion: I now, when it is too late, am become ſufficiently acquainted with your character.

"This

"This then is the letter upon which you took time to meditate: I return it to you, it is not for me. You may ſhew mine to the whole world and hate me openly; this on your part will be a falſehood the leſs."

My telling he might ſhew my preceding letter related to an article in his by which his profound addreſs throughout the whole affair will be judged of.

I have obſerved that my letter might inculpate me in the eyes of perſons unacquainted with the particulars of what had paſſed. This he was delighted to diſcover; but how was he to take advantage of it without expoſing himſelf? By ſhewing the letter he ran the riſk of being reproached with abuſing the confidence of his friend.

To relieve himſelf from this embarraſſment he reſolved to break with me in the moſt violent manner poſſible, and to ſet forth in his letter the favour he did me in not ſhewing mine. He was certain that in my indignation and anger I ſhould refuſe his feigned diſcretion,

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and permit him to ſhew my letter to every body; this was what he wiſhed for, and every thing turned out as he had expected it would. He ſent my letter all over Paris, with his own commentaries upon it, which however were not ſo ſucceſsful as he had expected them to be. It was not judged that the permiſſion he had extorted to make my letter public exempted him from the blame of having ſo lightly taken me at my word to do me an injury. People continually aſked what perſonal complaints he had againſt me to authoriſe ſo violent a hatred. Finally, it was thought that if even my behaviour had been ſuch as to authoriſe him to break with me, friendſhip, although extinguiſhed, had rights which he ought to have reſpected. But unfortunately the inhabitants of Paris are frivolous; remarks of the moment are ſoon forgotten; the abſent and unfortunate are neglected; the man who proſpers ſecures favour by his preſence, the intriguing and malicious ſupport each other, renew their vile efforts, and the effects of theſe, inceſſantly ſucceeding each other, efface every thing by which they were preceded.

Thus,

Thus, after having ſo long deceived me, this man threw aſide his maſk; convinced that, in the ſtate to which he had brought things, he no longer ſtood in need of it. Relieved from the fear of being unjuſt towards the wretch, I left him to his reflections, and thought no more of him. A week afterwards I received an anſwer from Madame D'....y, dated from Geneva. I underſtood from the manner of her letter, in which, for the firſt time in her life, ſhe put on airs of ſtate with me, that both depending but little upon the ſucceſs of their meaſures, and conſidering me as a man inevitably loſt, their intentions were to give themſelves the pleaſure of completing my deſtruction.

In fact, my ſituation was deplorable. I perceived all my friends withdrew themſelves from me without knowing how, or for why. Diderot, who boaſted of the continuation of his attachment, and who, for three months paſt, had promiſed me a viſit, did not come. The winter began to make its appearance, and brought with it my habitual diſorders. My conſtitution, although vigorous, had been unequal

equal to the combat of ſo many oppoſite paſſions. I was ſo exhauſted that I had neither ſtrength nor courage ſufficient to reſiſt the moſt trifling indiſpoſition. Had my engagements, and the continued remonſtrances of Diderot and Madame d'H..... then permitted me to quit the Hermitage, I knew not where to go, nor in what manner to drag myſelf along. I remained ſtupid and immoveable. The idea alone of a ſtep to take, a letter to write, or a word to ſay, made me tremble. I could not however do otherwiſe than reply to the letter of Madame D'.....y without acknowledging myſelf to be worthy of the treatment with which ſhe and her friend overwhelmed me. I determined upon notifying to her my ſentiments and reſolutions, not doubting a moment that from humanity, generoſity, propriety, and the good manner of thinking, I imagined I had obſerved in her, notwithſtanding her bad one, ſhe would immediately ſubſcribe to them. My letter was as follows:

Hermitage, 23*d Nov.* 1757.

" Were it poſſible to die of grief I ſhould not now be alive. But I have at length de-

termined to triumph over every thing. Friendſhip, madam, is extinguiſhed between us, but that which no longer exiſts ſtill has its rights, and I reſpect them. I have not forgotten your goodneſs to me, and you may, on my part, expect as much gratitude as it is poſſible to have towards a perſon I no longer can love. All farther explanation would be uſeleſs. I have in my favour my own conſcience, and I return you your letter.

"I wiſhed to quit the Hermitage, and I ought to have done it. My friends pretend I muſt ſtay there until ſpring; and ſince my friends deſire it I will remain there until that ſeaſon if you will conſent to my ſtay."

After writing and diſpatching this letter all I thought of was remaining quiet at the Hermitage and taking care of my health; of endeavouring to recover my ſtrength, and taking meaſures to remove in the ſpring without noiſe or making the rupture public. But theſe were not the intentions either of Grimm or Madame D'.....y, as it will preſently appear.

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A few days afterwards, I had the pleaſure of receiving from Diderot the viſit he had ſo frequently promiſed, and in which he had as conſtantly failed. He could not have come more opportunely: he was my oldeſt friend; almoſt the only one who remained to me; the pleaſure I felt in ſeeing him, as things were circumſtanced, may eaſily be imagined. My heart was full, and I diſcloſed it to him. I explained to him ſeveral facts which either had not come to his knowledge, or had been diſguiſed or ſuppoſed. I informed him, as far as I could do it with propriety, of all that had paſſed. I did not affect to conceal from him that with which he was but too well acquainted, that a paſſion, equally unreaſonable and unfortunate, had been the cauſe of my deſtruction; but I never acknowledged that Madame d'H..... had been made acquainted with it, or at leaſt that I had declared it to her. I mentioned to him the unworthy manœuvres of Madame D'.....y to intercept the innocent letters her ſiſter-in-law wrote to me. I was determined he ſhould hear the particulars from the mouth of the perſons whom ſhe had attempted to ſeduce. Thérèſa related them

with great preciſion; but what was my aſtoniſhment when the mother came to ſpeak, and I heard her declare and maintain that nothing of this had come to her knowledge? Theſe were her words from which ſhe would never depart. Not four days before ſhe herſelf had recited to me all the particulars Thérèſa had juſt ſtated, and, in preſence of my friend, ſhe contradicted me to my face. This, to me, was deciſive, and I then clearly ſaw my imprudence in having ſo long a time kept ſuch a woman near me. I made no uſe of invective; I ſcarcely deigned to ſpeak to her a few words of contempt. I felt what I owed to the daughter whoſe ſteadfaſt uprightneſs was a perfect contraſt to the baſe manœuvres of the mother. But from that inſtant my reſolution was taken relative to the old woman, and I waited for nothing but the moment to put it into execution.

This preſented itſelf ſooner than I expected. On the 10th of December I received from Madame D'.....y the following anſwer to my preceeding letter:

Geneva,

Geneva, 1ſt December, 1757.

" After having for ſeveral years given you every poſſible mark of friendſhip, all I can now do is to pity you. You are very unhappy. I wiſh your conſcience may be as calm as mine. This may be neceſſary to the repoſe of your whole life.

" Since you are determined to quite the Hermitage, and are perſuaded that you ought to do it, I am aſtoniſhed your friends have prevailed upon you to ſtay there. For my part I never conſult mine upon my duty, and I have nothing farther to ſay to you upon your own."

Such an unforſeen diſmiſſion, and ſo fully pronounced, left me not a moment to heſitate. It was neceſſary to quit immediately, let the weather and my health be in what ſtate they might, although I were to ſleep in the woods and upon the ſnow, with which the ground was then covered, and in defiance of every thing Madame d'H..... might ſay; for I was willing to do every thing to pleaſe her except rendering myſelf infamous.

I never had been ſo embarraſſed in my whole life as I then was; but my reſolution was taken, and I ſwore, let what would happen, not to ſleep at the Hermitage on the night of that day week. I began to prepare for ſending away my effects, reſolving to leave them in the open field rather than not give up the key in the courſe of the week: for I was determined every thing ſhould be done before a letter could be written to Geneva, and an anſwer to it received. I never felt myſelf ſo inſpired with courage: I had recovered all my ſtrength. Honour and indignation, upon which Madame D'.....y had not calculated, contributed to reſtore me to vigour. Fortune aided my audacity. M. Mathas, fiſcal procuror, heard of my embarraſſment. He ſent to offer me a little houſe he had in his garden of Mont Louis, at Montmorency. I accepted it with eagerneſs and gratitude. The bargain was ſoon concluded: I immediately ſent to purchaſe a little furniture to add to that we already had. My effects I had carted away with a deal of trouble, and at a great expence: notwithſtanding the ice and ſnow my removal was completed in a couple of days, and, on the fifteenth of December,

December, I gave up the keys of the Hermitage, after having paid the wages of the gardiner, not being able to pay my rent.

With reſpect to Madame le Vaſſeur, I told her we muſt part; her daughter attempted to make me renounce my reſolution, but I was inflexible. I ſent her off to Paris in the carriage of the meſſenger with all the furniture and effects ſhe and her daughter had in common. I gave her ſome money, and engaged to pay her lodging with her children, or elſewhere to provide for her ſubſiſtence as much as it ſhould be poſſible for me to do it, and never to let her want bread as long as I ſhould have it myſelf.

Finally, the day after my arrival at *Mont Louis*, I wrote to Madame D'.....y the following letter:

Montmorency, 17th December, 1757.

" Nothing, madam, is ſo natural and neceſſary as to leave your houſe the moment you no longer approve of my remaining there. Upon your refuſing your conſent to my paſſing the reſt of the winter at the Hermitage, I

quitted it on the fifteenth of December. My deſtiny was to enter it in ſpite of myſelf and to leave it the ſame. I thank you for the reſidence you prevailed upon me to make there, and I would thank you ſtill more had I paid for it leſs dear. You are right in believing me unhappy; nobody upon earth knows better than yourſelf to what a degree I muſt be ſo. If being deceived in the choice of our friends be a misfortune, it is another not leſs cruel to recover from ſo pleaſing an error."

Such is the faithful narration of my reſidence at the Hermitage and of the reaſons which obliged me to leave it. I could not break off the recital, it was neceſſary to continue it with the greateſt exactneſs: this epoch of my life having had upon the reſt of it an influence which will extend to my lateſt remembrance.

END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

THE

THE CONFESSIONS OF J. J. ROUSSEAU.

BOOK X.

THE extraordinary degree of ſtrength, a momentary effervescence had given me to quit the Hermitage, left me the moment I was out of it. I was ſcarcely eſtabliſhed in my new habitation before I frequently ſuffered from retentions, which were accompanied by a new complaint; that of a rupture from which I had for ſome time, without knowing what it was, felt great inconvenience. I ſoon was reduced to the moſt cruel ſtate. The phyſician Thyerri, my old friend, came to ſee me, and made me acquainted with my ſituation. The ſight of all the apparatus of the infirmities

infirmities of years, made me ſeverely feel that when the body is no longer young, the heart is not ſo with impunity. The fine ſeaſon did not reſtore me, and I paſſed the whole year, 1758, in a ſtate of languor, which made me think I was almoſt at the end of my career. I ſaw, with a kind of impatience, the cloſing ſcene approach. Recovered from the chimeras of friendſhip, and detached from every thing which had rendered life deſirable to me, I ſaw nothing more in it that could make it agreeable; all I perceived was wretchedneſs and miſery, which prevented me from enjoying myſelf. I ſighed after the moment when I was to be free and eſcape from my enemies. But I muſt follow the order of events.

My retreat to Montmorency ſeemed to diſconcert Madame D'.....y; probably ſhe did not expect it. My melancholy ſituation, the ſeverity of the ſeaſon, the general dereliction of me by my friends, all made her and Grimm believe, that by driving me to the laſt extremity, they ſhould oblige me to implore mercy, and thus, by vile meanneſs, render myſelf contemptible, to be ſuffered to remain in an aſylum

lum which honour commanded me to leave. I left it ſo ſuddenly that they had not time to prevent the ſtep from being taken, and they were reduced to the alternative of double or quit, to endeavour to ruin me entirely, or to prevail upon me to return. Grimm choſe the former, but I am of opinion Madame D'.....y would have preferred the latter, and this from her anſwer to my laſt letter, in which ſhe ſeemed to have laid aſide the airs ſhe had given herſelf in the preceding ones, and to give an opening to an accommodation. The long delay of this anſwer, for which ſhe made me wait a whole month, ſufficiently indicates the difficulty ſhe found in giving it a proper turn, and the deliberations by which it was preceded. She could not make any farther advances without expoſing herſelf; but after her former letters, and my ſudden retreat from her houſe, it is impoſſible not to be ſtruck with the care ſhe takes in this letter not to ſuffer an offenſive expreſſion to eſcape her. I will copy it at length to enable my reader to judge of what ſhe wrote.

Geneva, January 17th 1758.

" Sir. I did not receive your letter of the 17th, of December until yeſterday. It was ſent me in a box filled with different things, and which has been all this time upon the road. I ſhall anſwer only the poſtſcript. You may recollect, ſir, that we agreed the wages of the gardener of the Hermitage ſhould paſs through your hands, the better to make him feel that he depended upon you, and to avoid the ridiculous and indecent ſcenes which happened in the time of his predeceſſor. As a proof of this, the firſt quarter of his wages were given to you, and a few days before my departure, we agreed I ſhould re-emburſe you what you had advanced. I know that of this you, at firſt, made ſome difficulty; but I had deſired you to make theſe advances; it was natural I ſhould acquit myſelf towards you, and this we concluded upon. Cahouet informs me that you refuſed to receive the money. There is certainly ſome miſtake in the matter. I have given orders that it may again be offered to you, and I ſee no reaſon for your wiſhing to pay my gardener, notwithſtanding our conventions, and beyond the term even of your inhabiting

inhabiting the Hermitage. I therefore expect, ſir, that recollecting every thing I have the honour to ſtate, you will not refuſe to be reemburſed for the ſums you have been pleaſed to advance for me."

After what had paſſed, not having the leaſt confidence in Madame D'.....y I was unwilling to renew my connection with her; I returned no anſwer to this letter, and there our correſpondence ended. Perceiving I had taken my reſolution, ſhe took hers; and, entering into all the views of Grimm and the *Coterie H....chique*, ſhe united her efforts with theirs to accompliſh my deſtruction. Whilſt they manœuvred at Paris, ſhe did the ſame at Geneva. Grimm, who afterwards went to her there, completed what ſhe had begun. Tronchin, whom they had no difficulty in gaining over, ſeconded them powerfully, and became the moſt violent of my perſecutors, without having againſt me, any more than Grimm had, the leaſt ſubject of complaint. They all three ſpread in ſilence that of which the effects were ſeen there four years afterwards.

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They had more trouble at Paris where I was better known to the citizens, whoſe hearts, leſs diſpoſed to hatred, leſs eaſily received its impreſſions. The better to direct their blow, they began by giving out that it was I who had left them. Thence, ſtill feigning to be my friends, they dexterouſly ſpread their malignant accuſations by complaining of the injuſtice of their friend. Their auditors, thus thrown off their guard, liſtened more attentively to what was ſaid of me, and were inclined to blame my conduct. The ſecret accuſations of perfidy and ingratitude were made with greater precaution, and by that means with greater effect. I knew they imputed to me the moſt atrocious crimes without being able to learn in what theſe conſiſted. All I could infer from public rumour was that this was founded upon the four following capital offences: my retiring to the country; my paſſion for Madame d'H..... ; my refuſing to accompany Madame D'.....y to Geneva; and my leaving the Hermitage. If to theſe they added other griefs, they took their meaſures ſo well, that it has hitherto been impoſſible for me to learn the ſubject of them.

It is therefore at this period that I think I may fix the eſtabliſhment of a ſyſtem, ſince adopted by thoſe by whom my fate has been determined, and which has made ſuch a progreſs as will ſeem miraculous to perſons who know not with what facility every thing which favours the malignity of men is eſtabliſhed. I will endeavour to explain in a few words what to me appeared viſible in this profound and obſcure ſyſtem.

With a name already diſtinguiſhed and known throughout all Europe, I had ſtill preſerved my primitive ſimplicity. My mortal averſion to all party, faction, and cabal, had kept me free and independent, without any other chain than the attachments of my heart. Alone, a ſtranger, without family or fortune, and unconnected with every thing except my principles and duties, I intrepidly followed the paths of uprightneſs, never flattering or favouring any perſon at the expence of truth and juſtice. Beſides, having lived for two years paſt in ſolitude, without obſerving the courſe of events, I was unconnected with the affairs of the world, and not informed of what

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paſſed nor deſirous of being acquainted with it. I lived four leagues from Paris as much ſeparated from that capital by my negligence, as I ſhould have been in the iſland of Tinian by the ſea.

Grimm, Diderot and d'H.....k were on the contrary in the centre of the vortex, lived in the great world and divided amongſt them almoſt all the ſpheres of it. The great, wits, men of letters, men of the long robe, and women, all liſtened to them when they choſe to act in concert. The advantage three men in this ſituation united muſt have over a fourth in mine, cannot but already appear. It is true Diderot and d'H.....k were incapable, at leaſt I think ſo, of forming black conſpiracies; one of them was not baſe enough, nor the other ſufficiently able; but it was for this reaſon that the party was more united. Grimm alone, formed his plan in his mind, and diſcovered more of it than was neceſſary to induce his aſſociates to concur in the execution. The aſcendency he had gained over them made this quite eaſy, and the effect of the whole anſwered to the ſuperiority of his talents.

It was with theſe, which were of a ſuperior kind, that, perceiving the advantage he might acquire from our reſpective ſituations, he conceived the project of overturning my reputation, and, without expoſing himſelf, of giving me one of a nature quite oppoſite, by raiſing up about me an edifice of obſcurity which it was impoſſible for me to penetrate, and by that means throw a light upon his manœuvres and unmaſk him.

This enterpriſe was difficult, becauſe it was neceſſary to palliate the iniquity in the eyes of thoſe of whoſe aſſiſtance he ſtood in need. He had honeſt men to deceive, to alienate from me the good opinion of every body, and to deprive me of all my friends. What ſay I? He had to cut off all communication with me, that not a ſingle word of truth might reach my ears. Had a ſingle man of generoſity come and ſaid to me: you aſſume the appearance of virtue, yet this is the manner in which you are treated, and theſe the circumſtances by which you are judged: what have you to ſay? Truth would have triumphed and Grimm have been undone. Of this he was fully convinced: but he

he had examined his own heart and eſtimated men according to their merit. I am ſorry, for the honour of humanity, that he judged with ſo much truth.

In theſe dark and crooked paths his ſteps to be the more ſure were neceſſarily ſlow. He has for twelve years purſued his plan, and the moſt difficult part of the execution of it is ſtill to come; this is to deceive the public entirely. He is afraid of this public and dares not lay his conſpiracy open *. But he has found the eaſy means of accompanying it with power, and this power has the diſpoſal of me. Thus ſupported, he advances with leſs danger. The agents of power piquing themſelves but little on uprightneſs, and ſtill leſs on candour, he has no longer the indiſcretion of any honeſt man to fear. His ſafety is in my being enveloped in an impenetrable obſcurity, and in concealing from me his conſpiracy, well knowing that with whatever art he may have form-

* Since this was written he has made the dangerous ſtep with the fulleſt and moſt inconceivable ſucceſs. I am of opinion it was Tronchin who inſpired him with courage, and ſupplied him with the means.

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ed it, I could, by a ſingle glance of the eye, diſcover the whole. His great addreſs conſiſts in appearing to favour whilſt he defames me, and in giving to his perfidy an air of generoſity.

I felt the firſt effects of this ſyſtem by the ſecret accuſations of the *Coterie H....chique* without its being poſſible for me to know in what the accuſations conſiſted, or to form a probable conjecture as to the nature of them. De Leyre informed me in his letters that heinous things were attributed to me. Diderot more myſteriouſly told me the ſame thing, and when I came to an explanation with both, the whole was reduced to the heads of accuſation of which I have already ſpoken. I perceived a gradual increaſe of coolneſs in the letters from Madame d'H..... This I could not attribute to St. L.....t; he continued to write to me with the ſame friendſhip and came to ſee me after his return. It was alſo impoſſible to think myſelf the cauſe of it, as we had ſeparated well ſatisfied with each other, and nothing ſince that time had happened on my part, except my departure from the Hermitage, of which ſhe felt the neceſſity. Therefore not knowing whence

whence this coolneſs, which ſhe refuſed to acknowledge, although my heart was not to be deceived, could proceed, I was uneaſy upon every account. I knew ſhe greatly favoured her ſiſter-in-law and Grimm, in conſequence of their connections with St. L.....t; and I was afraid of their machinations. This agitation opened my wounds, and rendered my correſpondence ſo diſagreeable as quite to diſguſt her with it. I ſaw, as at a diſtance, a thouſand cruel circumſtances, without diſcovering any thing diſtinctly. I was in a ſituation the moſt inſupportable to a man whoſe imagination is eaſily heated. Had I been quite retired from the world, and known nothing of the matter, I ſhould have become more calm; but my heart ſtill clung to attachments, by means of which my enemies had great advantages over me; and the feeble rays which penetrated my aſylum, conveyed to me nothing more than a knowledge of the blackneſs of the myſteries which were concealed from my eyes.

I ſhould have ſunk, I have not a doubt of it, under theſe torments, too cruel and inſupportable to my open diſpoſition, which, by the impoſſibility

poſſibility of concealing my ſentiments, makes me fear every thing from thoſe concealed from me, if fortunately objects ſufficiently intereſting to my heart to divert it from others with which, in ſpite of myſelf, my imagination was filled, had not preſented themſelves. In the laſt viſit Diderot paid me, at the Hermitage, he had ſpoken of the article *Geneva*, which D'Alembert had inſerted in the *Encyclopedie*; he had informed me that this article, concerted with people of the firſt conſideration, had for object the eſtabliſhment of a theatre at Geneva, that meaſures had been taken accordingly, and that the eſtabliſhment would ſoon take place. As Diderot ſeemed to think all this very proper, and did not doubt of the ſucceſs of the meaſure; and as I had beſides to ſpeak to him upon too many other ſubjects to touch upon that article, I made him no anſwer; but ſcandaliſed at theſe preparatives to corruption and licentiouſneſs, in my country, I waited with impatience for the volume of the *Encyclopedie*, in which the article was inſerted, to ſee whether or not it would be poſſible to give an anſwer which might ward off the blow. I received the volume ſoon after my eſtabliſh-

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ment at Mont Louis, and found the articles to be written with much art and addreſs, and worthy of the pen whence it proceeded. This however did not abate my deſire to anſwer it, and notwithſtanding the dejection of ſpirits I then laboured under, my griefs and pains, the ſeverity of the ſeaſon, and the inconvenience of my new abode in which I had not yet had time to arrange myſelf, I ſet to work with a zeal which ſurmounted every obſtacle.

In a ſevere winter, in the month of February, and in the ſituation I have deſcribed, I went every day, morning and evening, to paſs a couple of hours in an open alcove which was at the bottom of the garden in which my habitation ſtood. This alcove, which terminated an alley of a terrace, looked upon the valley and the pond of Montmorency, and preſented to me, as the cloſing point of a proſpect, the plain but reſpectable caſtle of St. Gratien, the retreat of the virtuous Catinat. It was in this place, then, expoſed to freezing cold, that, without being ſheltered from the wind and ſnow, and having no other fire than that in my heart, I compoſed, in the ſpace of three weeks, my letter

letter to D'Alembert on theatres. It was in this, for my Eloiſa was not then half written, that I found charms in philoſophical labour. Until then virtuous indignation had been a ſubſtitute to Apollo, tenderneſs and a gentleneſs of mind now became ſo. The injuſtice I had been witneſs to had irritated me, that of which I became the object rendered me melancholy; and this melancholy without bitterneſs was that of a heart too tender and affectionate, and which, deceived by thoſe in whom it had confided, was obliged to remain concentred. Full of that which had befallen me, and ſtill affected by ſo many violent emotions, my heart added the ſentiment of its ſufferings to the ideas with which a meditation on my ſubject had inſpired me, what I wrote bore evident marks of this mixture. Without perceiving it I deſcribed the ſituation I was then in, and gave protraits of Grimm, Madame D'.....y, Madame d'H....., St. L.....t, and myſelf. What delicious tears did I ſhed as I wrote! Alas! in theſe deſcriptions there are proofs but too evident that love, the fatal love of which I made ſuch efforts to cure myſelf, ſtill remained in my heart. With all this there was a certain

tain ſentiment of tenderneſs relative to myſelf: I thought I was dying, and imagined I bid the public my laſt adieu. Far from fearing death, I joyfully ſaw it approach; but I felt ſome regret at leaving my fellow creatures without their having perceived my real merit, and being convinced how much I ſhould have deſerved their eſteem had they known me better. Theſe are the ſecret cauſes of the ſingular manner in which this work, oppoſite to that of the work by which it was preceded*, is written.

I corrected and copied the letter, and was preparing to print it when, after a long ſilence, I received one from Madame d'H..... which brought upon me a new affliction more painful than any I had yet ſuffered. She informed me that my paſſion for her was known to all Paris, that I had ſpoken of it to perſons who had made it public, that this rumour having reached the ears of her lover had nearly coſt him his life; yet he did her juſtice, and peace was reſtored between them; but on his account, as well on hers, and for the ſake of her reputation,

* *Diſcours ſur l'Inegalitè.*—Diſcourſe on the Inequality of Mankind.

ſhe

ſhe thought it her duty to break off all correſpondence with me, at the ſame time aſſuring me that ſhe and her friend were both intereſted in my welfare, that they would defend me to the public, and that ſhe herſelf would from time to time ſend to enquire after my health.

And thou alſo, Diderot, exclaimed I! unworthy friend!——I could not, however, yet reſolve to condemn him. My weakneſs was known to others who might have ſpoken of it. I wiſhed to doubt——but this was ſoon out of my power. St. L.....t ſhortly after performed an action worthy of himſelf. Knowing my manner of thinking, he judged of the ſtate in which I muſt be; betrayed by one part of my friends and forſaken by the other. He came to ſee me. The firſt time he had not many moments to ſpare. He came again. Unfortunately, not expecting him, I was not at home. Thérèſa had with him a converſation of upwards of two hours, in which they informed each other of facts of great importance to us all. The ſurpriſe with which I learned, that nobody doubted of my having lived with

Madame D'.....y, as Grimm then did, cannot be equalled, except by that of St. L.....t, when he was convinced that the rumour was falſe. He, to the great diſſatisfaction of the lady, was in the ſame ſituation with myſelf, and the eclairciſſements reſulting from the converſation removed from me all regret, on account of my having broken with her for ever. Relative to Madame d'H....., he mentioned ſeveral circumſtances with which neither Thérèſa nor Madame d'H..... herſelf were acquainted; theſe were known to me only in the firſt inſtance, and I had never mentioned them, except to Diderot, under the ſeal of friendſhip; and it was to St. L.....t himſelf to whom he had choſen to communicate them. This laſt ſtep was ſufficient to determine me. I reſolved to break with Diderot for ever, and this without farther deliberation, except on the manner of doing it; for I had perceived ſecret ruptures turned to my prejudice, becauſe they left the maſk of friendſhip in poſſeſſion of my moſt cruel enemies.

The rules of good breeding, eſtabliſhed in the world on this head, ſeem to have been dictated

dictated by a ſpirit of treachery and falſhood. To appear the friend of a man when in reality we are no longer ſo, is to reſerve to ourſelves the means of doing him an injury by ſurpriſing honeſt men into an error. I recollected that when the illuſtrious Monteſquieu broke with father de Tournemine, he immediately ſaid to every body: Liſten neither to father Tournemine nor myſelf, when we ſpeak of each other, for we are no longer friends. This open and generous proceeding was univerſally applauded. I reſolved to follow the example with Diderot; but what method was I to take to publiſh the rupture authentically from my retreat, and yet without ſcandal? I concluded on inſerting, in the form of a note, in my work, a paſſage from the book of Eccleſiaſticus, which declared the rupture and even the ſubject of it, in terms ſufficiently clear to ſuch as were acquainted with the previous circumſtances, but could ſignify nothing to the reſt of the world. I determined not to ſpeak in my work of the friend whom I renounced, except with the honour always due to extinguiſhed friendſhip. The whole may be ſeen in the work itſelf.

There is nothing in this world but time and misfortune, and every act of courage ſeems to be a crime in adverſity. For that which had been admired in Monteſquieu, I received only blame and reproach. As ſoon as my work was printed, and I had copies of it, I ſent one to St. L.....t, who, the evening before, had written to me in his own name and that of Madame d'H....., a note expreſſive of the moſt tender friendſhip. The following is the letter he wrote to me when he returned the copy I had ſent him.

Eaubonne, 10*th*, *October*, 1758.

" Indeed, ſir, I cannot accept the preſent you have juſt made me. In that part of your preface where, relative to Diderot, you quote a paſſage from Eccleſiaſtes (he miſtakes, it is from Eccleſiaſticus) the book dropt from my hand. In the converſations we had together in the ſummer, you ſeemed to be perſuaded Diderot was not guilty of the pretended indiſcretions you had imputed to him. You may, for ought I know to the contrary, have reaſon to complain of him, but this does not give you a right to inſult him publicly. You

are

are not unacquainted with the nature of the perſecutions he ſuffers, and you join the voice of an old friend to that of envy. I cannot refrain from telling you, ſir, how much this heinous act of yours has ſhocked me. I am not acquainted with Diderot, but I honour him, and I have a lively ſenſe of the pain you give to a man, whom, at leaſt not in my hearing, you have never reproached with any thing more than a trifling weakneſs. You and I, ſir, differ too much in our principles ever to be agreeable to each other. Forget that I exiſt; this you will eaſily do. I have never done to men either good or evil of a nature to be long remembered. I promiſe you, ſir, to forget your perſon and to remember nothing relative to you but your talents."

This letter filled me with indignation and affliction; and, in the exceſs of my pangs, feeling my pride wounded, I anſwered him by the following note:

Montmorenci, 11th October, 1758.

"Sir. While reading your letter, I did you the honour to be ſurpriſed at it, and had

the weakneſs to ſuffer it to affect me; but I find it unworthy of an anſwer.

" I will no longer continue the copies of Madame d'H..... If it be not agreeable to her to keep that ſhe has, ſhe may ſend it me back and I will return her money. If ſhe keeps it, ſhe muſt ſtill ſend for the reſt of her paper and the money; and at the ſame time I beg ſhe will return me the proſpectus which ſhe has in her poſſeſſion. Adieu, ſir."

Courage under misfortunes irritates the hearts of cowards, but it is pleaſing to generous minds. This note ſeemed to make St. L.....t reflect with himſelf, and to regret his having been ſo violent; but too haughty in his turn to make open advances, he ſeized, and perhaps prepared, the opportunity of palliating what he had done. A fortnight afterwards I received from Madame D'.....y the following letter:

Thurſday, 26th.

" Sir. I received the book you had the goodneſs to ſend me, and which I have read with much

much pleaſure. I have always experienced the ſame ſentiment in reading all the works which have come from your pen. Receive my thanks for the whole. I ſhould have returned you theſe in perſon had my affairs permitted me to remain any time in your neighbourhood; but I was not this year long at the Chevrette. M. and Madame Dupin came there on Sunday to dinner. I expect M. de St. L.....t, M. de F.....l, and Madame d'H....., will be of the party; you will do me much pleaſure by making one alſo. All the perſons who are to dine with me, deſire, and will, as well as myſelf, be delighted to paſs with you a part of the day. I have the honour to be with the moſt perfect conſideration, &c."

This letter made my heart beat violently, after having for a year paſt been the ſubject of converſation of all Paris, the idea of preſenting myſelf as a ſpectacle before Madame d'H....., made me tremble, and I had much difficulty to find ſufficient courage to ſupport that ceremony. Yet as ſhe and St. L.....t, were deſirous of it, and Madame D'.....y ſpoke in the name of her gueſts without naming one

whom I ſhould not be glad to ſee, I did not think I ſhould expoſe myſelf by accepting a dinner to which I was in ſome degree invited by all the perſons who with myſelf were to partake of it. I therefore promiſed to go: on Sunday the weather was bad, and Madame D'.....y ſent me her carriage.

My arrival cauſed a ſenſation. I never met a better reception. An obſerver would have thought, the whole company felt how much I ſtood in need of encouragement. None but French hearts are ſuſceptible of this kind of delicacy. However, I found more people than I had expected to ſee. Amongſt others the Comte d'H....., whom I did not know, and his ſiſter Madame de B.....e, without whoſe company I ſhould have been as well pleaſed. She had the year before come ſeveral times to Eaubonne, and her ſiſter-in-law had left her in our ſolitary walks, to wait until ſhe thought proper to ſuffer her to join us. She had harboured a reſentment againſt me, which during this dinner ſhe gratified at her eaſe. The preſence of the Comte D'H..... and St. L.....t, did not give me the laugh on my ſide,

ſide, and it may be judged that a man embarraſſed in the moſt common converſations was not very brilliant in that which then had place. I never ſuffered ſo much, appeared ſo aukward, nor received more unexpected mortifications. As ſoon as we had riſen from table, I withdrew from that wicked woman; I had the pleaſure of ſeeing St. L.....t, and Madame D'H..... approach me, and we converſed together a part of the afternoon, upon things very indifferent it is true, but with the ſame familiarity as before my involuntary error. This friendly attention was not loſt upon my heart, and could St. L.....t have read what paſſed there, he certainly would have been ſatisfied with it. I can ſafely aſſert that although on my arrival the preſence of Madame d'H..... gave me the moſt violent palpitations, on returning from the houſe I ſcarcely thought of her; my mind was entirely taken up with St. L.....t.

Notwithſtanding the malignant ſarcaſms of Madame de B.....e, the dinner was of great ſervice to me, and I congratulated myſelf upon not having refuſed the invitation. I not only diſcovered that the intrigues of Grimm and the

H.....'s, had not deprived me of my old acquaintance *, but, what flattered me ſtill more, that Madame d'H..... and St. L..... were leſs changed than I had imagined, and I at length underſtood that his keeping her at a diſtance from me proceeded more from jealouſy than diſeſteem. This was a conſolation to me, and calmed my mind. Certain of not being an object of contempt in the eyes of perſons whom I eſteemed, I worked upon my own heart with greater courage and ſucceſs. If I did not quite extinguiſh in it a guilty and an unhappy paſſion, I at leaſt ſo well regulated the remains of it that they have never ſince that moment led me into the moſt trifling error. The copies of Madame d'H....., which ſhe prevailed upon me to take again, and my works, which I continued to ſend her as ſoon as they appeared, produced me from her a few notes and meſſages, indifferent but obliging. She did ſtill more, as will hereafter appear, and the reciprocal conduct of her lover and myſelf, after our intercourſe had ceaſed, may ſerve as an example

* Such in the ſimplicity of my heart was my opinion when I wrote theſe confeſſions.

of

of the manner in which perſons of honour ſeparate when it is no longer agreeable to them to aſſociate with each other.

Another advantage this dinner procured me was its being ſpoken of in Paris, where it ſerved as a refutation of the rumour ſpread by my enemies, that I had quarelled with every perſon who partook of it, and eſpecially with M. D'.....y. When I left the Hermitage I had written him a very polite letter of thanks, to which he anſwered not leſs politely, and mutual civilities had continued, as well between us as between me and M. de la L....., his brother-in-law, who even came to ſee me at Montmorenci, and ſent me ſome of his engravings. Excepting the two ſiſters-in-law of Madame d'H....., I have never been upon bad terms with any perſon of the family.

My letter to D'Alembert had great ſucceſs. All my works had been very well received, but this was more favourable to me. It taught the public to guard againſt the inſinuations of the *Coterie H....chique*. When I ſent to the Hermitage, this Coterie predicted with its uſual

ſufficiency, that I ſhould not remain there three months. When I had ſtaid there twenty months, and was obliged to leave it, I ſtill fixed my reſidence in the country. The *Coterie* inſiſted this was from a motive of pure obſtinacy, and that I was weary even to death of my retirement; but that, eaten up with pride, I choſe rather to become a victim to my ſtubbornneſs than to recover from it and return to Paris. The letter to D'Alembert breathed a gentleneſs of mind which every one perceived not to be affected. Had I been diſſatisfied with my retreat, my ſtyle and manner would have borne evident marks of my ill humour. This reigned in all the works I had written at Paris; but in the firſt I wrote in the country not the leaſt appearance of it was to be found. To perſons who knew how to diſtinguiſh, this remark was deciſive. They perceived I was returned to my element.

Yet the ſame work, notwithſtanding all the mildneſs it breathed, made me by a miſtake of my own and my uſual ill luck, another enemy amongſt men of letters. I had become acquainted with Marmontel at the houſe of M. de

M. de la Popliniere, and this acquaintance had been continued at that of the baron. Marmontel at that time wrote the *Mercure de France*. As I had too much pride to ſend my works to the authors of periodical publications, and wiſhing to ſend him this without his imagining it was in conſequence of that title, or being deſirous he ſhould ſpeak of it in the *Mercure*, I wrote upon the book that it was not for the author of the *Mercure*, but for M. Marmontel. I thought I paid him a very fine compliment; he miſtook it for a cruel offence, and became my irreconcilable enemy. He wrote againſt the letter, with politeneſs it is true, but with a bitterneſs eaſily perceivable, and ſince that time has never loſt an opportunity of injuring me in ſociety, and of indirectly ill treating me in his works. Such difficulty is there in managing the irritable ſelf-love of men of letters, and ſo careful ought every perſon to be not to leave any thing equivocal in the compliments they pay them.

Having nothing more to diſturb me, I took advantage of my leiſure and independence to continue my literary purſuits with more coherence.

herence. I this winter finiſhed my Eloiſa, and ſent it to Rey, who had it printed the year following. I was however interrupted in my projects by a circumſtance ſufficiently diſagreeable. I heard new preparations were making at the opera-houſe to give the *Devin du Village*. Enraged at ſeeing theſe people arrogantly diſpoſe of my property, I again took up the memoir I had ſent to M. D'Argenſon, to which no anſwer had been returned, and having made ſome trifling alterations in it, I ſent the manuſcript by M. Sellon, reſident from Geneva, and a letter with which he was pleaſed to charge himſelf, to the Comte de St. Florentin, who had ſucceeded M. D'Argenſon in the opera department. Duclos, to whom I communicated what I had done, mentioned it to the *petits violons*, who offered to reſtore me, not my opera, but my freedom of the theatre, which I was no longer in a ſituation to enjoy. Perceiving I had not from any quarter the leaſt juſtice to expect, I gave up the affair; and the directors of the opera, without either anſwering, or liſtening to my reaſons, have continued to diſpoſe as of their own property, and to turn

to

to their profit, the *Devin du Village*, which inconteſtibly belongs to nobody but myſelf*.

Since I had ſpoken of the yoke of my tyrants, I led a life ſufficiently agreeable and peaceful; deprived of the charm of too ſtrong attachments I was delivered from the weight of their chains. Diſguſted with the friends who pretended to be my protectors, and wiſhed abſolutely to diſpoſe of me at will, and in ſpite of myſelf, to ſubject me to their pretended good ſervices, I reſolved in future to have no other connections than thoſe of ſimple benevolence. Theſe, without the leaſt conſtraint upon liberty, conſtitute the pleaſure of ſociety, of which equality is the baſis. I had of them as many as were neceſſary to enable me to taſte of the charms of liberty without being ſubject to the dependence of it; and as ſoon as I had made an experiment of this manner of life, I felt it was the moſt proper to my age, to end my days in peace, far removed from the agitations, quarrels, and cavillings, in which I had juſt been half ſubmerged.

* It now belongs to them by virtue of an agreement recently made to that effect.

During

During my reſidence at the Hermitage, and after my ſettlement at Montmorenci, I had made in the neighbourhood ſome agreeable acquaintance, and which did not ſubject me to any inconvenience. The principal of theſe was young Loiſeau de Mauleon, who, then beginning to plead at the bar, did not yet know what rank he would one day hold there. I for my part was not in the leaſt doubt about the matter. I ſoon pointed out to him the illuſtrious career in the midſt of which he is now ſeen, and predicted that, if he laid down to himſelf rigid rules for the choice of cauſes, and never became the defender of any thing but virtue and juſtice, his genius, elevated by this ſublime ſentiment, would be equal to that of the greateſt orators. He followed my advice, and now feels the good effects of it. His defence of M. de Portes is worthy of Demoſthenes. He came every year within a quarter of a league of the Hermitage to paſs the vacation at St. Brice, in the fief of Mauléon, belonging to his mother, and where the great Boſſuet had formerly lodged. This is a fief, of which a like ſucceſſion of proprietors would render nobility difficult to ſupport.

I had

I had alſo for a neighbour in the ſame village of St. Brice, the bookſeller Guerin, a man of wit, learning, of an amiable diſpoſition, and one of the firſt in his profeſſion. He brought me acquainted with Jean Néaulme, bookſeller of Amſterdam, his friend and correſpondent, who afterwards printed Emilius.

I had another acquaintance ſtill nearer than St. Brice, this was M. Maltor, vicar of Groſlay, a man better adapted for the functions of a ſtateſman and a miniſter, than for thoſe of the vicar of a village, and to whom a dioceſe at leaſt would have been given to govern if talents decided the diſpoſal of places. He had been ſecretary to the Comte du Luc, and was formerly intimately acquainted with Jean Baptiſte Rouſſeau. Holding in as much eſteem the memory of that illuſtrious exile, as he held the villain who ruined him in horror, he poſſeſſed curious anecdotes of both, which Seguy had not inſerted in the life, ſtill in manuſcript, of the former, and he aſſured me that the Comte du Luc, far from ever having had reaſon to complain of his conduct, had until his laſt moment preſerved for him the warmeſt

warmeſt friendſhip. M. Maltor, to whom M. de Vintimille gave this retreat after the death of his protector, had formerly been employed in many affairs of which, although far advanced in years, he ſtill preſerved a diſtinct remembrance, and reaſoned upon them tolerable well. His converſation, equally amuſing and inſtructive, had nothing in it reſembling that of a village paſtor, he joined the manners of a man of the world to the knowledge of one who paſſes his life in ſtudy. He, of all my permanent neighbours, was the perſon whoſe ſociety was the moſt agreeeble to me.

I was alſo acquainted at Montmorenci with ſeveral fathers of the oratory, and amongſt others father B.....r, profeſſor of natural philoſophy; to whom, notwithſtanding ſome little tincture of pedantry, I became attached on account of a certain air of cordial good nature which I obſerved in him. I had however ſome difficulty to reconcile this great ſimplicity with the deſire and the art he had of every where thruſting himſelf into the company of the great, as well as that of the women, devotees, and philoſophers. He knew how to accommodate

commodate himſelf to every thing. I was greatly pleaſed with the man, and ſpoke of my ſatisfaction to all my other acquaintance. Apparently what I ſaid of him came to his ear. He one day thanked me for having thought him a good natured man. I obſerved ſomething in his forced ſmile which, in my eyes, totally changed his phyſiognomy, and which has ſince frequently occurred to my mind. I cannot better compare this ſmile than to that of Panurge purchaſing the Sheep of Dindenaut. Our acquaintance had begun a little time after my arrival at the Hermitage, to which place he frequently came to ſee me. I was already ſettled at Montmorenci when he left it to go and reſide at Paris. He often ſaw Madame le Vaſſeur there. One day, when I leaſt expected any thing of the kind, he wrote to me in behalf of that woman, informing me that Grimm offered to maintain her, and to aſk my permiſſion to accept the offer. This I underſtood conſiſted in a penſion of three hundred livres, and that Madame le Vaſſeur was to come and live at Deuil, between the Chevrette and Montmorenci. I will not ſay what impreſſion the application made on me. It would have been leſs

ſupriſing had Grimm had ten thouſand livres a year, or any relation more eaſy to comprehend with that woman, and had not ſuch a crime been made of my taking her to the country, where, as if ſhe had become younger, he was now pleaſed to think of placing her. I perceived the good old lady had no other reaſon for aſking my permiſſion, which ſhe might eaſily have done without, but the fear of loſing what I already gave her, ſhould I think ill of the ſtep ſhe took. Although this charity appeared to be very extraordinary, it did not ſtrike me ſo much then as afterwards. But had I known even every thing I have ſince diſcovered, I would ſtill as readily have given my conſent as I did and was obliged to do, unleſs I had exceeded the offer of M. Grimm. Father B.....r afterwards cured me a little of my opinion of his good nature and cordiality with which I had ſo unthinkingly charged him.

This ſame father B.....r was acquainted with two men who, for what reaſon I know not, were to become ſo with me; there was but little ſimilarity between their taſte and mine. They were the children of Melchiſe-

dec,

dec, of whom neither the country nor the family was known, no more than, in all probability, the real name. They were Janſeniſts, and paſſed for prieſts in diſguiſe, perhaps on account of their ridiculous manner of wearing long ſwords, to which they appeared to have been faſtened. The prodigious myſtery in all their proceedings gave them the appearance of the heads of a party, and I never had the leaſt doubt of their being the authors of the *Gazette Eccléſiaſtique*. The one, tall, ſmooth-tongued, and ſharping, was named Ferrand; the other, ſhort, ſquat, a ſneerer, and punctilious, was a M. Minard. They called each other couſin. They lodged at Paris with D'Alembert, in the houſe of his nurſe named Madame Rouſſeau, and had taken at Montmorenci a little apartment to paſs the ſummers there. They did every thing for themſelves, and had neither a ſervant nor runner; each had his turn weekly to purchaſe proviſions, do the buſineſs of the kitchen, and ſweep the houſe. They managed tolerably well, and we ſometimes eat with each other. I know not for what reaſon they gave themſelves any concern about me: for my part, my only motive for beginning an acquaintance

quaintance with them was their playing at chefs, and to make a poor little party I ſuffered four hours fatigue. As they thruſt themſelves into all companies, and wiſhed to intermeddle in every thing, Thérèſa called them the *goſſips*, and by this name they were long known at Montmorenci.

Such, with my hoſt M. Mathas, who was a good man, were my principal country acquaintance. I ſtill had a ſufficient number at Paris to live there agreeably whenever I choſe it, out of the ſphere of men of letters, amongſt whom Duclos was the only friend I reckoned; for De Leyre was ſtill too young, and although, after having been a witneſs to the manœuvres of the philoſophical tribe againſt me, he had withdrawn from it, at leaſt I thought ſo; I could not yet forget the facility with which he made himſelf the mouth piece of all the people of that deſcription.

In the firſt place I had my old and reſpectable friend Roguin. This was a good old faſhioned friend for whom I was not indebted to my writings but to myſelf, and whom for that

that reaſon I have always preſerved. I had the good Lenieps, my countryman, and his daughter, then alive, Madame Lambert. I had a young Geneveſe, named C....., a good creature, careful, officious, zealous, who came to ſee me ſoon after I had gone to reſide at the Hermitage, and, without any other introducer than himſelf, had made his way into my good graces. He had a taſte for drawing, and was acquainted with artiſts. He was of ſervice to me relative to the engravings of the New Eloiſa; he undertook the direction of the drawings and the plates, and acquitted himſelf well of the commiſſion.

I had free acceſs to the houſe of M. Dupin which, leſs brilliant than in the young days of Madame Dupin, was ſtill, by the merit of the heads of the family and the choice of company which aſſembled there, one of the beſt houſes in Paris. As I had not preferred any body to them, and had ſeperated myſelf from their ſociety to live free and independent, they had always received me in a friendly manner, and I was always certain of being well received by Madame Dupin. I might even have counted her

her amongſt my country neighbours after her eſtabliſhment at Clichy, to which place I ſometimes went to paſs a day or two, and where I ſhould have been more frequently had Madame Dupin and Madame de C..... been upon better terms. But the difficulty of dividing my time in the ſame houſe between two women whoſe manner of thinking was unfavourable to each other, made this diſagreeable: however I had the pleaſure of ſeeing her more at my eaſe at Deuil, where, at a trifling diſtance from me, ſhe had taken a ſmall houſe, and even at my own habitation where ſhe often came to ſee me.

I had likewiſe for a friend Madame de Crequi who, become devotee, no longer received D'Alembert, Marmontel, nor a ſingle man of letters, except, I believe, the Abbé T.....t, half a hypocrite, of whom ſhe was weary. I, whoſe acquaintance ſhe had ſought, neither loſt her good wiſhes nor intercourſe. She ſent me young fat pullets from Mons, and her intention was to come and ſee me the year following had not a journey, upon which Madame de Luxembourg determined, prevented her. I here

here owe her a place apart; ſhe will always hold a diſtinguiſhed one in my remembrance.

In this liſt I ſhould alſo place a man whom, except Roguin, I ought to have mentioned as the firſt upon it: my old friend and brother politician de Carrio, formerly titulary ſecretary to the embaſſy from Spain to Venice, afterwards in Sweden, where he was *Chargé des affaires*, and at length really ſecretary to the embaſſy from Spain at Paris. He came and ſupriſed me at Montmorenci when I leaſt expected him. He was decorated with the enſigns of a Spaniſh order, the name of which I have forgotten, with a fine croſs in jewellery. He had been obliged, in his proofs of nobility, to add a letter to his name, and to bear that of the Chevalier de Carrion. I found him ſtill the ſame man, poſſeſſing the ſame excellent heart, and his mind daily improving and becoming more and more amiable. We ſhould have renewed our former intimacy had not C..... interpoſed according to cuſtom, taken advantage of the diſtance I was at from town to inſinuate himſelf into my place, and, in my name, into his confidence, and ſupplant me by the exceſs of his zeal to render me ſervices.

The remembrance of Carrion makes me recollect one of my country neighbours, of whom I ſhould be inexcuſable not to ſpeak, as I have to make confeſſion of an unpardonable neglect of which I was guilty towards him: this was the honeſt M. le Blond who had done me a ſervice at Venice, and, having made an excurſion to France with his family, had taken a houſe in the country, at Brichè, not far from Montmorenci*. As ſoon as I heard he was my neighbour, I, in the joy of my heart, and making it more a pleaſure than a duty, went to pay him a viſit. I ſet off upon this errand the next day. I was met by people who were coming to ſee me, and with whom I was obliged to return. Two days afterwards I ſet off again for the ſame purpoſe: he had dined at Paris with all his family. A third time he was at home: I heard the voice of women, and and ſaw, at the door, a coach which alarmed me. I wiſhed to ſee him, at leaſt for the firſt time, quite at my eaſe, that we might talk over what had paſſed during our former connection.

* When I wrote this, full of my blind confidence, I was far from ſuſpecting the real motive and the effect of this journey to Paris.

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In fine I ſo often poſtponed my viſit from day to day, that the ſhame of diſcharging a like duty ſo late prevented me from doing it at all; after having dared to wait ſo long, I no longer dared to preſent myſelf. This negligence, at which M. le Blond could not but be juſtly offended, gave, relative to him, the appearance of ingratitude to my indolence, and yet I felt my heart ſo little culpable that, had it been in my power to do M. le Blond the leaſt ſervice, even unknown to himſelf, I am certain he would not have found me idle. But indolence, negligence, and delay, in little duties to be fulfilled, have been more prejudicial to me than great vices. My greateſt faults have been omiſſions: I have ſeldom done what I ought not to have done, and unfortunately it has ſtill more rarely happened that I have done what I ought.

Since I am now upon the ſubject of my Venetian acquaintance, I muſt not forget one, which I ſtill preſerved for a conſiderable time after my intercourſe with the reſt had ceaſed. This was M. de J.....e who had continued after his return from Genoa to ſhew me much friendſhip. He was fond of ſeeing me, and of

converſing with me upon the affairs of Italy, and the follies of M. de M....., of whom he of himſelf knew many anecdotes by means of his acquaintance in the office for foreign affairs in which he was much connected. I had alſo the pleaſure of ſeeing at my houſe my old comrade Dupont, who had purchaſed a place in the province of which he was, and whoſe affairs had brought him to Paris. M. de J.....e became by degrees ſo deſirous of ſeeing me, that he in ſome meaſure laid me under conſtraint; and although our places of reſidence were at a great diſtance from each other, we had a friendly quarrel when I let a week paſs without going to dine with him. When he went to J.....e he was always deſirous of my accompanying him; but having once been there to paſs a week I had not the leaſt deſire to return. M. de J.....e was certainly an honeſt man, and even amiable in certain reſpects, but his underſtanding was beneath mediocrity; he was handſome, rather fond of his perſon, and tolerably fatiguing. He had one of the moſt ſingular collections perhaps in the world, to which he gave much of his attention, and endeavoured to acquire it that of his friends to whom it ſometimes

times afforded leſs amuſement than it did to himſelf. This was a very complete collection of ſongs of the court and Paris, for upwards of fifty years paſt, in which many anecdotes were to be found that would have been ſought for in vain elſewhere. Theſe are memoirs for the hiſtory of France, which would ſcarcely be thought of in any other country.

One day, whilſt we were ſtill upon the very beſt terms, he received me ſo coldly, and in a manner ſo different from that which was cuſtomary to him, that after having given him an opportunity to explain, and even having begged him to do it, I left his houſe with a reſolution, in which I have perſevered, never to return to it again; for I am ſeldom ſeen where I have been once ill received, and in this caſe there was no Diderot who pleaded for M. de J.....e. I vainly endeavoured to diſcover what I had done to offend him; I could not recollect a circumſtance at which he could poſſibly have taken offence. I was certain of never having ſpoken of him, or his, in any other than in the moſt honourable manner; for he had acquired my friendſhip, and beſides

my having nothing but favorable things to ſay of him, my moſt inviolable maxim has been that of never ſpeaking but in an honourable manner of the houſes I frequented.

At length, by continually ruminating, I formed the following conjecture: the laſt time we had ſeen each other, I had ſupped with him at the apartment of ſome girls of his acquaintance, in company with two or three clerks in the office of foreign affairs, very amiable men, and who had neither the manner nor the appearance of libertines; and, on my part, I can aſſert that the whole evening paſſed in making melancholy reflections on the wretched fate of the creatures with whom we were. I did not pay any thing, as M. de J.....e gave the ſupper, nor did I make the girls the leaſt preſent, becauſe I gave them not the opportunity I had done to the Padoana of eſtabliſhing a claim to the trifle I might have offered. We all came away together, cheerfully and upon very good terms. Without having made a ſecond viſit to the girls, I went three or four days afterwards to dine with M. de J.....e, whom I had not ſeen during that interval,

terval, and who gave me the reception of which I have ſpoken. Unable to ſuppoſe any other cauſe for it than ſome miſunderſtanding relative to the ſupper, and perceiving he had no inclination to explain, I reſolved to viſit him no longer, but I ſtill continued to ſend him my works: he frequently ſent me his compliments, and, one evening, meeting him in the green room of the French theatre, he obligingly reproached me with not having called to ſee him, which, however, did not induce me to depart from my reſolution. Therefore this affair had rather the appearance of a coolneſs than a rupture. However, not having heard of nor ſeen him ſince that time, it would have been too late, after an abſence of ſeveral years, to renew my acquaintance with him. It is for this reaſon M. de J.....e is not named in my liſt, although I had for a conſiderable time frequented his houſe.

I will not ſwell my catalogue with the names of many other perſons with whom I was or had become leſs intimate, although I ſometimes ſaw them in the country either at my own houſe or that of ſome neighbour, ſuch

for inſtance as the Abbés de Condillac and de Mably, M. de Mairan, de la Live, de Boiſgelou, Vatelet, Ancelet and others. I will alſo paſs lightly over that of M. de Margency, gentleman in ordinary of the king, an ancient member of the *Coterie H....chique*, which he had quitted as well as myſelf, and the old friend of Madame D'.....y from whom he had ſeparated as I had done; I likewiſe conſider that of M. Deſmahis his friend, the celebrated but ſhort lived author of the comedy of the Impertinent, of much the ſame importance. The firſt was my neighbour in the country, his eſtate at Margency being near to Montmorency. We were old acquaintance, but the neighbourhood and a certain conformity of experience connected us ſtill more. The laſt died ſoon afterwards. He had merit and even wit, but he was in ſome degree the original of his comedy, and a little of a coxcomb with women, by whom he was not much regretted.

I cannot, however, omit taking notice of a new correſpondence I entered into at this period, which has had too much influence over the

the reſt of my life not to make it neceſſary for me to mark its origin. The perſon in queſtion is M. de L..... de M.....s of the *Cour des aides*, then cenſor of books, which office he exerciſed with equal intelligence and mildneſs to the great ſatisfaction of men of letters. I had not once been to ſee him at Paris; yet I had never received from him any other than the moſt obliging condeſcenſions relative to the cenſorſhip, and I knew that he had more than once very ſeverely reprimanded perſons who had written againſt me. I had new proofs of his goodneſs upon the ſubject of the edition of Eloiſa. The proofs of ſo great a work being very expenſive from Amſterdam by poſt, he, to whom all letters were free, permitted theſe to be addreſſed to him, and ſent them to me under the counterſign of the chancellor his father. When the work was printed, he did not permit the ſale of it in the kingdom until, contrary to my wiſhes, an edition had been ſold for my benefit. As the profit of this would on my part have been a theft committed upon Rey, to whom I had ſold the manuſcript, I not only refuſed to accept the preſent intended me, without his con-

ſent, which he very generouſly gave, but inſiſted upon dividing with him the hundred piſtoles (a thouſand livres—forty pounds) the amount of it, but of which he would not receive any thing. For theſe hundred piſtoles I had the mortification, againſt which M. de M.....s had not guarded me, of ſeeing my work horribly mutilated, and the ſale of the good edition ſtopped until the bad one was entirely diſpoſed of.

I have always conſidered M. de M.....s as a man whoſe uprightneſs was proof againſt every temptation. Nothing that has happened has ever made me doubt for a moment of his probity; but, as weak as he is polite, he ſometimes injures thoſe he wiſhes to ſerve by the exceſs of his zeal to preſerve them from evil. He not only retrenched a hundred pages in the edition of Paris, but he made another retrenchment which no perſon but the author could permit himſelf to do in the copy of the good edition he ſent to Madame de Pompadour. It is ſome where ſaid in that work that the wife of a coal-heaver is more reſpectable than the miſtreſs of a prince. This phraſe had occured

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to me in the warmth of compoſition without any application. In reading over the work I perceived it would be applied, yet in conſequence of the very imprudent maxim I had adopted of not ſuppreſſing any thing, on account of the applications which might be made, when my conſcience bore witneſs to me that I had not made them at the time I wrote, I determined not to expunge the phraſe, and contented myſelf with ſubſtituting the word Prince to *King*, which I had firſt written. This ſoftening did not ſeem ſufficient to M. de M.....s; he retrenched the whole expreſſion in a new ſheet which he had printed on purpoſe and ſtuck in between the other with as much exactneſs as poſſible in the copy of Madame de Pompadour. She was not ignorant of this manœuvre. Some good natured people took the trouble to inform her of it. For my part it was not until a long time afterwards, and when I began to feel the conſequences of it, that the matter came to my knowledge.

Is not this the origin of the concealed but implacable hatred of another lady who was

in a like ſituation, without my knowing it or even being acquainted with her perſon when I wrote the paſſage? When the book was publiſhed the acquaintance was made, and I was very uneaſy. I mentioned this to the Chevalier de Lorenzy, who laughed at me, and ſaid the lady was ſo little offended that ſhe had not even taken notice of the matter. I believed him, perhaps rather too lightly, and made myſelf eaſy when there was much reaſon for my being otherwiſe.

At the beginning of the winter I received an additional mark of the goodneſs of M. de M.....s, of which I was very ſenſible, although I did not think proper to take advantage of it. A place was vacant in the *Journal des Savans*, Margency wrote to me, propoſing to me the place as from himſelf. But I eaſily perceived from the manner of the letter, that he was dictated to and authoriſed; he afterwards told me he had been deſired to make me the offer. The occupations of this place were but trifling. All I ſhould have had to do would have been to make two extracts a month, from the books brought to me for that purpoſe, without

without being under the neceſſity of going once to Paris, not even to pay the magiſtrate a viſit of thanks. By this employment I ſhould have entered a ſociety of men of letters of the firſt merit; M. de Mairan, Clairaut, de Guignes and the Abbé Barthelemi, with the two firſt of whom I had already made an acquaintance, and that of the two others was very deſirable. In fine, for this trifling employment, the duties of which I might ſo commodiouſly have diſcharged, there was a ſalary of eight hundred livres, (thirty-three pounds). I was for a few hours undecided, and this from a fear of making Margency angry and diſpleaſing M. de M.....s. But at length the inſupportable conſtraint of not having it in my power to work when I thought proper and to be commanded by time; and moreover the certainty of badly performing the functions with which I was to charge myſelf, prevailed over every thing, and determined me to refuſe a place for which I was unfit. I knew that my whole talent conſiſted in a certain warmth of mind with reſpect to the ſubjects of which I had to treat, and that nothing but the love of that which was great, beautiful, and ſublime could animate

animate my genius. What would the ſubjects of the extracts I ſhould have had to make from books, or even the books themſelves have ſignified to me? My indifference about them would have frozen my pen, and ſtupified my mind. People thought I could make a trade of writing as moſt of the other men of letters did, inſtead of which I never could write but from the warmth of imagination. This certainly was not neceſſary for the *Journal des Savans*. I therefore wrote to Margency a letter of thanks in the politeſt terms poſſible, and ſo well explained to him my reaſons, that it was not poſſible that either he or M. de M.....s could imagine there was pride or ill humour in my refuſal. They both approved of it without receiving me leſs politely, and the ſecret was ſo well kept that it was never known to the public.

The propoſition did not come in a favourable moment. I had ſome time before this formed the project of quitting literature, and eſpecially the trade of an author. I had been diſguſted with men of letters by every thing that had lately befallen me, and had learned from experience

rience that it was impoſſible to proceed in the ſame track without having ſome connections with them. I was not much leſs diſſatisfied with men of the world, and in general with the mixt life I had lately led, half to myſelf, and half devoted to ſocieties for which I was unfit. I felt more than ever, and by conſtant experience, that every unequal aſſociation is diſadvantageous to the weaker perſon. Living with opulent people, and in a ſituation different from that I had choſen, without keeping a houſe as they did, I was obliged to imitate them in many things, and little expences which were nothing to their fortunes, were for me not leſs ruinous than indiſpenſible. Another man in the country-houſe of a friend, is ſerved by his own ſervant, as well at table as in his chamber; he ſends him to ſeek for every thing he wants; having nothing directly to do with the ſervants of the houſe, not even ſeeing them, he gives them what he pleaſes, and when he thinks proper; but I, alone, and without a ſervant, was at the mercy of the ſervants of the houſe of whom it was neceſſary to gain the good graces that I might not have much to ſuffer, and being treated as the equal of

their

their maſter, I was obliged to treat them accordingly, and better than another would have done, becauſe in fact I ſtood in greater need of their ſervices. This, where there are but few domeſtics may be complied with; but in the houſes I frequented there were a great number, and the knaves ſo well underſtood their intereſts that they knew how to make me want the ſervices of them all ſucceſſively. The women of Paris, who have ſo much wit, have no juſt idea of this inconvenience, and in their zeal to œconomiſe my purſe, they ruined me. If I ſupped in town, at any conſiderable diſtance from my lodgings, inſtead of permitting me to ſend for a hackney-coach, the miſtreſs of the houſe ordered her horſes to be put to, and ſent me home in her carriage; ſhe was very glad to ſave me the twenty-four ſols (ſhilling) for the fiacre, but never thought of the half crown I gave to her coachman and footman. If a lady wrote to me from Paris to the Hermitage or to Montmorenci, ſhe regretted the four ſols, (two-pence) the poſtage of the letter would have coſt me, and ſent it by one of her ſervants, who came ſweating on foot, and to whom I gave a dinner and half a crown,

which

which he certainly had well earned. If ſhe propoſed to me to paſs with her a week or a fortnight at her country-houſe, ſhe ſtill ſaid to herſelf, it will be a ſaving to the poor man; during that time his eating will coſt him nothing. She never recollected that I was the whole time idle, that the expences of my family, my rent, linen, and cloathes were ſtill going on, that I paid my barber double, that it coſt me more being in her houſe than in my own, and although I confined my little largeſſes to the houſes in which I cuſtomarily lived, that theſe were ſtill ruinous to me. I am certain I have paid upwards of twenty-five crowns in the houſe of Madame d'H....., at Eaubonne, where I never ſlept more than four or five times, and upwards of a thouſand livres (forty pounds) as well at E.....y as at the Chevrette, during the five or ſix years I was moſt aſſiduous there. Theſe expences are inevitable to a man like me, who knows not how to provide any thing for himſelf, and cannot ſupport the ſight of a lackey who grumbles, and ſerves him with a ſour look. With Madame Dupin even, where I was one of the family, and in whoſe houſe I rendered many ſervices to the ſervants,

I never

I never received theirs but for my money. In courſe of time it was neceſſary to renounce theſe little liberalities which my ſituation no longer permitted me to beſtow, and I felt ſtill more ſeverely the inconvenience of aſſociating with people in a ſituation different from my own.

Had this manner of life been to my taſte, I ſhould have been conſoled for a heavy expence, which I dedicated to my pleaſures; but to ruin myſelf at the ſame time that I fatigued my mind, was inſupportable, and I had ſo felt the weight of this that, profiting by the interval of liberty I then had, I was determined to perpetuate it, and entirely to renounce great companies, the compoſition of books, and all literary concerns, and for the remainder of my days to confine myſelf to the narrow and peaceful ſphere in which I felt I was born to move.

The produce of the letter to d'Alembert, and of the New Eloiſa, had a little improved the ſtate of my finances, which had been conſiderably exhauſted at the Hermitage. I had now about a thouſand crowns in my purſe. Emilius,

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to which, after I had finiſhed Eloiſa, I had given great application, was in forwardneſs, and the produce of this could not be leſs than the ſum of which I was already in poſſeſſion. I intended to place this money in ſuch a manner as to produce me a little annual income, which, with my copying, might be ſufficient to my wants without writing any more. I had two other works upon the ſtocks. The firſt of theſe was my *Inſtitutions Politiques**. I examined the ſtate of this work, and found it required ſeveral years labour. I had not courage enough to continue it, and to wait until it was finiſhed before I carried my intentions into execution. Therefore, laying the book aſide, I determined to take from it all I could, and to burn the reſt; and continuing this with zeal without interrupting Emilius, I finiſhed the *Contrat Social*†.

The dictionary of muſic now remained. This was mechanical, and might be taken up at any time; the object of it was entirely pecuniary; I reſerved to myſelf the liberty of laying it aſide, or of finiſhing it at my eaſe,

* Political Inſtitutions. † Social Contract.

according

according as my other reſources collected ſhould render this neceſſary or ſuperfluous. With reſpect to the *Morale Senſitive**, of which I had made nothing more than a ſketch, I entirely gave it up.

As my laſt project, if I found I could not entirely do without copying, was that of removing from Paris, where the affluence of my viſitors rendered my houſe-keeping expenſive, and deprived me of the time I ſhould have turned to advantage to provide for it; to prevent in my retirement the ſtate of laſſitude, into which an author is ſaid to fall when he has laid down his pen, I reſerved to myſelf an occupation which might fill up the void in my ſolitude without tempting me to print any thing more. I know not for what reaſon they had long tormented me to write the memoirs of my life. Although theſe were not until that time intereſting as to the facts, I felt they might become ſo by the candour with which I was capable of giving them, and I determined to make of theſe the only work of the kind, by

* Senſitive Morality.

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an unexampled veracity, that, for once at leaſt, the world might ſee a man ſuch as he internally was. I had always laughed at the falſe ingenuouſneſs of Montague, who, feigning to confeſs his faults, takes great care not to give himſelf any, except ſuch as are amiable; whilſt I, who have ever thought, and ſtill think myſelf, conſidering every thing, the beſt of men, felt there is no human being, however pure he may be, who does not internally conceal ſome odious vice. I knew I was deſcribed to the public very different from what I really was, and ſo oppoſite, that notwithſtanding my faults, all of which I was determined to relate, I could not but be a gainer by ſhewing myſelf in my proper colours. This, beſides, not being to be done without ſetting forth others alſo in theirs, and the work for the ſame reaſon not being of a nature to appear during my life time, and that of ſeveral other perſons, I was the more encouraged to make my confeſſion, at which I ſhould never have to bluſh before any perſon. I therefore reſolved to dedicate my leiſure to the execution of this undertaking, and immediately began to collect ſuch letters and papers as might guide or aſſiſt my memory, greatly regretting

regretting the loſs of all I had burned, miſlaid, and deſtroyed.

The project of abſolute retirement, one of the moſt reaſonable I had ever formed, was ſtrongly impreſſed upon my mind, and for the execution of it I was already taking meaſures, when heaven, which prepared me a different deſtiny, plunged me into another vortex.

Montmorenci, the ancient and fine patrimony of the illuſtrious family of that name, was taken from it by confiſcation. It paſſed by the ſiſter of Duke Henry, to the houſe of Condé, which has changed the name of Montmorenci to that of Enguien, and the duchy has no other caſtle than an old tower, where the archives are kept, and to which the vaſſals come to do homage. But at Montmorenci, or Enguien, there is a private houſe, built by Croiſat, called *le pauvre*, which having the magnificence of the moſt ſuperb chateaux, deſerves and bears the name of a caſtle. The majeſtic appearance of this noble edifice, the view from it, not equalled perhaps in any country; the ſpacious ſaloon, painted by the hand of a maſter,

maſter; the garden planted by the celebrated Le Notre; all combined form a whole ſtrikingly majeſtic, in which there is ſtill a ſimplicity that enforces admiration. The Marechal duke de Luxembourg, who then inhabited this houſe, came every year into the neighbourhood where formerly his anceſtors were the maſters, to paſs, at twice, five or ſix weeks as a private inhabitant, but with a ſplendour which did not degenerate from the ancient luſtre of his family. On the firſt journey he made to it after my reſiding at Montmorenci, he and his lady ſent to me a Valet de Chambre, with their compliments, inviting me to ſup with them as often as it ſhould be agreeable to me; and at each time of their coming they never failed to reiterate the ſame compliments and invitation. This called to my recollection Madame B....., ſending me to dine in the ſervants-hall. Times were changed; but I was ſtill the ſame man. I did not chuſe to be ſent to dine in the ſervants-hall, and was but little deſirous of appearing at the table of the great, I ſhould have been much better pleaſed had they left me as I was, without careſſing me and rendering me ridiculous. I anſwered politely

politely and reſpectfully to M. and Madame de Luxembourg, but I did not accept their offers, and my indiſpoſition and timidity, with my embarraſſment in ſpeaking, making me tremble at the idea alone of appearing in an aſſembly of people of the court, I did not even go to the caſtle to pay a viſit of thanks although I ſufficiently comprehended this was all they deſired, and that their eager politeneſs was rather a matter of curioſity than benevolence.

However advances ſtill were made and even became more preſſing. The Counteſs de Boufflers, who was very intimate with the lady of the Marechal, ſent to inquire after my health, and to beg I would go and ſee her. I returned her a proper anſwer, but did not ſtir from my houſe. At the journey of Eaſter, the year following 1759, the Chevalier de Lorenzy, who belonged to the court of the prince of Conti, and was intimate with Madame de Luxembourg, came ſeveral times to ſee me, and we became acquainted; he preſſed me to go to the caſtle, but I refuſed to comply. At length, one afternoon, when I leaſt expected any thing of the kind, I ſaw, coming up to the houſe,

houſe, the Marechal de Luxembourg, followed by five or ſix perſons. There was now no longer any means of defence, and I could not, without being arrogant and unmannerly, do otherwiſe than return this viſit, and make my court to Madame *la Marechale*, from whom the Marſhal had been the bearer of the moſt obliging compliments to me. Thus, under unfortunate auſpices, began the connections from which I could no longer preſerve myſelf, although a too well founded foreſight made me afraid of them until they were made.

I was exceſſively afraid of Madame de Luxembourg. I knew ſhe was amiable. I had ſeen her ſeveral times at the theatre, and with the Dutcheſs of B.....s and in the bloom of her beauty. But ſhe was ſaid to be malignant, and this in a woman of her rank made me tremble. I had ſcarcely ſeen her before I was ſubjugated. I thought her charming, with that charm proof againſt time and which had the moſt powerful action upon my heart. I expected to find her converſation ſatirical and full of pleaſantries and points. It was not ſo: it was much better. The con-

verſation of Madame de Luemxbourg is not remarkably full of wit; it has no ſallies, nor even fineſſe; it is exquiſitely delicate, never ſtriking but always pleaſing. Her flattery is the more intoxicating as it is natural; it ſeems to eſcape her involuntary, and her heart to overflow becauſe it is too full. I thought I perceived, on my firſt viſit, that notwithſtanding my aukward manner and embarraſſed expreſſion, I was not diſpleaſing to her. All the women of the court know how to perſuade us of this when they pleaſe, whether it be true or not, but they do not all, like Madame de Luxembourg, poſſeſs the art of rendering that perſuaſion ſo agreeable that we are no longer diſpoſed ever to have a doubt remaining. From the firſt day my confidence in her would have been as full as it ſoon afterwards became, had not the Dutcheſs of Montmorenci, her daughter-in-law, young, giddy, and malicious, alſo taken it into her head to attack me, and in the midſt of the eulogiums of her mamma, and feigned allurements on her own account, made me ſuſpect I was only conſidered by them as a ſubject of ridicule.

It would perhaps have been difficult to relieve me from this fear with theſe two ladies had not the extreme goodneſs of the Marechal confirmed me that theirs was not real. Nothing is more ſurpriſing, conſidering my timidity, than the promptitude with which I took him at his word on the footing of equality to which he would abſolutely reduce himſelf with me, except it be that with which he took me at mine with reſpect to the abſolute independence in which I was determined to live. Both perſuaded I had reaſon to be content with my ſituation, and that I was unwilling to change it, neither he nor Madame de Luxembourg ſeemed to think a moment of my purſe or fortune: although I can have no doubt of the tender concern they had for me, they never propoſed to me a place nor offered me their intereſt, except it were once, when Madame de Luxembourg ſeemed to wiſh me to become a member of the French academy. I alledged my religion; this ſhe told me was no obſtacle, or if it was one ſhe engaged to remove it. I anſwered that however great the honour of becoming a member of ſo illuſtrious a body might be, having refuſed M. de Treſſan, and, in ſome

meaſure, the King of Poland, to become a member of the academy of Nancy, I could not with propriety enter into any other. Madame de Luxembourg did not inſiſt, and nothing more was ſaid upon the ſubject. This ſimplicity of intercourſe with perſons of ſuch rank, and who had the power of doing any thing in my favour, M. de Luxembourg being and highly deſerving to be the particular friend of the king, affords a ſingular contraſt with the continual cares, equally importunate and officious, of the friends and protectors from whom I had juſt ſeparated, and who endeavoured leſs to ſerve me than to render me contemptible.

When the Marechal came to ſee me at Mont Louis, I was uneaſy at receiving him and his retinue in my only chamber; not becauſe I was obliged to make them all ſit down in the midſt of my dirty plates and broken pots, but on account of the ſtate of the floor which was rotten and falling to ruin, and I was afraid the weight of his attendants would entirely ſink it. Leſs concerned on account of my own danger than for that to which the affability

of

of the Marechal expoſed him, I haſtened to remove him from it by conducting him, notwithſtanding the coldneſs of the weather, to my alcove, which was quite open to the air, and had no chimney. When he was there I told him my reaſon for having brought him to it: he told it to his lady, and they both preſſed me to accept, until the floor was repaired, a lodging at the caſtle; or, if I preferred it, in a ſeparate edifice called the Little Caſtle, which was in the middle of the park. This delightful abode deſerves to be ſpoken of.

The park or garden of Montmorenci is not a plain like that of the C.....e. It is uneven, mountainous, raiſed by little hills and valleys of which the able artiſt has taken advantage and thereby varied his groves, ornaments, waters, and points of view, and, if I may ſo ſpeak, multiplied by art and genius a ſpace in itſelf rather narrow. This park is terminated at the top by a terrace and the caſtle: at bottom it forms a narrow paſſage which opens and becomes wider towards the valley, the angle of which is filled up with a large piece of water. Between the orangery, which is in this widen-

ing, and the piece of water, the banks of which are agreeably decorated, ſtands the Little Caſtle of which I have ſpoken. This edifice, and the ground about it, formerly belonged to the celebrated le Brun, who amuſed himſelf in building and decorating it in the exquiſite taſte of architectural ornaments which that great painter had formed to himſelf. The caſtle has ſince been rebuilt, but ſtill according to the plan and deſign of its firſt maſter. It is little and ſimple, but elegant. As it ſtands in a hollow between the orangery and the large piece of water, and conſequently is liable to be damp, it is open in the middle by a periſtyle between two rows of columns, by which means the air circulating throughout the whole edifice keeps it dry notwithſtanding its unfavourable ſituation. When the building is ſeen from the oppoſite elevation, which is a point of view, it appears abſolutely ſurrounded with water, and we imagine we have before our eyes an enchanted iſland, or the moſt beautiful of the three Borromeans called *Iſola bella* in the greater lake.

In this ſolitary edifice I was offered the choice of four complete apartments it contains, beſides

beſides the ground floor conſiſting of a dancing room, billiard room, and a kitchen. I choſe the ſmalleſt over the kitchen, which alſo I had with it. It was charmingly neat, with blue and white furniture. In this profound and delicious ſolitude, in the midſt of woods, the ſinging of birds of every kind, and the perfume of orange flowers, I compoſed, in a continual extacy, the fifth book of Emilius, the colouring of which I owed in a great meaſure to the lively impreſſion I received from the place I inhabited.

With what eagerneſs did I run every morning at ſun riſe to reſpire the perfumed air in the periſtyle! What excellent coffee I took there tête-à-tête with my Thérèſa! My cat and dog were our company. This retinue alone would have been ſufficient for me during my whole life in which I ſhould not have had one weary moment. I was there in a terreſtial paradiſe; I lived in innocence and taſted of happineſs.

At the journey of July, M. and Madame de Luxembourg ſhewed me ſo much attention

and were ſo extremely kind that, lodged in their houſe, and overwhelmed with their goodneſs, I could not do leſs than make them a proper return in aſſiduous reſpect near their perſons, I ſcarcely quitted them: I went in the morning to pay my court to *Madame la Marechale*; after dinner I walked with the Marechal; but did not ſup at the caſtle on account of the numerous gueſts, and becauſe they ſupped too late for me. Thus far every thing was as it ſhould be, and no harm would have been done could I have remained at this point. But I have never known how to preſerve a medium in my attachments and ſimply fulfil the duties of ſociety. I have ever been every thing or nothing: I was ſoon every thing; and receiving the moſt polite attention from perſons of the higheſt rank, I paſſed the proper bounds, and conceived for them a friendſhip not permitted except among equals. Of theſe I had all the familiarity in my manners whilſt they ſtill preſerved in theirs the ſame politeneſs to which they had accuſtomed me. Yet I was never quite at my eaſe with Madame de Luxembourg. Although I was not quite relieved from my fears relative to her character, I apprehended

leſs

leſs danger from it than from her wit. It was by this eſpecially that ſhe impreſſed me with awe. I knew ſhe was difficult as to converſation, and ſhe had a right to be ſo. I knew women, eſpecially thoſe of her rank, would abſolutely be amuſed, that it was better to offend than to weary them, and I judged by her commentaries upon what the people who went away had ſaid what ſhe muſt think of my blunders. I thought of a ſupplement to ſpare me with her the embarraſſment of ſpeaking: this was reading. She had heard of my Eloiſa, and knew it was in the preſs; ſhe expreſſed a deſire to ſee the work; I offered to read it to her, and ſhe accepted my offer. I went to her every morning at ten o'clock: M. de Luxembourg was preſent, and the door was ſhut. I read by the ſide of her bed, and ſo well proportioned my readings that there would have been ſufficient for the whole time ſhe had to ſtay, had they even not been interrupted*. The ſucceſs of this expedient ſurpaſſed my expectation. Madame de Luxembourg took a great

* The loſs of a great battle, which much afflicted the king, obliged M. de Luxembourg precipitately to return to court.

liking to Julia and the author; ſhe ſpoke of nothing but me, thought of nothing elſe, ſaid civil things to me from morning till night, and embraced me ten times a day. She inſiſted on my always having my place by her ſide at table, and when any great lords wiſhed to take it ſhe told them it was mine, and made them ſit down ſomewhere elſe. The impreſſion theſe charming manners made upon me, who was ſubjugated by the leaſt mark of affection, may eaſily be judged of. I became really attached to her in proportion to the attachment ſhe ſhewed me. All my fear in perceiving this infatuation, and feeling the want of agreeableneſs in myſelf to ſupport it, was, that it would be changed into diſguſt; and unfortunately this fear was but too well founded.

There muſt have been a natural oppoſition between her turn of mind and mine, ſince, independently of the numerous ſtupid things which at every inſtant eſcaped me in converſation, and even in my letters, and when I was upon the beſt terms with her, there were certain other things with which ſhe was diſpleaſed without my being able to imagine the reaſon.

I will

I will quote one inſtance from amongſt twenty. She knew I was writing for Madame d'H....., a copy of the New Eloiſa. She was deſirous to have one on the ſame footing. This I promiſed her, and thereby making her one of my cuſtomers, I wrote her a polite letter upon the ſubject, at leaſt ſuch was my intention. Her anſwer, which was as follows, ſtupified me with ſurpriſe.

Verſailles, Tueſday.

"I am raviſhed, I am ſatisfied: your letter has given me infinite pleaſure, and I take the earlieſt moment to acquaint you with, and thank you for it.

"Theſe are the exact words of your letter: *Although your are certainly a very good cuſtomer, I have ſome pain in receiving your money: according to regular order I ought to pay for the pleaſure I ſhould have in working for you.* I will ſay nothing more on the ſubject. I have to complain of your not ſpeaking of your ſtate of health: nothing intereſts me more. I love you with all my heart; and be aſſured that I write this to you in a very melancholy mood, for I ſhould

have much pleaſure in telling it you myſelf. M. de Luxembourg loves and embraces you with all his heart."

On receiving the letter I haſtened to anſwer it, reſerving to myſelf more fully to examine the matter, proteſting againſt all diſobliging interpretation, and after having given ſeveral days to this examination with an inquietude which may eaſily be conceived, and ſtill without being able to diſcover in what I could have erred, what follows was my final anſwer on the ſubject.

Montmorenci, 8th December, 1759.

"Since my laſt letter I have examined a hundred and a hundred times the paſſage in queſtion. I have conſidered it in its proper and natural meaning, as well as in every other which may be given to it, and I confeſs to you, madam, that I know not whether it be I who owe to you excuſes or you from whom they are due to me."

It is now ten years ſince theſe letters were written. I have ſince that time frequently thought

thought of the ſubject of them; and ſuch is ſtill my ſtupidity that I have hitherto been unable to diſcover what in the paſſage, quoted from my letter, ſhe could find offenſive, or even diſpleaſing.

I muſt here mention, relative to the manuſcript copy of Eloiſa, Madame de Luxembourg wiſhed to have, in what manner I thought to give it ſome marked advantage which ſhould diſtinguiſh it from all others. I had written ſeparately the adventures of Lord Edward, and had long been undetermined whether I ſhould inſert them wholly, or in extracts, in the work in which they ſeemed to be wanting. I at length determined to retrench them entirely, becauſe, not being in the manner of the reſt, they would have ſpoiled the intereſting ſimplicity, which was its principal merit. I had ſtill a ſtronger reaſon when I came to know Madame de Luxembourg. There was in theſe adventures a Roman marchioneſs, of a bad character, ſome parts of which, without being applicable, might have been applied to her, by thoſe to whom ſhe was not particularly known. I was there-

therefore, highly pleaſed with the determination to which I had come, and reſolved to abide by it. But in my ardent deſire to enrich her copy with ſomething which was not in the other, what ſhould I fall upon but theſe unfortunate adventures, and I concluded on making an extract from them to add to the work; a project dictated by madneſs, of which the extravagance is inexplicable, except by the blind fatality which led me on to deſtruction.

Quos vult perdère Jupiter dèmentat.

I was ſtupid enough to make this extract with the greateſt care and pains, and to ſend it her as the fineſt thing in the world; it is true, I at the ſame time informed her the original was burned, which was really the caſe, that the extract was for her alone and would never be ſeen, except by herſelf, unleſs ſhe choſe to ſhew it; which, far from proving to her my prudence and diſcretion, as it was my intention to do, clearly intimated what I thought of the applications by which ſhe might be offended. My ſtupidity was ſuch,

that

that I had no doubt of her being delighted with what I had done. She did not make me the compliments upon it which I expected, and, to my great ſurpriſe, never once mentioned the paper I had ſent her. I was ſo ſatisfied with myſelf, that it was not until a long time afterwards, I judged, from other indications, of the effect it had produced.

I had ſtill, in favour of her manuſcript, another idea more reaſonable, but which, by more diſtant effects, has not been much leſs prejudicial to me; ſo much does every thing concur with the work of deſtiny, when that hurries on a man to misfortune. I thought of ornamenting the manuſcript with the engravings of the new Eloiſa, which were of the ſame ſize. I aſked C..... for theſe engravings which belonged to me by every kind of title, and the more ſo as I had given him the produce of the plates, which had a conſiderable ſale. C..... is as cunning as I am the contrary. By frequently aſking him for the engravings he came to the knowledge of the uſe I intended to make of them. He then, under pretence of adding ſome new ornament, ſtill

kept

kept them from me, and at length preſented them himſelf.

Ego verſiculos feci, tulit alter honores.

This gave him an introduction upon a certain footing to the Hotel de Luxembourg. After my eſtabliſhment at the little caſtle he came rather frequently to ſee me, and always in the morning, eſpecially when M. and Madame de Luxembourg were at Montmorenci. Therefore that I might paſs the day with him, I did not go to the caſtle. Reproaches were made me on account of my abſence; I told the reaſon of them. I was deſired to bring with me M. C.....; I did ſo. This was what he had ſought after. Therefore, thanks to the exceſſive goodneſs M. and Madame de Luxembourg had for me, a clerk to M. T..... who was ſometimes pleaſed to give him his table when he had nobody elſe to dine with him, was ſuddenly placed at that of a marechal of France, with princes, dutcheſſes, and perſons of the higheſt rank at court. I ſhall never forget, that one day being obliged to return early to Paris, the marechal ſaid, after dinner,

to

to the company, let us take a walk upon the road to St. Denis, and we will accompany M. C..... This was too much for the poor man; his head was quite turned. For my part my heart was ſo affected that I could not ſay a word. I followed the company, weeping like a child, and having the ſtrongeſt deſire to kiſs the foot of the good marechal; but the continuation of the hiſtory of the manuſcript has made me anticipate. I will go a little back, and, as far as my memory will permit, mark each event in its proper order.

As ſoon as the little houſe of Mont Louis was ready, I had it neatly furniſhed, and again eſtabliſhed myſelf there. I could not break through the reſolution I had made on quitting the Hermitage of always having my apartment to myſelf; but I found a difficulty in reſolving to quit the little caſtle. I kept the key of it, and being delighted with the charming breakfaſts of the periſtyle, frequently went to the caſtle to ſleep, and ſtaid three or four days as at a country houſe. I was at that time perhaps better and more agreeably lodged than any private individual in Europe. My hoſt, M. Mathas

Mathas, one of the beſt men in the world, had left me the abſolute direction of the repairs at Mont Louis, and inſiſted upon my diſpoſing of his workmen without his interference. I therefore found the means of making of a ſingle chamber upon the firſt ſtory, a complete ſet of apartments, conſiſting of a chamber, anti-chamber, and a water cloſet. Upon the ground-floor was the kitchen and the chamber of Thérèſa. The alcove ſerved me for a cloſet by means of a glazed partition and a chimney I had made there. After my return to this habitation, I amuſed myſelf in decorating the terrace, which was already ſhaded by two rows of linden trees; I added two others to make a cabinet of verdure, and placed in it a table and ſtone benches; I ſurrounded it with lilies, ſeringa, and woodbines, and had a beautiful border of flowers parallel with the two rows of trees. This terrace, more elevated than that of the caſtle, from which the view was at leaſt as fine, and where I had tamed a great number of birds, was my drawing room, in which I received M. and Madame de Luxembourg, the duke of Villeroy, the prince of Tingry, the marquis

quis of Armentieres, the dutcheſs of Montmorenci, the dutcheſs of Boufflers, the counteſs of Valentinois, the counteſs of Boufflers, and other perſons of the firſt rank; who, from the caſtle, diſdained not to make, over a very fatiguing mountain, the pilgrimage of Mont Louis. I owed all theſe viſits to the favour of M. and Madame de Luxembourg; this I felt, and my heart on that account did them all due homage. It was with the ſame ſentiment that I once ſaid to M. de Luxembourgh, embracing him: Ah! Monſieur le Marechal, I hated the great before I knew you, and I have hated them ſtill more ſince you have ſhewn me with what eaſe they might acquire univerſal reſpect. Further than this, I defy any perſon with whom I was then acquainted, to ſay I was ever dazzled for an inſtant with ſplendour, or that the vapour of the incenſe I received ever affected my head; that I was leſs uniform in my manner, leſs plain in my dreſs, leſs eaſy of acceſs to people of the loweſt rank, leſs familiar with neighbours, or leſs ready to render ſervice to every perſon when I had it in my power ſo to do, without ever once being diſcouraged by the numerous and frequently unrea-

unreaſonable importunities with which I was inceſſantly aſſailed.

Although my heart led me to the caſtle of Montmorenci, by my ſincere attachment to thoſe by whom it was inhabited, it by the ſame means drew me back to the neighbourhood of it, there to taſte the ſweets of the equal and ſimple life, in which my only happineſs conſiſted. Thérèſa had contracted a friendſhip with the daughter of one of my neighbours, a maſon of the name of Pilleu; I did the ſame with the father, and after having dined at the caſtle, not without ſome conſtraint to pleaſe Madame de Luxembourg, with what eagerneſs did I return in the evening to ſup with the good man Pilleu and his family, ſometimes at his own houſe and at others at mine!

Beſides my two lodgings in the country, I ſoon had a third at the Hotel du Luxembourg, the proprietors of which preſſed me ſo much to go and ſee them there that I conſented, notwithſtanding my averſion to Paris, where, ſince my retiring to the Hermitage, I had been

been but twice, upon the two occaſions of which I have ſpoken. I did not now go there except on the days agreed upon, ſolely to ſupper, and the next morning I returned to the country. I entered and came out by the garden which faces the boulevard, ſo that I could with the greateſt truth, ſay I had not ſet my foot upon the ſtones of Paris.

In the midſt of this tranſient proſperity, a cataſtrophe, which was to be the concluſion of it, was preparing at a diſtance. A ſhort time after my return to Mont Louis, I made there, and as it was cuſtomary, againſt my inclination, a new acquaintance, which makes another æra in my private hiſtory. Whether this be favourable or unfavourable, the reader will hereafter be able to judge. The perſon with whom I became acquainted, was the Marchioneſs of V....., my neighbour, whoſe huſband had juſt bought a country-houſe at S....., near Montmorenci. Mademoiſelle d'A.., daughter to the Comte d'A.., a man of faſhion but poor, had married M. de V.....n, old, ugly, deaf, uncouth, brutal, jealous, with gaſhes in his face, and blind of one eye, but,

upon

upon the whole, a good man when properly managed, and in poſſeſſion of a fortune of from fifteen to twenty thouſand livres a year. This charming object, ſwearing, roaring, ſcolding, ſtorming, and making his wife cry all day long, ended by doing whatever ſhe thought proper, and this to ſet her in a rage, becauſe ſhe knew how to perſuade him that it was he who would, and ſhe who would not have it ſo. M. de Margency, of whom I have ſpoken, was the friend of Madame, and became that of Monſieur. He had, a few years before, let them his caſtle of Margency, near Eaubonne and Andilly, and they reſided there preciſely at the time of my paſſion for Madame d'H..... Madame d'H..... and Madame de V.....n became acquainted with each other, by means of Madame d'Aubeterre their common friend; and as the garden of Margency was in the road by which Madame d'H..... went to Mont Olympe, her favourite walk, Madame de V.....n gave her a key that ſhe might paſs through it. By means of this key I croſſed it ſeveral times with her; but I did not like unexpected meetings, and when Madame de V.....n was by chance upon our way

I left

I left them together without ſpeaking to her, and went on before. This want of gallantry muſt have made on her an impreſſion unfavourable to me. Yet when ſhe was at S.... ſhe was anxious to have my company. She came ſeveral times to ſee me at Mont Louis, without finding me at home, and perceiving I did not return her viſit, took it into her head, as a means of forcing me to do it, to ſend me pots of flowers for my terrace. I was under the neceſſity of going to thank her; this was all ſhe wanted, and we thus became acquainted.

This connection, like every other I formed, or was led into contrary to my inclination, began rather boiſterouſly. There never reigned in it a real calm. The turn of mind of Madame de V.....n was too oppoſite to mine. Malignant expreſſions and pointed ſarcaſms came from her with ſo much ſimplicity, that a continual attention too fatiguing for me was neceſſary to perceive ſhe was turning into ridicule the perſon to whom ſhe ſpoke. One trivial circumſtance which occurs to my recollection will be ſufficient to give an idea of her manner. Her brother had juſt obtained the command of a fri-

a frigate cruiſing againſt the Engliſh. I ſpoke of the manner of fitting out this frigate without diminiſhing its ſwiftneſs of ſailing. "Yes, replied ſhe, in the moſt natural tone of voice, no more cannon are taken than are neceſſary for fighting." I ſeldom have heard her ſpeak well of any of her abſent friends without letting ſlip ſomething to their prejudice. What ſhe did not ſee with an evil eye ſhe looked upon with one of ridicule, and her friend Margency was not excepted. What I found moſt inſupportable in her was the perpetual conſtraint proceeding from her little meſſages, preſents, and billets, to which it was a labour for me to anſwer, and I had continual embarraſſments either in thanking or refuſing. However, by frequently ſeeing this lady I became attached to her. She had her troubles as well as I had mine. Reciprocal confidence rendered our converſations intereſting. Nothing ſo cordially attaches two perſons as the ſatisfaction of weeping together. We ſought the company of each other for our reciprocal conſolation, and the want of this has frequently made me paſs over many things. I had been ſo ſevere in my frankneſs with her, that after having

having ſometimes ſhewn ſo little eſteem for her character, a great deal was neceſſary to be able to believe ſhe could ſincerely forgive me. The following letter is a ſpecimen of the epiſtles I ſometimes wrote to her, and it is to be remarked that ſhe never once in any of her anſwers to them ſeemed to be in the leaſt degree piqued.

Montmorenci, 5th November, 1760.

" You tell me, madam, you have not well explained yourſelf, in order to make me underſtand I have explained myſelf ill. You ſpeak of your pretended ſtupidity for the purpoſe of making me feel my own. You boaſt of being nothing more than a good kind of woman, as if you were afraid to be taken at your word, and you make me apologies to tell me I owe them to you. Yes, madam, I know it; it is I who am a fool, a good kind of man; and, if it be poſſible, worſe than all this; it is I, who make a bad choice of my expreſſions in the opinion of a fine French lady, who pays as much attention to words, and ſpeaks as well as you do. But conſider that I take them in the common meaning of the language, without knowing or troubling my head about the polite

acceptations in which they are taken in the virtuous ſocieties of Paris. If my expreſſions are ſometimes equivocal, I endeavour by my conduct to determine their meaning, &c." The reſt of the letter is much the ſame.

C....., enterpriſing, bold, even to effrontery, and who was upon the watch after all my friends, ſoon introduced himſelf in my name to the houſe of Madame de V.....n, and, unknown to me, ſhortly became there more familiar than myſelf. This C....., was an extraordinary man. He preſented himſelf in my name in the houſes of all my acquaintance, gained a footing in them, and eat there without ceremony. Tranſported with zeal to do me ſervice, he never mentioned my name without his eyes being ſuffuſed with tears; but, when he came to ſee me, he kept the moſt profound ſilence on the ſubject of all theſe connections, and eſpecially on that in which he knew I muſt be intereſted. Inſtead of telling me what he had heard, ſaid, or ſeen, relative to my affairs, he waited for my ſpeaking to him, and even interrogated me. He never knew any thing of what paſſed in Paris, except that which I told him:

him: finally, although every body ſpoke to me of him, he never once ſpoke to me of any perſon; he was ſecret and myſterious with his friend only; but I will for the preſent leave C..... and Madame de V.....n, and return to them at a proper time.

Sometime after my return to Mont Louis, La Tour, the painter, came there to ſee me, and brought with him my portrait in crayons, which a few years before he had exhibited at the ſaloon. He wiſhed to give me this portrait, which I did not chuſe to accept. But Madame D'.....y who had given me hers, and would have this had prevailed upon me to aſk him for it. He had taken ſome time to retouch the features. In the interval happened my rupture with Madame D'.....y; I returned her her portrait; and giving her mine being no longer in queſtion, I put it into my chamber, in the little caſtle. M. de Luxembourg ſaw it there, and found it a good one; I offered it him, he accepted it, and I ſent it to the caſtle. He and his lady comprehended I ſhould be very glad to have theirs. They had them taken in miniature by a very ſkilful hand, ſet in a box of

rock chryſtal, mounted with gold, and in a very handſome manner, with which I was delighted, made me a preſent of both. Madame de Luxembourg would never conſent that her portrait ſhould be on the upper part of the box. She had reproached me ſeveral times with loving M. de Luxembourg better than I did her; I had not denied it becauſe it was true. By this manner of placing her portrait ſhe ſhewed very politely, but very clearly, ſhe had not forgotten the preference.

Much about this time I was guilty of a folly which did not contribute to preſerve to me her good graces. Although I had no knowledge of M. de Silhouette, and was not much diſpoſed to like him, I had a great opinion of his adminiſtration. When he began to let his hand fall rather heavily upon financiers, I perceived he did not begin his operation in a favourable moment, but he had my warmeſt wiſhes for his ſucceſs; and as ſoon as I heard he was diſplaced I wrote to him, in my intrepid heedleſs manner, the following letter, which I certainly do not undertake to juſtify.

Montmorenci,

Montmorenci, 2d December, 1769.

" Vouchſafe, ſir, to receive the homage of a ſolitary man, who is not known to you, but who eſteems you for your talents, reſpects you for your adminiſtration, and who did you the honour to believe you would not long remain in it. Unable to ſave the ſtate, except at the expence of the capital by which it has been ruined, you have braved the clamours of the gainers of money. When I ſaw you cruſh theſe wretches, I envied you your place; and at ſeeing you quit it without departing from your ſyſtem, I admire you. Be ſatisfied with yourſelf, ſir; the ſtep you have taken will leave you an honour you will long enjoy without a competitor. The malediction of knaves is the glory of an honeſt man."

Madame de Luxembourg, who knew I had written this letter, ſpoke to me of it when ſhe came into the country at Eaſter; I ſhewed it to her, and ſhe was deſirous of a copy; this I gave her, but when I did it I did not know ſhe was intereſted in under farms, and the diſplacing of M. de Silhouette. By my numerous follies any perſon would have imagined I wil-

fully endeavoured to bring on myſelf the hatred of an amiable woman who had power, and to whom, in truth I daily became more attached, and was far from wiſhing to occaſion her diſpleaſure, although by my aukward manner of proceeding, I did every thing proper for that purpoſe. I think it ſuperfluous to remark here, that it is to her the hiſtory of the opiate of M. Tronchin, of which I have ſpoken in the firſt part of my memoirs, relates; the other lady was Madame de Mirepoix. They have never mentioned to me the circumſtance, nor has either of them, in the leaſt, ſeemed to have preſerved a remembrance of it; but to preſume that Madame de Luxembourg can poſſibly have forgotten it appears to me very difficult, and would ſtill remain ſo, even were the ſubſequent events entirely unknown. For my part, I fell into a deceitful ſecurity relative to the effects of my ſtupid miſtakes, by an internal evidence of my not having taken any ſtep with an intention to offend; as if a woman could ever forgive what I had done, although ſhe might be certain the will had not the leaſt part in the matter.

Although

Although ſhe ſeemed not to ſee or feel any thing, and that I did not immediately find either her warmth of friendſhip diminiſhed or the leaſt change in her manner, the continuation and even increaſe of a too well founded foreboding made me inceſſantly tremble, leaſt diſguſt ſhould ſucceed to infatuation. Was it poſſible for me to expect in a lady of ſuch high rank, a conſtancy proof againſt my want of addreſs to ſupport it? I was unable to conceal from her this ſecret foreboding, which made me uneaſy and rendered me ſtill more diſagreeable. This will be judged of by the following letter, which contains a very ſingular prediction.

N. B. *This letter, without date in my rough copy, was written in October, 1760, at lateſt.*

" How cruel is your goodneſs! Why diſturb the peace of a ſolitary mortal who had renounced the pleaſures of life that he might no longer ſuffer the fatigues of them? I have paſſed my days in vainly ſearching for ſolid attachments. I have not been able to form any in the ranks to which I was equal; is it

in yours that I ought to ſeek for them? Neither ambition nor intereſt can tempt me; I am not vain, and but little fearful; I can reſiſt every thing except careſſes. Why do you both attack me by a weakneſs which I muſt overcome, becauſe in the diſtance by which we are ſeparated, the overflowings of ſuſceptible hearts cannot bring mine near to you? Will gratitude be ſufficient for a heart which knows not two manners of beſtowing its affections, and feels itſelf incapable of every thing except friendſhip? Of friendſhip, Madame la Marechale! Ah! there is my misfortune! It is good in you and the Marechal to make uſe of this expreſſion; but I am mad when I take you at your word. You amuſe yourſelves and I become attached; and the end of this prepares for me new regrets. How do I hate all your titles, and pity you on account of your being obliged to bear them! You ſeem to me to be ſo worthy of taſting the charms of private life! Why do not you reſide at Clarens? I would go there in ſearch of happineſs; but the caſtle of Montmorenci, and the Hotel de Luxembourg! Is it in theſe places Jean Jacques ought to be ſeen? Is it there a friend

to

to equality ought to carry the affections of a ſenſible heart, and who thus paying the eſteem in which he is held, thinks he returns as much as he receives? You are good and ſuſceptible alſo; this I know and have ſeen; I am ſorry I was not ſooner convinced of it; but in the rank you hold, in your manner of living, nothing can make a laſting impreſſion; a ſucceſſion of new objects efface each other ſo that not one of them remains. You will forget me, madam, after having made it impoſſible for me to imitate you. You have done a great deal to render me unhappy, to be inexcuſable."

I joined with her the Marechal, to render the compliment leſs ſevere: for, I was moreover ſo ſure of him, that I never had a doubt in my mind of the continuation of his friendſhip. Nothing that intimidated me in Madame la Marechale, ever, for a moment, extended to him. I never have had the leaſt miſtruſt relative to his character, which I knew to be feeble but conſtant. I no more feared a coldneſs on his part than I expected from him an heroic attachment. The ſimplicity and familiary of our manners with each other,

proved how far dependence was reciprocal. We were both always right: I ſhall ever honour and hold dear the memory of this worthy man, and, notwithſtanding every thing that was done to detach him from me, I am as certain of his having died my friend as if I had been preſent in his laſt moments.

At the ſecond journey to Montmorenci, in the year 1760, the reading of Eloiſa being finiſhed, I had recourſe to that of Emilius, to ſupport myſelf in the good graces of Madame de Luxembourg; but this, whether the ſubject was leſs to her taſte, or that ſo much reading at length fatigued her, did not ſucceed ſo well. However, as ſhe reproached me with ſuffering myſelf to be the dupe of bookſellers, ſhe wiſhed me to leave to her care the printing the work, that I might reap from it a greater advantage. I conſented to her doing it, on the expreſs condition of its not being printed in France, on which we had a long diſpute; I affirming that it was impoſſible to obtain, and even imprudent to ſolicit a tacit permiſſion; and being unwilling to permit the impreſſion upon any other terms in the kingdom; ſhe, that

that the cenſor could not make the leaſt difficulty, according to the ſyſtem government had adopted. She found means to make M. de M.....s enter into her views. He wrote to me on the ſubject a long letter with his own hand, to prove the profeſſion of faith of the Savoyard vicar to be a compoſition which muſt every where gain the approbation of its readers and that of the court, as things were then circumſtanced. I was ſurpriſed to ſee this magiſtrate, always ſo prudent, become ſo ſmooth in the buſineſs, as the printing of a book was by that alone legal, I had no longer any objection to make to that of the work. Yet, by an extraordinary ſcruple, I ſtill required it ſhould be printed in Holland, and by the bookſeller Néaulme, whom, not ſatisfied with indicating him, I informed of my wiſhes, conſenting the edition ſhould be brought out for the profit of a French bookſeller, and that as ſoon as it was ready it ſhould be ſold at Paris, or wherever elſe it might be thought proper, as with this I had no manner of concern. This is exactly what was agreed upon between Madame de Luxembourg and myſelf, after which I gave her my manuſcript.

Madame de Luxembourg was this time accompanied by her grand-daughter Mademoiſelle de Boufflers, now dutcheſs of Lauzun. Her name was Amelia. She was a charming girl. She really had a maiden beauty, mildneſs, and timidity. Nothing could be more lovely than her perſon, nothing more chaſte and tender than the ſentiments ſhe inſpired. She was, beſides, ſtill a child under eleven years of age. Madame de Luxembourg, who thought her too timid, uſed every endeavour to animate her. She permitted me ſeveral times to give her a kiſs, which I did with my uſual aukwardneſs. Inſtead of ſaying flattering things to her, as any other perſon would have done, I remained ſilent and diſconcerted, and I know not which of the two, the little girl or myſelf, was moſt aſhamed. I met her one day alone in the ſtaircaſe of the little caſtle. She had been to ſee Théréſa, with whom her governeſs ſtill was. Not knowing what elſe to ſay, I propoſed to her a kiſs, which, in the innocence of her heart, ſhe did not refuſe; having in the morning received one from me by order of her grandmother and in her preſence. The next day, while reading Emilius by the ſide of the bed

bed of Madame de Luxembourg, I came to a paſſage in which I juſtly cenſure that which I had done the preceding evening. She thought the reflection extremely juſt, and ſaid ſome very ſenſible things upon the ſubject which made me bluſh. How was I enraged at my incredible ſtupidity, which has frequently given me the appearance of guilt when I was nothing more than a fool and embarraſſed! a ſtupidity, which in a man known to be endowed with ſome wit, is conſidered as a falſe excuſe. I can ſafely ſwear that in this kiſs, as well as in the others, the heart and thoughts of Mademoiſelle Amelia were not more pure than my own, and that if I could have avoided meeting her I ſhould have done it; not that I had not great pleaſure in ſeeing her, but from the embarraſſment of not finding a word proper to ſay. Whence comes it that even a child can intimidate a man, whom the power of kings has never inſpired with fear? What is to be done? How, without preſence of mind, am I to act? If I ſtrive to ſpeak to the perſons I meet, I certainly ſay ſome ſtupid thing to them: if I remain ſilent, I am a miſanthrope, an unſociable animal, a bear. Total imbecility would have

have been more favourable to me; but the talents which I have failed to improve in the world have become the inſtruments of my deſtruction and of that of the talents I poſſeſſed.

At the latter end of this journey, Madame de Luxembourg did a good action in which I had ſome ſhare. Diderot having very imprudently offended the princeſs of Robeck, daughter of M. de Luxembourg, Paliſſot, whom ſhe protected, took up the quarrel, and revenged her by the comedy of The Philoſophers, in which I was ridiculed, and Diderot very roughly handled. The author treated me with more gentleneſs, leſs, I am of opinion, on account of the obligation he was under to me, than from the fear of diſpleaſing the father of his protectreſs, by whom he knew I was beloved. The bookſeller Ducheſne, with whom I was not at that time acquainted, ſent me the comedy when it was printed, and this I ſuſpect was by the order of Paliſſot, who, perhaps, thought I ſhould have a pleaſure in ſeeing a man with whom I was no longer connected defamed. He was greatly deceived. When I broke with Diderot, whom I thought leſs

leſs ill-natured than weak and indiſcreet, I ſtill always preſerved for his perſon an attachment, an eſteem even, and a reſpect for our ancient friendſhip, which I know was for a long time as ſincere on his part as on mine. The caſe was quite different with Grimm; a man falſe by nature, who never loved me, who is not even capable of friendſhip, and a perſon who, without the leaſt ſubject of complaint, and ſolely to ſatisfy his gloomy jealouſy, became, under the maſk of friendſhip, my moſt cruel calumniator. This man is to me a cypher; the other will always be my old friend. My very bowels yearned at the ſight of this odious piece: the reading of it was inſupportable to me, and, without going through the whole, I returned the copy to Ducheſne with the following letter.

Montmorenci, 21ſt May, 1760.

"In caſting my eye over the piece you ſent me, I trembled at ſeeing myſelf well ſpoken of in it. I do not accept the horrid preſent. I am perſuaded that in ſending it me, you did not intend an inſult; but you do not know, or have forgotten, that I have the honour to be

the

the friend of a reſpectable man, who is ſhamefully defamed and calumniated in this libel."

Ducheſne ſhewed the letter. Diderot, upon whom it ought to have had an effect quite contrary, was vexed at it. His pride could not forgive me the ſuperiority of a generous action, and I was informed his wife every where inveighed againſt me with a bitterneſs with which I was not in the leaſt affected, as I knew ſhe was known to every body to be a noiſy babler.

Diderot in his turn found an avenger in the Abbé Morrellet, who wrote againſt Paliſſot a little work, imitated from the *Petit Prophete*, and entitled the *Viſion*. In this production he very imprudently offended Madame de Robeck, whoſe friends got him ſent to the Baſtile; though ſhe, not naturally vindictive, and at that time in a dying ſtate, I am certain had nothing to do in the affair.

D'Alembert, who was very intimately connected with Morrellet, wrote me a letter, deſiring I would beg of Madame de Luxembourg to

to ſolicit his liberty, promiſing her in return encomiums in the *Encyclopedie*; my anſwer to his letter was as follows:

" I did not wait the receipt of your letter before I expreſſed to Madame de Luxembourg the pain the confinement of the Abbé Morrellet gave me. She knows my concern, and ſhall be made acquainted with yours, and her knowing that the abbé is a man of merit will be ſufficient to make her intereſt herſelf in his behalf. However, although ſhe and the Marechal honour me with a benevolence which is my greateſt conſolation, and that the name of your friend be to them a recommendation in favour of the Abbé Morrellet, I know not how far, on this occaſion, it may be proper for them to employ the credit attached to the rank they hold, and the conſideration due to their perſons. I am not even convinced that the vengeance in queſtion relates to the princeſs of Robeck ſo much as you ſeem to imagine; and were this even the caſe, we muſt not ſuppoſe that the pleaſure of vengeance belongs to philoſophers excluſively, and that when they chuſe

to

to become women, women will become philoſophers.

" I will communicate to you whatever Madame de Luxembourg may ſay to me after having ſhewn her your letter. In the mean time, I think I know her well enough to aſſure you that, ſhould ſhe have the pleaſure of contributing to the enlargement of the Abbé Morrellet, ſhe will not except the tribute of acknowledgement you promiſe her in the *Encyclopedie*, although ſhe might think herſelf honoured by it, becauſe ſhe does not do good in the expectation of praiſe, but from the dictates of her heart."

I made every effort to excite the zeal and commiſeration of Madame de Luxembourg in favour of the poor captive, and ſucceeded to my wiſhes. She went to Verſailles on purpoſe to ſpeak to M. de St. Florentin, and this journey ſhortened the reſidence at Montmorenci, which the Marcehal was obliged to quit at the ſame time to go to Rouen whither the king ſent him as governor of Normandy on account

account of the motions of the parliament, which government wiſhed to keep within bounds. Madame de Luxembourg wrote me the following letter the day after her departure.

Verſailles, Wedneſday.

" M. de Luxembourg ſet off yeſterday morning at ſix o'clock. I do not yet know that I ſhall follow him. I wait until he writes to me, as he is not yet certain of the ſtay it will be neceſſary for him to make. I have ſeen M. de St. Florentin who is as favourably diſpoſed as poſſible towards the Abbé Morrellet; but he finds ſome obſtacles to his wiſhes, which however he is in hopes of removing the firſt time he has to do buſineſs with the king, which will be next week. I have alſo deſired as a favour that he might not be exiled, becauſe this was intended: he was to be ſent to Nancy. This, ſir, is what I have been able to obtain; but I promiſe you I will not let M. de St. Florentin reſt until the affair is terminated in the manner you deſire. Let me now expreſs to you how ſorry I am on account of my being obliged to leave you ſo ſoon, of which I

flatter

flatter myſelf you have not the leaſt doubt. I love you with all my heart, and ſhall do ſo for my whole life."

A few days afterwards I received the following note from D'Alembert which gave me real joy.

Auguſt 1ſt.

" Thanks to your cares, my dear philoſopher, the abbé has left the Baſtile, and his impriſonment will have no other conſequence. He is ſetting off for the country, and, as well as myſelf, returns you a thouſand thanks and compliments. *Vale et me ama.*"

The abbé alſo wrote to me a few days afterwards a letter of thanks which did not, in my opinion, ſeem to breathe a certain effuſion of the heart, and in which he ſeemed in ſome meaſure to extenuate the ſervice I had rendered him. Sometime afterwards, I found that he and D'Alembert had, to a certain degree, I will not ſay ſupplanted, but ſucceeded me in the good graces of Madame de Luxembourg, and that I had loſt in them all they had gained. However I am far from ſuſpecting the Abbé Morrellet

Morrellet of having contributed to my diſgrace: I have too much eſteem for him to harbour any ſuch ſuſpicion. With reſpect to D'Alembert, I ſhall at preſent leave him out of the queſtion, and hereafter ſay of him what may ſeem neceſſary.

I had, at the ſame time, another affair which occaſioned the laſt letter I wrote to Voltaire; a letter againſt which he vehemently exclaimed, as an abominable inſult, although he never ſhewed it to any perſon. I will here ſupply the want of that which he refuſed to do.

The Abbé T.....t, with whom I had a ſlight acquaintance, but whom I had but ſeldom ſeen, wrote to me on the 13th of June, 1760, informing me that M. F....y, his friend and correſpondent, had printed, in his Journal, my letter to Voltaire upon the diſaſter at Liſbon. The abbé wiſhed to know how the letter came to be printed, and, in his jeſuitical manner, aſked me my opinion, without giving me his own on the neceſſity of reprinting it. As I moſt ſovereignly hate this kind of artifice and

ſtratagem,

ſtratagem, I returned ſuch thanks as were proper, but in a manner ſo reſerved as to make him feel it, although this did not prevent him from wheedling me in two or three other letters until he had gathered all he wiſhed to know.

I clearly underſtood that, notwithſtanding all T.....t could ſay, F....y had not found the letter printed, and that the firſt impreſſion of it came from himſelf. I knew him to be an impudent pilferer, who, without ceremony, made himſelf a revenue by the works of others. Although he had not yet had the incredible effrontery to take from a book already publiſhed the name of the author, to put his own in the place of it, and to ſell the book for his own profit*. But by what means had this manuſcript fallen into his hands? That was a queſtion not eaſy to reſolve, but by which I had the weakneſs to be embarraſſed. Although Voltaire was exceſſively honoured by the letter, as in fact, notwithſtanding his rude proceedings, he would have had a right to complain

* In this manner he afterwards appropriated to himſelf Emilius.

had

had I had it printed without his conſent, I reſolved to write to him upon the ſubject. The ſecond letter was as follows, to which he returned no anſwer, and, giving greater ſcope to his brutality, he feigned to be irritated to fury.

Montmorenci, 17th June, 1760.

" I did not think, ſir, I ſhould ever have occaſion to correſpond with you. But learning the letter I wrote to you, in 1756, has been printed at Berlin, I owe you an account of my conduct in that reſpect, and will fulfil this duty with truth and ſimplicity.

" The letter having really been addreſſed to you was not intended to be printed. I communicated the contents of it, on certain conditions, to three perſons to whom the rights of friendſhip did not permit me to refuſe any thing of the kind, and whom the ſame rights ſtill leſs permitted to abuſe my confidence by betraying their promiſe. Theſe perſons are Madame de C.....x, daughter-in-law to Madame D...n, the Comteſſe D'H....., and a German of the name of Grimm. Madame de C.....x was deſirous the letter ſhould be

be printed, and aſked my conſent. I told her that depended upon your's. This was aſked of you, which you refuſed, and the matter dropped.

" However the Abbé T.....t, with whom I have not the leaſt connection, has juſt written to me from a motive of the moſt polite attention, that having received the papers of the Journal of M. F....y he found in them this ſame letter with an advertiſement, dated on the 23d of October, 1759, in which the editor ſtates, that he had a few weeks before found it in the ſhops of the bookſellers of Berlin, and as it is one of thoſe looſe ſheets which ſhortly diſappear, he thought proper to give it a place in his Journal.

" This, ſir, is all I know of the matter. It is very certain the letter had not until lately been heard of at Paris. It is alſo as certain that the copy, either in manuſcript or print, fallen into the hands of M. de F....y, could never have reached them except by your means, which is not probable, or of thoſe of one of the three perſons I have mentioned. Finally it

is

is well known the two ladies are incapable of ſuch a perfidy. I cannot, in my retirement, learn more relative to the affair. You have a correſpondence by means of which you may, if you think it worth the trouble, go back to the ſource and verify the fact.

" In the ſame letter the Abbé T.....t informs me that he keeps the paper in reſerve, and will not lend it without my conſent, which moſt aſſuredly I will not give. But it is poſſible this copy may not be the only one in Paris. I wiſh, ſir, the letter may not be printed there, and I will do all in my power to prevent this from happening; but if I cannot ſucceed, and that, timely perceiving it, I can have the preference, I will not then heſitate to have it immediately printed. This to me appears juſt and natural.

" With reſpect to your anſwer to the ſame letter, it has not been communicated to any one, and you may be aſſured it ſhall not be printed without your conſent, which I certainly ſhall not be indiſcreet enough to aſk of you, well knowing that what one man writes

to another is not written to the public. But ſhould you chuſe to write one you wiſh to have publiſhed and addreſs it to me, I promiſe you faithfully to add to it my letter and not to make to it a ſingle word of reply.

" I love you not, ſir; you have done me, your diſciple and enthuſiaſtical admirer, injuries that might have cauſed me the moſt exquiſite pain. You have ruined Geneva, in return for the aſylum it has afforded you; you have alienated from me my fellow citizens, in return for the eulogiums I made of you amongſt them; it is you who render to me the reſidence of my own country inſupportable; it is you who will oblige me to die in a foreign land, deprived of all the conſolations uſually adminiſtered to a dying perſon; and cauſe me, inſtead of receiving funeral rites, to be thrown to the dogs, whilſt all the honours a man can expect will accompany you in my country. Finally, I hate you becauſe you have been deſirous I ſhould; but I hate you as a man more worthy of loving you had you choſen it. Of all the ſentiments with which my heart was penetrated for you, admiration, which cannot be

be refuſed your fine genius, and a partiality to your writings, are thoſe you have not effaced. If I can honour nothing in you except your talants, the fault is not mine. I ſhall never be wanting in the reſpect due to them, nor in that which this reſpect requires."

In the midſt of theſe little literary cavillings, which ſtill fortified my reſolution, I received the greateſt honour letters ever acquired me, and of which I was the moſt ſenſible, in the two viſits the prince of Conti deigned to make to me, one at the Little Caſtle and the other at Mont Louis. He choſe the time for both theſe when M. de Luxembourg was not at Montmorenci, in order to render it more manifeſt that he came there ſolely on my account. I have never had a doubt of my owing the firſt condeſcenſions of this prince to Madame de Luxembourg and Madame de Boufflers; but I am of opinion I owe to his own ſentiments and to myſelf thoſe with which he has ſince that time continually honoured me*.

* Remark the perſeverance of this blind and ſtupid confidence in the midſt of all the treatment which ſhould ſooneſt have undeceived me. It continued until my return to Paris in 1770.

My apartments at Mont Louis being ſmall, and the ſituation of the alcove charming, I conducted the prince to it, where, to complete the condeſcenſion he was pleaſed to ſhew me, he choſe I ſhould have the honour of playing with him a game at cheſs. I knew he beat the Chevalier de Lorenzy who played better than I did. However, notwithſtanding the ſigns and grimace of the chevalier and the ſpectators, which I feigned not to ſee, I won the two games we played. When they were ended, I ſaid to him in a reſpectful but very grave manner: "My lord, I honour your ſerene highneſs too much not to beat you always at cheſs." This great prince, who had real wit, ſenſe, and knowledge, and ſo was worthy not to be treated with mean adulation, felt in fact, at leaſt I think ſo, that I was the only perſon preſent who treated him like a man, and I have every reaſon to believe he was not diſpleaſed with me for it.

Had this even been the caſe, I ſhould not have reproached myſelf with having been unwilling to deceive him in any thing, and I certainly cannot do it with having in my heart made

made an ill return for his goodneſs, but ſolely with having ſometimes done it with an ill grace, whilſt he himſelf accompanied with infinite gracefulneſs the manner in which he ſhewed me the marks of it. A few days afterwards he ordered a hamper of game to be ſent me, which I received as I ought. This, in a little time, was ſucceeded by another, and one of his game-keepers wrote me, by order of his highneſs, that the game it contained had been ſhot by the prince himſelf. I received this ſecond hamper, but I wrote to Madame de Boufflers that I would not receive a third. This letter was generally blamed, and deſervedly ſo. Refuſing to accept preſents of game from a prince of the blood, who moreover ſends it in ſo polite a manner, is leſs the delicacy of a haughty man, who wiſhes to preſerve his independence, than the ruſticity of a clown, who does not know himſelf. I have never read this letter in my collection without bluſhing and reproaching myſelf for having written it. But I have not undertaken my Confeſſion with an intention of concealing my faults, and that of which I have juſt ſpoken is

too ſhocking in my own eyes to ſuffer me to paſs it over in ſilence.

If I were not guilty of the offence of becoming his rival I was very near doing it; for Madame de Boufflers was ſtill his miſtreſs, and I knew nothing of the matter. She came rather frequently to ſee me with the Chevalier de Lorenzy. She was yet young and beautiful, affected to be whimſical, and my mind was always romantic which was much of the ſame nature. I was near being laid hold of; I believe ſhe perceived it; the chevalier ſaw it alſo, at leaſt he ſpoke to me upon the ſubject, and in a manner not diſcouraging. But I was this time reaſonable, and at the age of fifty it was time I ſhould be ſo. Full of the doctrine I had juſt preached to grey beards in my letter to D'Alembert, I ſhould have been aſhamed of not profiting by it myſelf; beſides, coming to the knowledge of that of which I had been ignorant, I muſt have been mad to have carried my pretenſions ſo far as to expoſe myſelf to ſuch a high competition. Finally, ill cured perhaps of my paſſion for Madame d'H....., I felt nothing could replace it in my heart, and I bid

bid adieu to love for the reſt of my life. I have this moment juſt withſtood the dangerous allurements of a young woman who had her views; but if ſhe feigned to forget my twelve *luſtres* I remember them. After having thus withdrawn myſelf from danger, I am no longer afraid of a fall, and I anſwer for myſelf for the reſt of my days.

Madame de Boufflers perceiving the emotion ſhe cauſed in me, might alſo obſerve I had triumphed over it. I am neither mad nor vain enough to believe I was at my age capable of inſpiring her with the ſame feelings; but, from certain words which ſhe let drop to Thérèſa, I thought I had inſpired her with a curioſity; if this be the caſe, and that ſhe has not forgiven me the diſappointment ſhe met with, it muſt be confeſſed I was born to be the victim of my weakneſſes, ſince triumphant love was ſo prejudicial to me, and love triumphed over not leſs ſo.

Here finiſhes the collection of letters which has ſerved me as a guide in the two laſt books. My ſteps will in future be directed by memory

only; but this is of ſuch a nature, relative to the period to which I am now come, and the ſtrong impreſſion of objects has remained ſo perfectly upon my mind, that, loſt in the immenſe ſea of my misfortunes, I cannot forget the detail of my firſt ſhip-wreck, although the conſequences preſent to me but a confuſed remembrance. I therefore ſhall be able to proceed in the ſucceeding book with ſufficient confidence. If I go farther it will be groping in the dark.

END OF THE TENTH BOOK.

THE

THE CONFESSIONS OF J. J. ROUSSEAU.

BOOK XI.

ALTHOUGH Eloiſa, which for a long time had been in the preſs, did not yet, at the end of the year 1760, appear, the work already began to make a great noiſe. Madame de Luxembourg had ſpoken of it at court, and Madame d'H..... at Paris. The latter had obtained from me permiſſion for St. L.....t to read the manuſcript to the king of Poland, who had been delighted with it. Duclos, to whom I had alſo given the peruſal of the work, had ſpoken of it at the academy. All Paris was impatient to ſee the novel; the bookſellers of the Rue Saint Jacques, and that of the Pa-

lais Royal were beſet with people, who came to enquire when it was to be publiſhed. It was at length brought out, and the ſucceſs it had, anſwered, contrary to cuſtom, to the impatience with which it had been expected. The dauphineſs, who was one of the firſt who read it, ſpoke of it to M. de Luxembourg as a raviſhing performance. The opinions of men of letters differed from each other, but in thoſe of every other claſs approbation was general, eſpecially with the women, who became ſo intoxicated with the book and the author, that there was not one in high life with whom I might not have ſucceeded had I undertaken to do it. Of this I have ſuch proofs as I will not commit to paper, and which, without the aid of experience, authoriſe my opinion. It is ſingular, that the book ſhould have ſucceeded better in France than in the reſt of Europe, although the French, both men and women, are ſeverely treated in it. Contrary to my expectation, it was leaſt ſucceſsful in Switzerland, and moſt ſo in Paris. Do friendſhip, love, and virtue reign in this capital more than elſewhere? Certainly not; but there reigns in it an exquiſite ſenſibility which tranſports the heart

heart to their image, and makes us cheriſh in others the pure, tender, and virtuous ſentiments we no longer poſſeſs. Corruption is every where the ſame; virtue and morality no longer exiſt in Europe; but if the leaſt love of them ſtill remains, it is in Paris that this will be found*.

In the midſt of ſo many prejudices and feigned paſſions, the real ſentiments of nature are not to be diſtinguiſhed from others, unleſs we well know to analyſe the human heart. A very nice diſcrimination, not to be acquired except by the education of the world, is neceſſary to feel the fineſſes of the heart, if I dare uſe the expreſſion, with which this work abounds. I do not heſitate to place the fourth part of it upon an equality with the princeſs of Cleves; nor to aſſert that had theſe two works been read no where but in the provinces, their merit would never have been diſcovered. It muſt not, therefore, be conſidered as a matter of aſtoniſhment, that the greateſt ſucceſs of my work was at court. It abounds with lively

* I wrote this in 1769.

but veiled touches of the pencil, which could not but give pleaſure there, becauſe the perſons who frequent it are more accuſtomed than others to diſcover them. A diſtinction muſt, however, be made. The work is by no means proper for the ſpecies of men of wit who have nothing but cunning, who poſſeſs no other kind of diſcernment than that which penetrates evil, and ſee nothing where good only is to be found. If, for inſtance, Eloiſa had been publiſhed in a certain country, I am convinced it would not have been read through by a ſingle perſon, and the work would have been ſtifled in its birth.

I have collected moſt of the letters written to me on the ſubject of this publication, and depoſited them, tied up together, in the hands of Madame de Nadillac. Should this collection ever be given to the world, very ſingular things will be ſeen, and an oppoſition of opinion, which ſhews what it is to have to do with the public. The thing leaſt kept in view, and which will ever diſtinguiſh it from every other work, is the ſimplicity of the ſubject and the continuation of the intereſt, which,

confined

confined to three perſons, is kept up throughout ſix volumes, without epiſode, romantic adventure, or any thing malicious either in the perſons or actions. Diderot complimented Richardſon on the prodigious variety of his portraits and the multiplicity of his perſons. In fact, Richardſon has the merit of having well characteriſed them all; but with reſpect to their number, he has that in common with the moſt inſipid writers of novels, who attempt to make up for the ſterility of their ideas by multiplying perſons and adventures. It is eaſy to awaken the attention by inceſſantly preſenting unheard of adventures and new faces, which paſs before the imagination as the figures in a magic lanthorn do before the eye; but to keep up that attention to the ſame objects, and without the aid of the wonderful, is certainly more difficult; and if, every thing equal, the ſimplicity of the ſubject adds to the beauty of the work, the novels of Richardſon, ſuperior in ſo many other reſpects, cannot in this be compared to mine. I know it is already forgotten, and the cauſe of its being ſo; but it will be taken up again.

All

All my fear was that, by an extreme ſimplicity, the narrative would be fatiguing, and that it was not ſufficiently intereſting to engage the attention throughout the whole. I was relieved from this apprehenſion by a circumſtance which alone was more flattering to my pride than all the compliments made me upon the work.

It appeared at the beginning of the carnaval; a hawker carried it to the princeſs of Talmont*, on the evening of a ball night at the opera. After ſupper the princeſs dreſſed herſelf for the ball, and, until the hour of going there, took up the new novel. At midnight ſhe ordered the horſes to be put into the carriage, and continued to read. The ſervant returned to tell her the horſes were put to; ſhe made no anſwer. Her people perceiving ſhe forgot herſelf, came to tell her it was two o'clock. There is yet no hurry replied the princeſs, ſtill reading on. Some time afterwards her watch having ſtopped, ſhe rang to know the hour. She was told it was four o'clock. That being

* It was not her, but ſome other lady, whoſe name I do not know.

the

the caſe ſaid ſhe, it is too late to go to the ball; let the horſes be taken off. She undreſſed herſelf, and paſſed the reſt of the night in reading.

Ever ſince I came to the knowledge of this circumſtance, I have had a conſtant deſire to ſee the lady, not only to know from herſelf whether or not what I have related be exactly true; but becauſe I have always thought it impoſſible to be intereſted in ſo lively a manner in the happineſs of Julia, without having that ſixth and moral ſenſe with which ſo few hearts are endowed, and without which no perſon whatever can underſtand the ſentiments of mine.

What rendered the women ſo favourable to me was, their being perſuaded that I had written my own hiſtory, and was myſelf the hero of the romance. This opinion was ſo firmly eſtabliſhed, that Madame de Polignac wrote to Madame de V.....n, begging ſhe would prevail upon me to ſhew her the portrait of Julia. Every body thought it was impoſſible ſo ſtrongly to expreſs ſentiments without having felt

felt them, or thus to deſcribe the tranſports of love, unleſs immediately from the feelings of the heart. This was true, and I certainly wrote the novel during the time my imagination was enflamed to extacy; but they who thought real objects neceſſary to this effect were deceived, and far from conceiving to what a degree I can at will produce it for imaginary beings. Without Madame d'H....., and the recollection of a few circumſtances in my youth, the amours I have felt and deſcribed would have been with fairy nymphs. I was unwilling either to confirm or deſtroy an error which was advantageous to me. The reader may ſee, in the preface in dialogue, which I had printed ſeparately, in what manner I left the public in ſuſpence. Rigorous people ſay, I ought to have explicitly declared the truth. For my part I ſee no reaſon for this, nor any thing that could force me to it, and am of opinion there would have been more folly than candour in the declaration without neceſſity.

Much about the ſame time the *Paix Perpetuelle** made its appearance, of this I had the

* Perpetual Peace.

year

year before given the manuſcript to a certain M. de Baſtide, the author of a journal called *Le Monde**, into which he would at all events cram all my manuſcripts. He was known to M. Duclos, and came in his name, to beg I would help him to fill the *Monde*. He had heard ſpeak of Eloiſa, and would have me put this into his journal; he was alſo deſirous of making the ſame uſe of Emilius, he would have aſked me for the Social Contract, for the ſame purpoſe had he ſuſpected it to be written. At length fatigued with his importunities, I reſolved upon letting him have the *Paix Perpetuelle*, which I gave him for twelve Louis. Our agreement was, that he ſhould print it in his journal; but as ſoon as he became the proprietor of the manuſcript, he thought proper to print it ſeparately, with a few retrenchments, which the cenſor required him to make. What would have happened had I joined to the work my opinion of it, which fortunately I did not communicate to M. de Baſtide, nor was it comprehended in our agreement? This remains ſtill in manuſcript amongſt my papers. If ever

* The World.

it

it be made public, the world will ſee how much the pleaſantries and ſelf-ſufficient manner of M. de Voltaire on the ſubject muſt have made me, who was ſo well acquainted with the ſhort ſightedneſs of this poor man in political matters, of which he took it into his head to ſpeak, ſhake my ſides with laughter.

In the midſt of my ſucceſs with the women and the public, I felt I loſt ground at the Hotel de Luxembourg, not with the Marechal, whoſe goodneſs to me ſeemed daily to increaſe, but with his lady. Since I had had nothing more to read to her, the door of her apartment was not ſo frequently open to me, and during her ſtay at Montmorenci, although I regularly preſented myſelf, I ſeldom ſaw her except at table. My place even there was not diſtinctly marked out as uſual. As ſhe no longer offered me that by her ſide, and ſpoke to me but ſeldom, not having on my part much to ſay to her, I was as well ſatisfied with another where I was more at my eaſe, eſpecially in the evening; for I mechanically contracted the habit of placing myſelf nearer and nearer to the Marechal.

A propos

A propos of the evening; I recollect having ſaid I did not ſup at the caſtle, and this was true, at the beginning of my acquaintance there; but as M. de Luxembourg did not dine, nor even ſit down to table, it happened that I was for ſeveral months, and already very familiar in the family, without ever having eaten with him. This he had the goodneſs to remark, upon which I determined to ſup there from time to time, when the company was not numerous; I did ſo, and found the ſuppers very agreeable, as the dinners were taken almoſt ſtanding; whereas the former were long, every body remaining ſeated with pleaſure after a long walk; and very good and agreeable, becauſe M. de Luxembourg loved good eating, and the honours of them were done in a charming manner by Madame la Marechale. Without this explanation it would be difficult to underſtand the end of a letter from M. de Luxembourg, in which he ſays he recollects our walks with the greateſt pleaſure; eſpecially, adds he, when in the evening we entered the court, and did not find there the traces of carriages. The rake being every morning drawn over the gravel to efface the marks

marks left by the coach wheels, I judged by the number of ruts of that of the perſons who had arrived in the afternoon.

This year 1771 completed the heavy loſſes this good man had ſuffered ſince I had had the honour of being known to him. As if it had been ordained that the evils prepared for me by deſtiny ſhould begin by the man to whom I was moſt attached, and who was the moſt worthy of eſteem. The firſt year he loſt his ſiſter, the ducheſs of Villeroy; the ſecond, his daughter, the princeſs of Robeck; the third, he loſt in the Duke of Montmorenci, his only ſon; and in the Comte de Luxembourg, his grandſon, the two laſt ſupporters of the branch of which he was, and of his name. He ſupported all theſe loſſes with apparent courage, but his heart inceſſantly bled in ſecret during the reſt of his life, and his health was ever after upon the decline. The unexpected and tragical death of his ſon muſt have afflicted him the more, as it happened immediately after the king had granted him for this child, and given him in promiſe for his grandſon, the reverſion of the commiſſion he himſelf then held of captain of

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the *Gardes du Corps*. He had the mortification to ſee the laſt, a moſt promiſing young man, periſh by degrees, from the blind confidence of the mother in the phyſician, who giving the unhappy youth medicines for food, ſuffered him to die of inanition. Alas! had my advice been taken, the grandfather and the grandſon would both ſtill have been alive. What did not I ſay and write to the Marechal, what remonſtrances did I make to Madame de Montmorenci, upon the more than ſevere regimen, which upon the faith of phyſicians, ſhe made her ſon obſerve! Madame de Luxembourg, who thought as I did, would not uſurp the authority of the mother; M. de Luxembourg, a man of a mild and eaſy character, did not like to contradict her. Madame de Montmorenci, had in B..... a confidence to which her ſon at length became a victim. How delighted was the poor creature when he could obtain permiſſion to come to Mont Louis with Madame de Boufflers, to aſk Thérèſa for ſome victuals for his famiſhed ſtomach! How did I ſecretly deplore the miſeries of greatneſs in ſeeing this only heir to an immenſe fortune, a great name, and ſo many dignified titles, devour with the greedi-

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neſs of a beggar a wretched morſel of bread! At length, notwithſtanding all I could ſay and do, the phyſician triumphed, and the child died with hunger.

The ſame confidence in quacks, which loſt the grandſon, haſtened the diſſolution of the grandfather, and to this he added the puſillanimity of wiſhing to diſſimulate the infirmities of age. M. de Luxembourg had at intervals a pain in the great toe; he was ſeized with it at Montmorenci, which deprived him of ſleep, and brought on a ſlight fever. I had courage enough to pronounce the word gout. Madame de Luxembourg gave me a reprimand. The ſurgeon, valet de chambre of the Marechal, maintained it was not the gout, and dreſſed the ſuffering part with *beaume tranquille*. Unfortunately the pain ſubſided, and when it returned the ſame remedy was had recourſe to. The conſtitution of the Marechal was weakened, and his diſorder increaſed, as did his remedies in the ſame proportion. Madame de Luxembourg, who at length preceived the primary diſorder to be the gout, objected to the dangerous manner of treating it. Things were afterwards concealed from

from her, and M. de Luxembourg in a few years loſt his life in conſequence of his obſtinate adherence to what he imagined to be a method of cure. But let me not anticipate misfortune : how many others have I to relate before I come to this !

It is ſingular with what fatality every thing I could ſay and do ſeemed of a nature to diſpleaſe Madame de Luxembourg, even when I had it moſt at heart to preſerve her benevolence. The repeated afflictions which fell upon M. de Luxembourg ſtill attached me to him the more, and conſequently to Madame de Luxembourg; for they always ſeemed to me to be ſo ſincerely united, that the ſentiments in favour of the one neceſſarily extended to the other. The Marechal grew old. His aſſiduity at court, the cares this brought on, continually hunting, fatigue, and eſpecially that of the ſervice during the quarter he was in waiting, required the vigour of a young man, and I did not perceive any thing that could ſupport his in that courſe of life ; ſince, beſides after his death, his dignities were to be diſperſed and his name extinct, it was by no means neceſſary for him to

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continue a laborious life of which the principal object had been to diſpoſe the prince favourably to his children. One day when we three were together, and he complained of the fatigues of the court, as a man who had been diſcouraged by his loſſes, I took the liberty to ſpeak of retirement, and to give him the advice Cyneas gave to Pyrrhus. He ſighed and returned no poſitive anſwer. But the moment Madame de Luxembourg found me alone ſhe reprimanded me ſeverely for what I had ſaid, at which ſhe ſeemed to be alarmed. She made a remark of which I ſo ſtrongly felt the juſtneſs that I determined never again to touch upon the ſubject: this was that the long habit of living at court made that life neceſſary, that it was become a matter of amuſement for M. de Luxembourg, and that the retirement I propoſed to him would be leſs a relaxation from care than an exile, in which inactivity, wearineſs and melancholy would ſoon put an end to his exiſtence. Although ſhe muſt have perceived I was convinced, and ought to have relied upon the promiſe I made her, and which I faithfully kept, ſhe ſtill ſeemed to doubt of it; and I recollect that the converſations I afterwards

wards had with the Marechal were leſs frequent and almoſt always interrupted.

Whilſt my ſtupidity and aukwardneſs injured me in her opinion, perſons, whom ſhe frequently ſaw and moſt loved, were far from being diſpoſed to aid me in gaining what I had loſt. The Abbé de B.....s eſpecially, a young man as lofty as it was poſſible for a man to be, never ſeemed well diſpoſed towards me; and beſides his being the only perſon of the ſociety of Madame de Luxembourg who never ſhewed me the leaſt attention, I thought I perceived I loſt ſomething with her every time he came to the caſtle. It is true that without his wiſhing this to be the caſe, his preſence alone was ſufficient to produce the effect: ſo much did his graceful and elegant manner render ſtill more dull my ſtupid *ſpropoſiti*. During the two firſt years he ſeldom came to Montmorenci, and by the indulgence of Madame de Luxembourg I had tolerably ſupported myſelf, but as ſoon as his viſits began to be regular I was irretrievably loſt. I wiſhed to take refuge under his wing, and gain his friendſhip; but the ſame aukwardneſs which made it neceſſary

I ſhould pleaſe him prevented me from ſucceeding in the attempt I made to do it, and what I did with that intention intirely loſt me with Madame de Luxembourg, without being of the leaſt ſervice to me with the abbé. With his underſtanding he might have ſucceeded in any thing, but the impoſſibility of applying himſelf, and his turn for diſſipation, prevented his acquiring a perfect knowledge of any ſubject. His talents are however various, and this is ſufficient for the circles in which he wiſhes to diſtinguiſh himſelf. He writes light poetry and faſhionable letters, ſtrums on the cithern, and pretends to draw with crayons. He took it into his head to attempt the portrait of Madame de Luxembourg: the ſketch he produced was horrid. She ſaid it did not in the leaſt reſemble her, and this was true. The traitrous abbé conſulted me, and I like a fool and a liar ſaid there was a likeneſs. I wiſhed to flatter the abbé, but I did not pleaſe the lady, who noted down what I had ſaid, and the abbé, having obtained what he wanted, laughed at me in his turn. I perceived by the ill ſucceſs of this my late beginning the neceſ-

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ſity of never making another attempt to flatter *invita Minerva*.

My talent was that of telling men uſeful but ſevere truths with energy and courage; to this it was neceſſary to confine myſelf. Not only I was not born to flatter but I knew not how to commend. The aukwardneſs of the manner in which I have ſometimes beſtowed eulogium has done me more harm than the ſeverity of my cenſure. Of this I have to adduce one terrible inſtance, the conſequences of which have not only fixed my fate for the reſt of my life, but will perhaps decide on my reputation throughout all poſterity.

During the reſidence of M. de Luxembourg at Montmorenci, M. de Choiſeul ſometimes came to ſupper at the caſtle. He arrived there one day after I had left it. My name was mentioned, and M. de Luxembourg related to him what had happened at Venice between me and M. de M..... M. de Choiſeul ſaid it was a pity I had quitted that track, and that if I choſe to enter it again he would moſt willingly give me employment. M. de Luxembourg

told me what had paſſed. Of this I was the more ſenſible as I was not accuſtomed to be ſpoiled by miniſters, and had I been in a better ſtate of health it is not certain that I ſhould not have been guilty of a new folly. Ambition never had power over my mind except during the ſhort intervals in which every other paſſion left me at liberty; but one of theſe intervals would have been ſufficient to determine me. This good intention of M. de Choiſeul gained him my attachment and increaſed the eſteem which, in conſequence of ſome operations in his adminiſtration, I had conceived for his talents; and the family compact in particular had appeared to me to evince a ſtateſman of the firſt order. He moreover gained ground in my eſtimation by the little reſpect I entertained for his predeceſſors, not even excepting Madame de Pompadour, whom I conſidered as a ſpecies of prime miniſter, and when it was reported that one of theſe two would expel the other, I thought I offered up prayers for the honour of France when I wiſhed that M. de Choiſeul might triumph. I had always felt an antipathy to Madame de Pompadour, even before her preferment; I had ſeen her with Ma-

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dame de la Popliniere when her name was ſtill Madame d'Etioles. I was afterwards diſſatisfied with her ſilence on the ſubject of Diderot, and with her proceedings relative to myſelf, as well on the ſubject of the *Muſes galantes*, as on that of the *Devin du Village*, which had not in any manner produced me advantages proportioned to its ſucceſs; and on all occaſion I had found her but little diſpoſed to ſerve me. This however did not prevent the Chevalier de Lorenzy from propoſing to me to write ſomething in praiſe of that lady, inſinuating that I might acquire ſome advantage by it. The propoſition excited my indignation the more as I perceived it did not come from himſelf, knowing that, paſſive as he was, he thought and acted according to the impulſion he received. I am ſo little accuſtomed to conſtraint that it was impoſſible for me to conceal from him my diſdain, nor from any body the moderate opinion I had of the favourite; this I am ſure ſhe knew, and thus my own intereſt was added to my natural inclination in the wiſhes I formed for M. de Choiſeul. Having a great eſteem for his talents, which was all I knew of him, full of gratitude for his kind inten-

tions, and moreover unacquainted in my retirement with his taſte and manner of living, I already conſidered him as the avenger of the public and myſelf; and being at that time writing the concluſion of my Social Contract, I ſtated in it, in a ſingle paſſage, what I thought of preceding miniſters, and of him by whom they began to be eclipſed. On this occaſion I acted contrary to my moſt conſtant maxim; and beſides, I did not recollect that, in beſtowing praiſe and ſtrongly cenſuring in the ſame article, without naming the perſons, the language muſt be ſo appropriated to thoſe to whom it is applicable, that the moſt tickliſh pride cannot find in it the leaſt thing equivocal. I was in this reſpect in ſuch an imprudent ſecurity, that I never once thought it was poſſible any one ſhould make a falſe application. It will ſoon appear whether or not I was right.

One of my misfortunes was always to be connected with ſome female author. This I thought I might avoid amongſt the great. I was deceived; it ſtill purſued me. Madame de Luxembourg was not, however, at leaſt

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that I know of, attacked with the mania of writing; but Madame de Boufflers was. She wrote a tragedy in proſe, which, in the firſt place, was read, handed about and highly ſpoken of in the ſociety of the Prince of Conti; and upon which, not ſatisfied with the encomiums ſhe received, ſhe would abſolutely conſult me for the purpoſe of having mine. This ſhe obtained, but with that moderation which the work deſerved. She, beſides, had with it the information I thought it my duty to give her, that her piece, entitled *L'Eſclave généreux*, greatly reſembled the Engliſh tragedy of *Oroonoko*, but little known in France, although tranſlated into the French language. Madame de Boufflers thanked me for the remark, but, however, aſſured me there was not the leaſt reſemblance between her piece and the other. I never ſpoke of the plagiariſm except to herſelf, and I did it to diſcharge a duty ſhe had impoſed on me; but this has not ſince prevented me from frequently recollecting the conſequences of the ſincerity of Gil Blas to the preaching archbiſhop.

Beſides the Abbé de Boufflers, by whom I was not beloved, and Madame de Boufflers, in

whoſe opinion I was guilty of that which neither women nor authors ever pardon, the other friends of Madame de Luxembourg never ſeemed much diſpoſed to become mine, particularly the preſident Henault, who, enrolled amongſt authors, was not exempt from their weakneſſes; alſo Madame du Deffand and Mademoiſelle de Leſpinaſſe, both intimate with Voltaire and the friends of D'Alembert, with whom the latter at length lived; however upon an honourable footing, for it cannot be underſtood I mean otherwiſe. I firſt began to intereſt myſelf for Madame du Deffand, whom the loſs of her eyes made an object of commiſeration in mine; but her manner of living, ſo contrary to my own, that her hour of going to bed was almoſt mine for riſing; her unbounded paſſion for low wit, the importance ſhe gave to every kind of printed traſh, either complimentary or abuſive, the deſpotiſm and tranſports of her oracles, her exceſſive admiration or diſlike of every thing which did not permit her to ſpeak upon any ſubject without convulſions, her inconceivable prejudices, invincible obſtinacy, and the enthuſiaſm of folly to which this carried her in her paſſionate judg-

judgments; all diſguſted me and diminiſhed the attention I wiſhed to pay her. I neglected her and ſhe perceived it; this was enough to ſet her in a rage; and, although I was ſufficiently aware how much a woman of her character was to be feared, I preferred expoſing myſelf to the ſcourge of her hatred rather than to that of her friendſhip.

My having ſo few friends in the ſociety of Madame de Luxembourg would not have been in the leaſt dangerous had I had no enemies in her family. Of theſe I had but one, who, in my preſent ſituation, is as powerful as a hundred. It certainly was not M. de Villeroy her brother; for he not only came to ſee me, but had ſeveral times invited me to Villeroy; and as I had anſwered to the invitation with all poſſible politeneſs and reſpect, he had taken my vague manner of doing it as a conſent, and arranged with Madame de Luxembourg a journey of a fortnight, in which it was propoſed to me to make one of the party. As the cares my health then required did not permit me to go from home without riſk, I prayed Madame de Luxembourg to have the goodneſs to make

my apologies. Her anſwer proves this was done with all poſſible eaſe, and M. de Villeroy ſtill continued to ſhew me his uſual marks of goodneſs. His nephew and heir, the young marquis of V....., had not for me the ſame benevolence, nor had I for him the reſpect I had for his uncle. His hair-brained manner rendered him inſupportable to me, and my coldneſs drew upon me his averſion. He inſultingly attacked me one evening at table, and I had the worſt of it, becauſe I am a fool, without preſence of mind; and becauſe anger, inſtead of rendering my wit more poignant, deprives me of the little I have. I had a dog which had been given me when he was quite young, ſoon after my arrival at the Hermitage, and which I had called *Duke*. This dog, not handſome, but rare of his kind, of which I had made my companion and friend, a title he certainly merited much more than moſt of the perſons by whom it was taken, became in great requeſt at the caſtle of Montmorenci, for his good-nature and fondneſs and the attachment we had to each other; but from a fooliſh puſillanimity I had changed his name to *Turk*, as if there were not many dogs called

marquis,

marquis, without giving the leaſt offence to any marquis whatſoever. The Marquis of V....., who knew of this change of name, attacked me in ſuch a manner that I was obliged openly at table to relate what I had done. Whatever there might be offenſive in the name of duke, it was not in my having given, but in my having taken it away.—The worſt of all was, there were many dukes preſent; amongſt others M. de Luxembourg, and his ſon; and the Marquis de V....., who was one day to have, and now has that title, enjoyed in the moſt cruel manner the embarraſſment into which he had thrown me. I was told the next day his aunt had ſeverely reprimanded him, and it may be judged whether or not, ſuppoſing her to have been ſerious, this put me upon better terms with him.

To enable me to ſupport his enmity I had no perſon, neither at the Hotel du Luxembourg nor at the Temple, except the Chevalier de L.....y, who profeſſed himſelf my friend; but he was more that of D'Alembert, under whoſe protection he paſſed with women for a great geometrician. He was moreover the

ciciſbee, or rather the complaiſant chevalier of the Counteſs of Boufflers, a great friend alſo to D'Alembert, and the Chevalier de L.....y was the moſt paſſive inſtrument in her hands. Thus, far from having in the world any counterballance to my ineptitude, to keep me in the good graces of Madame de Luxembourg, every body who approached her ſeemed to concur in injuring me in her opinion. Yet, beſides Emilius, with which ſhe charged herſelf, ſhe gave me at the ſame time another mark of her benevolence, which made me imagine that, although wearied with my converſation, ſhe would ſtill preſerve for me the friendſhip ſhe had ſo many times promiſed me for life.

As ſoon as I thought I could depend upon this, I began to eaſe my heart, by confeſſing to her all my faults, having made it an inviolable maxim to ſhew myſelf to my friends ſuch as I really was, neither better nor worſe. I had declared to her my connection with Thérèſa, and every thing that had reſulted from it, without concealing the manner in which I had diſpoſed of my children. She had received my confeſſions favourably, and even too much ſo,

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ſince ſhe ſpared me the cenſures I ſo much merited; and what made the greateſt impreſſion upon me was her goodneſs to Thérèſa, making her little preſents, ſending for her, and begging her to come and ſee her, receiving her with careſſes, and often embracing her in public. This poor girl was in tranſports of joy and gratitude, of which I certainly partook; the friendſhip Madame de Luxembourg ſhewed me in her condeſcenſions to Thérèſa affected me much more than if they had been made immediately to myſelf.

Things remained in this ſtate for a conſiderable time; but at length Madame de Luxembourg carried her goodneſs ſo far as to have a deſire to take one of my children from the hoſpital. She knew I had put a cypher into the ſwaddling cloathes of the eldeſt; ſhe aſked me for the counterpart of the cypher, and I gave it her. In this reſearch ſhe employed La Roche, her Valet de Chambre, and confidential ſervant, who made vain enquiries, although after only about twelve or fourteen years, had the regiſters of the Foundling Hoſpital been in order, or the ſearch properly made, the original

cypher

cypher ought to have been found. However this may be, I was leſs ſorry for his want of ſucceſs than I ſhould have been had I from time to time continued to ſee the child from his birth until that moment. If by the aid of the indications given, another child had been preſented as my own, the doubt of its being ſo in fact, and the fear of having one thus ſubſtituted for it, would have contracted my affections, and I ſhould not have taſted of the charm of the real ſentiment of nature. This during infancy ſtands in need of being ſupported by habit. The long abſence of a child whom the father has ſeen but for an inſtant, weakens, and at length annihilates paternal ſentiment, and parents will never love a child ſent to nurſe, like that which is brought up under their eyes. This reflection may extenuate my faults in their effects, but it muſt aggravate them in their ſource.

It may not perhaps be uſeleſs to remark that by the means of Thérèſa, the ſame La Roche became acquainted with Madame le Vaſſeur, whom Grimm ſtill kept at Deuil, near la Chevrette, and not far from Montmorenci.

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After my departure it was by means of La Roche, that I continued to ſend this woman the money I have conſtantly ſent her at ſtated times, and I am of opinion he often carried her preſents from Madame de Luxembourg; therefore ſhe certainly was not to be pitied, although ſhe conſtantly complained. With reſpect to Grimm, as I am not fond of ſpeaking of perſons whom I ought to hate, I never mentioned his name to Madame de Luxembourg, except when I could not avoid it; but ſhe frequently made him the ſubject of converſation, without telling me what ſhe thought of the man, or letting me diſcover whether or not he was of her acquaintance. Reſerve with people I love and who are open with me, being contrary to my nature, eſpecially in things relating to themſelves, I have ſince that time frequently thought of that of Madame de Luxembourg; but never, except when other events rendered the reflection natural.

Having waited a long time without hearing ſpeak of Emilius, after I had given it to Madame de Luxembourg, I at laſt heard the agreement was made at Paris, with the book-

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ſeller Ducheſne, and by him with Néaulme, of Amſterdam. Madame de Luxembourg ſent me the original, and the duplicate of my agreement with Ducheſne, that I might ſign them. I diſcovered the writing to be by the ſame hand as that of the letters of M. de M.....s, which he himſelf did not write. The certainty that my agreement was made by the conſent, and under the eye of that magiſtrate, made me ſign without heſitation. Ducheſne gave me for the manuſcript ſix thouſand livres, (two hundred and fifty pounds) half in ſpecie, and one or two hundred copies. After having ſigned the two parts, I ſent them both to Madame de Luxembourg, according to her deſire; ſhe gave one to Ducheſne, and inſtead of returning the other kept it herſelf, ſo that I never ſaw it afterwards.

My acquaintance with M. and Madame de Luxembourg, though it diverted me a little from my plan of retirement, did not make me entirely renounce it. Even at the time in which I was moſt in favour with Madame de Luxembourg, I always felt that nothing but my ſincere attachment to the Marechal and herſelf

herſelf could render to me ſupportable the people with whom they were connected, and all the difficulty I had was in conciliating this attachment with a manner of life more agreeable to my inclination, and leſs contrary to my health, which conſtraint and late ſuppers continually deranged, notwithſtanding all the care taken to prevent it; for in this, as in every thing elſe, attention was carried as far as poſſible: thus, for inſtance, every evening after ſupper the Marechal, who went early to bed, never failed, notwithſtanding every thing that could be ſaid to the contrary, to make me withdraw at the ſame time. It was not until ſome little time before my cataſtrophe that, for what reaſon I know not, he ceaſed to pay me that attention. Before I perceived the coolneſs of Madame de Luxembourg, I was deſirous, that I might not expoſe myſelf to it, to execute my old project; but not having the means to that effect, I was obliged to wait for the concluſion of the agreement for Emilius, and in the mean time I finiſhed the Social Contract, and ſent it to Rey, fixing the price of the manuſcript at a thouſand livres (forty one pounds), which he paid me.

I ought

I ought not perhaps to omit a trifling circumſtance relative to this manuſcript. I gave it, well ſealed up, to Du Voiſin, a miniſter in the pays de Vaud, and chaplain at the Hotel de Hollande, who ſometimes came to ſee me, and took upon himſelf to ſend the packet to Rey, with whom he was connected. The manuſcript, written in a ſmall letter, was but very trifling, and did not fill his pocket. Yet, in paſſing the barrière, the packet fell, I know not by what means into the hands of the *Commis*, who opened and examined it, and afterwards returned it to him, when he had reclaimed it in the name of the ambaſſador. This gave him an opportunity of reading it himſelf, which he ingenuouſly wrote me he had done, ſpeaking highly of the work, without ſuffering a word of criticiſm or cenſure to eſcape him, undoubtedly reſerving to himſelf to become the avenger of Chriſtianity as ſoon as the work ſhould appear. He reſealed the packet, and ſent it to Rey. Such is the ſubſtance of his narrative, in the letter in which he gave an account of the affair, and is all I ever knew of the matter.

Beſides

Beſides theſe two books and my dictionary of muſic, at which I ſtill did ſomething as opportunity offered, I had other works of leſs importance ready to make their appearance, and which I propoſed to publiſh either ſeparately or in my general collection, ſhould I ever undertake it. The principal of theſe works, moſt of which are ſtill in manuſcript in the hands of Du P....., was an eſſay on the origin of languages, which I had read to M. de M.....s and the Chevalier de L.....y, who ſpoke favourably of it. I expected all the productions together would produce me a neat capital, of from eight to ten thouſand livres (three to four hundred pounds) which I intended to place in annuities for my life and that of Thérèſa; after which our deſign, as I have already mentioned, was to go and live together in the midſt of ſome province, without farther troubling the public about me, or myſelf with any other project than that of peacefully ending my days, and ſtill continuing to do in my neighbourhood all the good in my power, and to write at leiſure the memoirs which I meditated.

Such

Such was my intention, and the execution of it was facilitated by an act of generosity in Rey, upon which I cannot be silent. This bookseller, of whom so many unfavourable things were told me in Paris, is notwithstanding the only one with whom I have always had reason to be satisfied. It is true we frequently disagreed as to the execution of my works; he was heedless, and I was choleric; but in matters of interest which related to them, although I never made with him an agreement in form, I always found in him great exactness and probity. He is also the only person of his profession who frankly confessed to me he gained largely by my means; and he frequently, when he offered me a part of his fortune, told me I was the author of it all. Not finding the means of exercising his gratitude immediately upon myself, he wished at least to give me proofs of it in the person of my *governante*, upon whom he settled an annuity of three hundred livres, (twelve pounds) expressing in the deed that it was in acknowledgment for the advantages I had procured him. This he did between himself and me, without ostentation, pretension, or noise, and had not I spoken of it to every body,

body, not a ſingle perſon would ever have known any thing of the matter. I was ſo pleaſed with this action that I became attached to Rey, and conceived for him a real friendſhip. Sometime afterwards he deſired I would become god-father to one of his children; I conſented, and a part of my regret in the ſituation to which I am reduced, is my being deprived of the means of rendering in future my attachment to my god-daughter uſeful to her and her parents. Why am I, who am ſo ſenſible of the modeſt generoſity of this bookſeller, ſo little ſo of the noiſy eagerneſs of many perſons of the higheſt rank, who pompouſly fill the world with accounts of the ſervices they ſay they wiſhed to render me, but the good effects of which I never felt? Is it their fault or mine? Are they nothing more than vain; is my inſenſibility purely ingratitude? Intelligent reader, weigh and determine; for my part I ſay no more.

This penſion was a great reſource to Thérèſa, and a conſiderable alleviation to me, although I was far from receiving from it a direct

direct advantage, any more than from the preſents that were made her.

She herſelf has always diſpoſed of every thing. When I kept her money I gave her a faithful account of it, without ever applying any part of the depoſit to our common expences, not even when ſhe was richer than myſelf. *What is mine is ours*, ſaid I to her; *and what is thine is thine.* I never departed from this maxim. They who have had the baſeneſs to accuſe me of receiving by her hands that which I refuſed to take with mine, undoubtedly judged of my heart by their own, and knew but little of me. I would willingly eat with her the bread ſhe ſhould have earned, but not that ſhe ſhould have had given her. For a proof of this I appeal to herſelf, both now and hereafter, when, according to the courſe of nature, ſhe ſhall have ſurvived me. Unfortunately ſhe underſtands but little of œconomy in any reſpect, and is beſides careleſs and extravagant, not from vanity nor gluttony, but ſolely from negligence. No creature is perfect here below, and ſince her excellent qualities muſt be accompanied with ſome defects, I prefer theſe to vices; although her defects are more

more prejudicial to us both. The efforts I have made, as formerly I did for mamma, to accumulate ſomething in advance which might ſome day be to her a never-failing reſource are not to be conceived ; but my cares were always ineffectual.

Neither of theſe women ever called themſelves to an account, and, notwithſtanding all my efforts, every thing I acquired was diſſipated as faſt as it came. Notwithſtanding the great ſimplicity of Thérèſa's dreſs, the penſion from Rey has never been ſufficient to buy her cloaths, and I have every year been under the neceſſity of adding ſomething to it for that purpoſe. We are neither of us born to be rich, and this I certainly do not reckon amongſt our misfortunes.

The Social Contract was ſoon printed. This was not the caſe with Emilius, for the publication of which I waited to go into the retirement I meditated. Ducheſne, from time to time, ſent me ſpecimens of impreſſion to chuſe from; when I had made my choice, inſtead of beginning he ſent me others. When, at length, we were fully

fully determined on the ſize and letter, and ſeveral ſheets were already printed off; on ſome trifling alteration I made in a proof, he began the whole again, and at the end of ſix months we were in leſs forwardneſs than on the firſt day. During all theſe experiments I clearly perceived the work was printing in France as well as in Holland, and that two editions of it were preparing at the ſame time. What could I do? The manuſcript was no longer mine. Far from having had any thing to do with the edition in France I was always againſt it; but ſince at length this was preparing in ſpite of all oppoſition, and was to ſerve as a model to the other, it was neceſſary I ſhould caſt my eyes over it, and examine the proofs, that my work might not be mutilated. It was beſides printed ſo much by the conſent of the magiſtrate, that it was he who, in ſome meaſure, directed the undertaking; he likewiſe wrote to me frequently, and once came to ſee me and converſe on the ſubject upon an occaſion of which I am going to ſpeak.

Whilſt Ducheſne crept like a ſnail, Néaulme, whom he withheld, ſcarcely moved at all. The

ſheets

ſheets were not regularly ſent him as they were printed. He thought there was ſome trick in the manœuvre of Ducheſne, that is of Guy who acted for him; and perceiving the terms of the agreement to be departed from, he wrote me letter after letter full of complaints, and it was leſs poſſible for me to remove the ſubject of them than that of thoſe I myſelf had to make. His friend Guerin, who at that time came frequently to ſee my houſe, never ceaſed ſpeaking to me about the work, but always with the greateſt reſerve. He knew and he did not know that it was printing in France, and that the magiſtrate had a hand in it. In expreſſing his concern for my embarraſſment, he ſeemed to accuſe me of imprudence without ever ſaying in what this conſiſted; he inceſſantly equivocated, and ſeemed to ſpeak for no other purpoſe than to hear what I had to ſay. I thought myſelf ſo ſecure that I laughed at his myſtery and circumſpection as at a habit he had contracted with miniſters and magiſtrates whoſe offices he much frequented. Certain of having conformed to every rule with the work, and ſtrongly perſuaded that I had not only the conſent and protection of the magiſtrate, but

that the book merited and had obtained the favour of the miniſter, I congratulated myſelf upon my courage in doing good, and laughed at my puſillanimous friends who ſeemed uneaſy on my account. Duclos was one of theſe, and I confeſs my confidence in his underſtanding and uprightneſs might have alarmed me, had I had leſs in the utility of the work, and in the probity of thoſe by whom it was patroniſed. He came from the houſe of M. Baille to ſee me whilſt Emilius was in the preſs; he ſpoke to me concerning it: I read to him the Profeſſion of Faith of the Savoyard vicar, to which he liſtened attentively and, as it ſeemed to me, with pleaſure. When I had finiſhed he ſaid: "What! citizen, this is a part of a work now printing at Paris?" Yes, anſwered I, and it ought to be printed at the Louvre by order of the king. I confeſs it, replied he, but pray do not mention to any body your having read to me this fragment.

This ſtriking manner of expreſſing himſelf ſurpriſed without alarming me. I knew Duclos was intimate with M. de M.....s, and I could not conceive how it was poſſible he ſhould

ſhould think ſo differently from him upon the ſame ſubject.

I had lived at Montmorenci for the four laſt years without ever having had there one day of good health. Although the air is excellent the water is bad, and this may poſſibly be one of the cauſes which contributed to increaſe my habitual complaints. Towards the end of the autumn of 1761, I fell quite ill, and paſſed the whole winter in ſuffering almoſt without intermiſſion. The phyſical ill, augmented by a thouſand inquietudes, rendered theſe terrible. For ſome time paſt my mind had been diſturbed by melancholy forebodings without my knowing to what theſe directly tended. I received anonymous letters of an extraordinary nature, and others, that were ſigned, much of the ſame import. I received one from a counſellor of the parliament of Paris, who, diſſatisfied with the preſent conſtitution of things, and foreſeeing nothing but diſagreeable events, conſulted me upon the choice of an aſylum at Geneva, or in Switzerland, to retire to with his family. Another was brought me from M. de ....., *Preſident á mortier* of the parliament

of ....., who propoſed to me to draw up for this parliament, which was then at variance with the court, memoirs and remonſtrances, and offering to furniſh me with all the documents and materials neceſſary to that purpoſe.

When I ſuffer I am ſubject to ill humour. This was the caſe when I received theſe letters, and my anſwers to them, in which I flatly refuſed every thing that was aſked of me, bore ſtrong marks of the effect they had had upon my mind. I do not however reproach myſelf with this refuſal, as the letters might be ſo many ſnares laid by my enemies*, and what was required of me was contrary to the principles from which I was leſs willing than ever to ſwerve. But having it in my power to refuſe with politeneſs I did it with brutality, and in this conſiſts my error.

The two letters, of which I have juſt ſpoken, will be found amongſt my papers. The letter from the chancellor did not abſolutely

* I knew for inſtance the Preſident de ..... to be connected with the *Encyclopediſts* and the *H.....s*.

ſurpriſe

ſurpriſe me, becauſe I agreed with him in opinion, and with many others, that the declining conſtitution of France threatened an approaching deſtruction. The diſaſters of an unſucceſsful war, all of which proceeded from a fault in the government; the incredible confuſion in the finances; the perpetual drawings upon the treaſury by the adminiſtration, which was then divided between two or three miniſters, amongſt whom reigned nothing but diſcord, and who, to counteract the operations of each other, let the kingdom go to ruin; the diſcontent of the people, and of every other rank of ſubjects; the obſtinacy of a woman who, conſtantly ſacrificing her judgment, if ſhe indeed poſſeſſed any, to her inclinations, kept from public employments perſons capable of diſcharging the duties of them, to place in them ſuch as pleaſed her beſt; every thing concurred in juſtifying the foreſight of the counſellor, that of the public, and my own. This made me ſeveral times conſider whether or not I myſelf ſhould ſeek an aſylum out of the kingdom before it was torn by the diſſentions by which it ſeemed to be threatened; but relieved from my fears by my inſignificance, and the peace-

fulneſs of my diſpoſition, I thought, that in the ſtate of ſolitude in which I was determined to live, no public commotion could reach me. I was ſorry only that, in this ſtate of things, M. de Luxembourg ſhould accept commiſſions which tended to injure him in the opinion of the perſons of the place of which he was governor. I could have wiſhed he had prepared himſelf there a retreat in caſe the great machine had fallen in pieces, which ſeemed much to be apprehended; and it ſtill appears to me beyond a doubt, that if the reins of government had not fallen into a ſingle hand, the French monarchy would now be at the laſt gaſp.

Whilſt my ſituation became worſe, the printing of Emilius went on more ſlowly, and was at length ſuſpended without my being able to learn the reaſon why; Guy did not deign to anſwer my letter of enquiry, and I could obtain no information from any perſon of what was going forward, M. de M.....s being then in the country. A misfortune never makes me uneaſy provided I know in what it conſiſts; but it is my nature to be afraid of darkneſs, I tremble at the appearance of it; my-

ſtery

ſtery always gives me inquietude, it is too oppoſite to my natural diſpoſition in which there is an openneſs bordering on imprudence. The ſight of the moſt hideous monſter would, I am of opinion, alarm me but little ; but if by night I ſaw a figure in a white ſheet I ſhould be afraid of it. My imagination, wrought upon by this long ſilence, was now employed in creating phantoms. I tormented myſelf the more in endeavouring to diſcover the impediment to the printing of my laſt and beſt production, as I had the publication of it much at heart ; and, as I always carried every thing to an extreme, I imagined that I perceived in the ſuſpenſion the ſuppreſſion of the work. Yet being unable to diſcover either the cauſe or manner of it, I remained in the moſt cruel ſtate of ſuſpenſe. I wrote letter after letter to Guy, to M. de M.....s, and to Madame de Luxembourg, and not receiving anſwers, at leaſt when I expected them, my head became ſo affected that I was not far from a delirium. I unfortunately heard that father Griffet, a Jeſuit had ſpoken of Emilius, and repeated from it ſome paſſages. My imagination inſtantly unveiled to me the myſtery of iniquity ; I ſaw

the whole progreſs of it as clearly as if it had been revealed to me. I figured to myſelf that the Jeſuits, furious on account of the contemptible manner in which I had ſpoken of colleges, were in poſſeſſion of my work; that it was they who delayed the publication; that, informed by their friend Guerin of my ſituation, and foreſeeing my approaching diſſolution, of which I myſelf had no manner of doubt, they wiſhed to delay the appearance of the work until after that event, with an intention to curtail and mutilate it, and, in favour of their own views, to attribute to me ſentiments not my own. The number of facts and circumſtances which occured to my mind, in confirmation of this ſilly ſuppoſition, and gave it an appearance of truth ſupported by evidence and demonſtration, is aſtoniſhing. I knew Guerin to be entirely in the intereſt of the Jeſuits. I attributed to them all the friendly advances he had made me; I was perſuaded he had, by their entreaties, preſſed me to engage with Néaulme, who had given them the firſt ſheets of my work; that they had afterwards found means to ſtop the printing of it by Ducheſne, and perhaps to get poſſeſſion of the manuſcript to make ſuch alterations

alterations in it as they ſhould think proper, that after my death they might publiſh it diſguiſed in their own manner. I had always perceived, notwithſtanding the wheedling of father B.....r, that the Jeſuits did not like me, not only as an Encyclopediſt, but becauſe all my principles were more in oppoſition to their maxims and influence than the incredulity of my colleagues, ſince atheiſtical and devout fanaticiſm, approaching each other by their common enmity to toleration, may become united; a proof of which is ſeen in China, and in the cabal againſt myſelf; whereas religion, both reaſonable and moral, taking away all power over the conſcience, deprives thoſe who aſſume that power of every reſource. I knew the chancellor was a great friend to the Jeſuits, and I had my fears leaſt the ſon, intimidated by the father, ſhould find himſelf under the neceſſity of abandoning the work he had protected. I beſides imagined that I perceived this to be the caſe in the chicanery employed againſt me relative to the two firſt volumes, in which alterations were required for reaſons of which I could not feel the force; whilſt the two other volumes were known to contain things of ſuch

a nature as, had the cenſor objected to them in the manner he did to the paſſages he thought exceptionable in the others, would have required their being entirely written over again. I alſo underſtood, and M. de M.....s himſelf told me of it, that the Abbé de Grave, whom he had charged with the inſpection of this edition, was another partiſan of the Jeſuits. I ſaw nothing but Jeſuits, without conſidering that, upon the point of being ſuppreſſed, and wholly taken up in making their defence, they had ſomething which intereſted them much more than the cavillings relative to a work in which they were not in queſtion. I am wrong however in ſaying this did not occur to me; for I really thought of it, and M. de M.....s took care to make the obſervation to me the moment he heard of my extravagant ſuſpicions. But by another of thoſe abſurdities of a man who, from the boſom of obſcurity, will abſolutely judge of the ſecret of great affairs, with which he is totally unacquainted, I never could bring myſelf to believe the Jeſuits were in danger, and I conſidered the rumour of their ſuppreſſion as an artful manœuvre of their own to deceive their adverſaries. Their

paſt

paſt ſucceſſes, which had been uninterrupted, gave me ſo terrible an idea of their power, that I already was grieved at the overthrow of the parliament. I knew M. de Choiſeul had proſecuted his ſtudies under the Jeſuiſts, that Madame de Pompadour was not upon bad terms with them, and that their league with favourites and miniſters had conſtantly appeared advantageous to their order againſt their common enemies. The court ſeemed to remain neuter, and, perſuaded as I was that ſhould the ſociety receive a ſevere check it would not come from the parliament, I ſaw in the inaction of government the ground of their confidence and the omen of their triumph.

In fine, perceiving in the rumours of the day nothing more than art and diſſimulation on their part, and thinking they, in their ſtate of ſecurity, had time to watch over all their intereſts, I had not the leaſt doubt of their ſhortly cruſhing Janſeniſm, the parliament, and the Encyclopediſts, with every other aſſociation which ſhould not ſubmit to their yoke; and that if they ever ſuffered my work to appear, this would not happen until it ſhould be

ſo transformed as to favour their pretenſions, and thus make uſe of my name the better to deceive my readers.

I felt my health and ſtrength decline; and ſuch was the horror with which my mind was filled, at the idea of diſhonour to my memory in the work moſt worthy of myſelf, that I am ſurpriſed ſo many extravagant ideas did not occaſion a ſpeedy end to my exiſtence. I never was ſo much afraid of death as at this time, and had I died with the apprehenſions I then had upon my mind, I ſhould have died in deſpair. At preſent, although I perceive no obſtacle to the execution of the blackeſt and moſt dreadful conſpiracy ever formed againſt the memory of a man, I ſhall die much more in peace, certain of leaving in my writings a teſtimony in my favour, and which ſooner or later will triumph over the calumnies of mankind.

M. de M.....s, who diſcovered the agitation of my mind, and to whom I acknowledged it, uſed ſuch endeavours to reſtore me to tranquillity as proved his exceſſive goodneſs of heart. Madame de Luxembourg aided him

in

in this good work, and ſeveral times went to Ducheſne to know in what ſtate the edition was. At length the impreſſion was again begun, and the progreſs of it became more rapid than ever, without my knowing for what reaſon it had been ſuſpended. M. de M.....s took the trouble to come to Montmorenci to calm my mind; in this he ſucceeded, and the full confidence I had in his uprightneſs having overcome the derangement of my poor head, gave efficacy to the endeavours he made to reſtore it. After what he had ſeen of my anguiſh and delirium, it was natural he ſhould think I was to be pitied; and he really commiſerated my ſituation. The expreſſions, inceſſantly repeated, of the philoſophical cabal by which he was ſurrounded, occurred to his memory. When I went to live at the Hermitage, they, as I have already remarked, ſaid I ſhould not remain there long. When they ſaw I perſevered, they charged me with obſtinacy and pride, proceeding from a want of courage to retract, and inſiſted that my life was there a burden to me; in ſhort, that I was very wretched. M. de M.....s believed this really to be the caſe, and wrote to me

me upon the ſubject. This error in a man for whom I had ſo much eſteem gave me ſome pain, and I wrote to him four letters ſucceſſively, in which I ſtated the real motives of my conduct, and made him fully acquainted with my taſte, inclination, and character, and with the moſt interior ſentiments of my heart. Theſe letters, written haſtily, almoſt without taking pen from paper, and which I neither copied, corrected, nor even read, are perhaps the only things I ever wrote with facility, which in the midſt of my ſufferings, was, I think, aſtoniſhing. I ſighed, as I felt myſelf declining, at the thought of leaving in the minds of honeſt men an opinion of me ſo far from truth; and by the ſketch haſtily given in my four letters, I endeavoured, in ſome meaſure, to ſubſtitute them to the memoirs I had propoſed to write. They are expreſſive of my grief to M. de M.....s, who ſhewed them in Paris, and are, beſides, a kind of ſummary of what I here give in detail, and, on this account, merit preſervation. The copy I begged of them ſome years afterward, will be found amongſt my papers.

The

The only thing which continued to give me pain, in the idea of my approaching diſſolution, was my not having a man of letters for a friend, to whom I could confide my papers, that after my death he might make a proper choice of ſuch as were worthy of publication.

After my journey to Geneva, I conceived a friendſhip for M.....u ; this young man pleaſed me, and I could have wiſhed him to receive my laſt breath. I expreſſed to him this deſire, and am of opinion he would readily have complied with it, had not his affairs prevented him from ſo doing. Deprived of this conſolation, I ſtill wiſhed to give him a mark of my confidence by ſending him the Profeſſion of Faith of the Savoyard vicar before it was publiſhed. He was pleaſed with the work, but did not in his anſwer ſeem ſo fully to expect from it the effect of which I had but little doubt. He wiſhed to receive from me ſome fragment which I had not given to any body elſe. I ſent him the funeral oration of the late duke of Orleans; this I had written for the Abbé Darty, who had not pronounced it, becauſe, contrary to his expectation, another perſon was appointed to perform that ceremony.

The

The printing of Emilius, after having been again taken in hand, was continued and completed without much difficulty; and I remarked this ſingularity, that after the curtailings, ſo much inſiſted upon in the two firſt volumes, the two laſt were paſſed over without an objection, and their contents did not delay the publication for a moment. I had, however, ſome uneaſineſs which I muſt not paſs over in ſilence. After having been afraid of the Jeſuiſts, I began to fear the Janſeniſts and philoſophers. An enemy to party, faction, and cabal, I never heard the leaſt good of perſons concerned in them. The goſſips had quitted their old abode, and taken up their reſidence by the ſide of me, ſo that in their chamber, every thing ſaid in mine, and upon the terrace, was diſtinctly heard; and from their garden it would have been eaſy to ſcale the low wall by which it was ſeparated from my alcove. This was become my ſtudy; my table was covered with proof-ſheets of Emilius and the Social Contract, and ſtitching theſe ſheets as they were ſent to me, I had all my volumes a long time before they were publiſhed. My negligence and the confidence I had in M. Mathas,

in

in whoſe garden I was ſhut up, frequently made me forget to lock the door at night, and in the morning I ſeveral times found it wide open: this, however, would not have given me the leaſt inquietude had not I thought my papers ſeemed to have been deranged. After having ſeveral times made the ſame remark, I became more careful, and locked the door. The lock was a bad one, and the key turned in it no more than half round. As I became more attentive, I found my papers in a much greater confuſion than they were when I left every thing open. At length I miſſed one of my volumes without knowing what was become of it until the morning of the third day, when I again found it upon the table. I never ſuſpected either M. Mathas or his nephew M. du Moulin, knowing myſelf to be beloved by both, and my confidence in them was unbounded. That I had in the goſſips began to diminiſh. Although they were Janſeniſts, I knew them to have ſome connection with D'Alembert, and moreover they all three lodged in the ſame houſe. This gave me ſome uneaſineſs, and put me more upon my guard. I removed my papers from the alcove to my chamber, and

dropped

dropped my acquaintance with theſe people, having learned they had ſhewn in ſeveral houſes the firſt volume of Emilius, which I had been imprudent enough to lend them. Although they continued until my departure to be my neighbours, I never, after my firſt ſuſpicions, had the leaſt communication with them. The Social Contract appeared a month or two before Emilius. Rey, whom I had deſired never ſecretly to introduce into France any of my books, applied to the magiſtrate for leave to ſend this book by Rouen, to which place he ſent his package by ſea. He received no anſwer, and his bales, after remaining at Rouen ſeveral months, were returned to him, but not until an attempt had been made to confiſcate them; this, probably, would have been done had not he made a great clamour. Several perſons, whoſe curioſity the work had excited, ſent to Amſterdam for copies, which were circulated without being much noticed. Maulion, who had heard of this, and had, I believe, ſeen the work, ſpoke to me on the ſubject with an air of myſtery which ſurpriſed me, and would likewiſe have made me uneaſy, if, certain of having conformed

formed to every rule, I had not by virtue of my grand maxim, kept my mind calm. I moreover had no doubt but M. de Choiſeul, already well diſpoſed towards me, and ſenſible of the eulogium of his adminiſtration, which my eſteem for him had induced me to make in the work, would ſupport me againſt the malevolence of Madame de Pompadour.

I certainly had then as much reaſon as ever to hope for the goodneſs of M. de Luxembourg, and even for his aſſiſtance in caſe of need; for he never at any time had given me more frequent or more pointed marks of his friendſhip. At the journey of Eaſter, my melancholly ſtate no longer permitting me to go to the Caſtle, he never ſuffered a day to paſs without coming to ſee me, and, at length, perceiving my ſufferings to be inceſſant, he prevailed upon me to determine to ſee Friar Come. He immediately ſent for him, came with him, and had the courage, uncommon in a man of his rank, to remain with me during the operation which was cruel and tedious. Upon the firſt examination, Come thought he found a great ſtone, and told me ſo; at the ſecond, he could not find

find it again. After having made a third attempt with ſo much care and circumſpection that I thought the time long, he declared there was no ſtone, but that the proſtate gland was ſchirrous and conſiderably thickened. He beſides added, that I had a great deal to ſuffer, and ſhould live a long time. Should the ſecond prediction be as fully accompliſhed as the firſt, my ſufferings are far from being at an end.

It was thus I learned, after having been ſo many years treated for diſorders which I never had, that my incurable diſeaſe, without being mortal, would laſt as long as myſelf. My imagination, repreſſed by this information, no longer preſented to me in perſpective a cruel death in the agonies of the ſtone.

Delivered from imaginary evils, more cruel to me than thoſe which were real, I more patiently ſuffered the latter. It is certain I have ſince ſuffered leſs from my diſorder than I had done before, and every time I recollect that I owe this alleviation to M. de Luxembourg, his memory becomes more dear to me.

Reſtored,

Reſtored, as I may ſay, to life, and more than ever occupied with the plan according to which I was determined to paſs the reſt of my days, all the obſtacle to the immediate execution of my deſign was the publication of Emilius. I thought of Touraine where I had already been and which pleaſed me much, as well on account of the mildneſs of the climate, as on that of the character of the inhabitants.

La terra molle lieta e dilettoſa
Simile a ſe l'habitator produce.

I had already ſpoken of my project to M. de Luxembourg, who endeavoured to diſſuade me from it; I mentioned it to him a ſecond time as a thing reſolved upon. He then offered me the caſtle of Merlou, fifteen leagues from Paris, as an aſylum which might be agreeable to me, and where he and Madame de Luxembourg would have a real pleaſure in ſeeing me ſettled. The propoſition made a pleaſing impreſſion on my mind. But the firſt thing neceſſary was to ſee the place, and we agreed upon a day when the Marechal was to ſend his valet de chambre with a carriage to take me to it. On the day appointed, I was much

much indiſpoſed; the journey was poſtponed, and different circumſtances prevented me from ever making it. I have ſince learned the eſtate of Merlou did not belong to the Marechal but to his lady, on which account I was the leſs ſorry I had not gone to live there.

Emilius was at length given to the public, without my having heard farther of retrenchments or difficulties. Previous to the publication, the Marechal aſked me for all the letters M. de M.....s had written to me on the ſubject of the work. My great confidence in both, and the perfect ſecurity in which I felt myſelf, prevented me from reflecting upon this extraordinary and even alarming requeſt. I returned all the letters, excepting one or two which, from inattention, were left between the leaves of a book. A little time before this, M. de M.....s told me he ſhould withdraw the letters I had written to Ducheſne during my alarm relative to the Jeſuiſts, and, it muſt be confeſſed, theſe letters did no great honour to my reaſon. But in my anſwer I aſſured him I would not in any thing paſs for being better than I was, and that he might leave the letters

ters where they were. I know not what he reſolved upon.

The publication of this work was not ſucceeded by the applauſe which had followed that of all my other writings. No work was ever more highly ſpoken of in private, nor had any literary production ever had leſs public approbation. What was ſaid and written to me upon the ſubject by perſons moſt capable of judging, confirmed me in my opinion that it was the beſt, as well as the moſt important of all the works I had produced. But every thing favourable was ſaid with an air of the moſt extraordinary myſtery, as if there had been a neceſſity of keeping it a ſecret. Madame de Boufflers, who wrote to me that the author of the work merited a ſtatue, and the homage of mankind, at the end of her letter deſired it might be returned to her. D'Alembert, who in his note ſaid the work gave me a decided ſuperiority, and ought to place me at the head of men of letters, did not ſign what he wrote, although he had ſigned every note I had before received from him. Duclos, a ſure friend, a man of veracity, but circumſpect, although he

he had a good opinion of the work, avoided mentioning it in his letters to me. La Condomine fell upon the Profeſſion of Faith, and wandered from the ſubject. Clairaut confined himſelf to the ſame part; but he was not afraid of expreſſing to me the emotion which the reading of it had cauſed in him, and in the moſt direct terms wrote to me that it had warmed his old imagination: of all thoſe to whom I had ſent my book, he was the only perſon who ſpoke freely what he thought of it.

Mathas, to whom alſo I had given a copy before the publication, lent it to M. de Blaire, counſellor in the parliament of Straſbourgh M. de Blaire had a country-houſe at St. Gratien, and Mathas, his old acquaintance, ſometimes went to ſee him there. He made him read Emilius before it was publiſhed. When he returned it to him. M. de Blaire expreſſed himſelf in the following terms, which were repeated to me the ſame day. "M. Mathas, this is a very fine work, but it will in a ſhort time be ſpoken of more than, for the author, might be wiſhed." I laughed at the prediction, and ſaw in it nothing more than the import-

ance

ance of a man of the robe, who treats every thing with an air of myſtery. All the alarming obſervations repeated to me made no impreſſion upon my mind, and, far from foreſeeing the cataſtrophe ſo near at hand, certain of the utility and excellence of my work, and that I had in every reſpect conformed to eſtabliſhed rules; convinced, as thought I was, that I ſhould be ſupported by all the credit of M. de Luxembourg, and the favour of the miniſtry, I was ſatisfied with myſelf for the reſolution I had taken to retire in the midſt of my triumphs, and at my return to cruſh thoſe by whom I was envied.

One thing in the publication of the work alarmed me, leſs on account of my ſafety than for the unburdening of my mind. At the Hermitage, and at Montmorenci I had ſeen with indignation, the vexations which the jealous care of the pleaſures of princes cauſes to be exerciſed upon wretched peaſants, forced to ſuffer the havock made by game in their fields, without daring to take any other meaſure to prevent this devaſtation than that of making a noiſe, paſſing the night amongſt their beans

and peas, with drums, kettles, and bells, to keep off the wild boars. As I had been a witneſs to the barbarous cruelty with which the Comte de C.....s treated theſe poor people, I had towards the end of Emilius exclaimed againſt it. This was another infraction of my maxims, which has not remained unpuniſhed. I was informed that the people of the prince of Conti were but little leſs ſevere upon his eſtates; I trembled leaſt that prince, for whom I was penetrated with reſpect and gratitude, ſhould take to his own account what ſhocked humanity had made me ſay on that of others, and feel himſelf offended. Yet, as my conſcience fully acquitted me upon this article, I made myſelf eaſy, and by ſo doing acted wiſely: at leaſt I have not heard this great prince took notice of the paſſage, which beſides was written long before I had the honour of being known to him.

A few days either before or after the publication of my work, for I do not exactly recollect the time, there appeared another work upon the ſame ſubject, taken verbatim from my firſt volume, except a few ſtupid things

which

which were joined to the extract. The book bore the name of a Geneveſe, one Balexſert, and according to the title page, had gained the premium in the academy of Harlem. I eaſily imagined the academy and the premium to be newly founded, the better to conceal the plagiariſm from the eyes of the public; but I farther perceived there was ſome prior intrigue which I could not unravel; either by the lending of my manuſcript, without which the theft could not have been committed, or for the purpoſe of forging the ſtory of the pretended premium, to which it was neceſſary to give ſome foundation. It was not until ſeveral years afterwards, that by a word which eſcaped d'Ivernois, I penetrated the myſtery, and diſcovered thoſe by whom Balexſert had been brought forward.

The low murmurings which precede a ſtorm began to be heard, and men of penetration clearly ſaw there was ſomething gathering, relative to me and my book, which would ſhortly break over my head. For my part, my ſtupidity was ſuch, that, far from foreſeeing my misfortune, I did not ſuſpect even the cauſe of it

after I had felt its effect. It was artfully given out that, while the Jeſuits were treated with ſeverity, no indulgence could be ſhewn to books nor the authors of them in which religion was attacked. I was reproached with having put my name to Emilius, as if I had not put it to all my other works of which nothing was ſaid. Government ſeemed to fear it ſhould be obliged to take ſome ſteps which circumſtances rendered neceſſary on account of my imprudence. Rumours to this effect reached my ears, but gave me not much uneaſineſs; it never even came into my head, that there could be the leaſt thing in the whole affair which related to me perſonally, ſo perfectly irreproachable and well ſupported did I think myſelf; having beſides conformed to every miniſterial regulation, I did not apprehend Madame de Luxembourg would leave me in difficulties for an error, which, if it exiſted, proceeded entirely from herſelf. But knowing the manner of proceeding in like caſes, and that it was cuſtomary to puniſh bookſellers while authors were favoured, I had ſome uneaſineſs on the account of poor Ducheſne, whom I ſaw expoſed to danger, ſhould M. de M.....s abandon him.

My

My tranquillity ſtill continued. Rumours increaſed and ſoon changed their nature. The public, and eſpecially the parliament, ſeemed irritated by my compoſure. In a few days the fermentation became terrible, and the object of the menaces being changed, theſe were immediately addreſſed to me. The parliamentarians were heard to declare that burning books was of no effect, the authors alſo ſhould be burned with them: not a word was ſaid of the bookſellers. The firſt time theſe expreſſions, more worthy of an inquiſitor of Goa than of a ſenator, were related to me, I had no doubt of their coming from the *Holbachiques* with an intention to alarm me, and drive me from France. I laughed at their puerile manœuvre, and ſaid they would, had they known the real ſtate of things, have thought of ſome other means of inſpiring me with fear; but the rumour at length became ſuch that I perceived the matter was ſerious. M. and Madame de Luxembourg had this year come to Montmorenci in the month of June, which, for their ſecond journey, was more early than common. I heard but little there of my new books, notwithſtanding the noiſe they made at Paris;

neither the Marechal nor his lady ſaid a ſingle word to me on the ſubject. However one morning when M. de Luxembourg and I were together he aſked me if, in the Social Contract, I had ſpoken ill of M. de Choiſeul. I! ſaid I, retreating a few ſteps with ſurpriſe; no, I ſwear to you I have not; but on the contrary I have made on him, and with a pen not given to praiſe, the fineſt eulogium a miniſter ever received; I then ſhewed him the paſſage. And in Emilius? replied he. Not a word, ſaid I: there is not in it a ſingle word which relates to him. Ah! ſaid he, with more vivacity than was common to him, you ſhould have taken the ſame care in the other book, or have expreſſed yourſelf more clearly! I thought, replied I, what I wrote could not be miſconſtrued; my eſteem for him was ſuch as to make me extremely cautious not to be equivocal.

He was again going to ſpeak; I perceived him ready to open his mind: he ſtopt ſhort, and held his tongue. Wretched policy of a courtier, which, in the beſt of hearts, ſubjugates friendſhip itſelf!

This

This converſation, although ſhort, explained to me my ſituation, at leaſt in certain reſpects, and gave me to underſtand that it was againſt myſelf the anger of adminiſtration was raiſed. The unheard of fatality, which turned to my prejudice all the good I did and wrote, afflicted my heart. Yet, feeling myſelf ſhielded in this affair by Madame de Luxembourg and M. de M.....s, I did not perceive in what my perſecutors could deprive me of their protection. However I, from that moment, was convinced equity and juſtice were no longer in queſtion, and that no pains would be ſpared in examining whether or not I was culpable. The ſtorm became ſtill more menacing. Neaulme himſelf expreſſed to me, in the exceſs of his babbling, how much he repented having had any thing to do in the buſineſs, and his certainty of the fate with which the book and the author were threatened. One thing however alleviated my fears: Madame de Luxembourg was ſo calm, ſatisfied, and chearful, that I concluded ſhe muſt neceſſarily be certain of the ſufficiency of her credit, eſpecially as ſhe did not ſeem to have the leaſt apprehenſion on my account; moreover ſhe ſaid not to me a word

either of conſolation or apology, and ſaw the turn the affair took with as much unconcern as if ſhe had nothing to do with it, or any thing elſe that related to me. What ſurpriſed me moſt was her ſilence. I thought ſhe ſhould have ſaid ſomething on the ſubject. Madame de Boufflers ſeemed rather uneaſy. She appeared agitated, ſtrained herſelf a good deal, aſſuring me the Prince of Conti was taking great pains to ward off the blow about to be directed againſt my perſon, and which ſhe attributed to the nature of preſent circumſtances, in which it was of importance to the parliament not to leave the Jeſuits an opening whereby they might bring an accuſation againſt it as being indifferent with reſpect to religion. She did not however ſeem to depend much either upon the ſucceſs of her own efforts or even thoſe of the prince. Her converſations, more alarming than conſolatory, all tended to perſuade me to leave the kingdom and go to England, where ſhe offered me an introduction to many of her friends, amongſt others one to the celebrated Hume with whom ſhe had long been upon a footing of intimate friendſhip. Seeing me ſtill unſhaken ſhe had

recourſe

recourſe to other arguments more capable of diſturbing my tranquillity. She intimated that, in caſe I was arreſted and interrogated, I ſhould be under the neceſſity of naming Madame de Luxembourg, and that her friendſhip for me required, on my part, ſuch precautions as were neceſſary to prevent her being expoſed. My anſwer was, that ſhould what ſhe ſeemed to apprehend come to paſs, ſhe need not be alarmed; that I ſhould do nothing by which the lady ſhe mentioned might become a ſufferer. She ſaid ſuch a reſolution was more eaſily taken than adhered to; and in this ſhe was right, eſpecially with reſpect to me, determined as I always have been neither to prejudice myſelf nor lie before judges, whatever danger there might be in ſpeaking the truth.

Perceiving this obſervation had made ſome impreſſion upon my mind, without however inducing me to reſolve upon evaſion, ſhe ſpoke of the Baſtile for a few weeks, as a means of placing me beyond the reach of the juriſdiction of the parliament, which has nothing to do with priſoners of ſtate. I had no objection to this ſingular favour, provided it were not ſolicited

in my name. As ſhe never ſpoke of it a ſecond time, I afterwards thought her propoſition was made to ſound me, and that the party did not think proper to have recourſe to an expedient which put an end to every thing.

A few days afterwards the Marechal received from the Curé de Deuil, the friend of Grimm and Madame D'.....y, a letter informing him, as from good authority, the parliament was to proceed againſt me with the greateſt ſeverity, and that on ſuch a day, which he mentioned, an order was to be given to arreſt me. I imagined this was fabricated by the *Holbachiques*; I knew the parliament to be very attentive to forms, and that, on this occaſion, beginning by arreſting me before it was juridically known I avowed myſelf the author of the book was violating them all. I obſerved to Madame de B.....s that none but perſons accuſed of crimes which tend to endanger the public ſafety were, on a ſimple information, ordered to be arreſted leaſt they ſhould eſcape puniſhment. But when government wiſh to puniſh a crime like mine, which merits honour and recompenſe, the proceedings are directed againſt the book,

and

and the author is as much as poſſible left out of the queſtion.

Upon this ſhe made ſome ſubtile diſtinction, which I have forgotten, to prove that ordering me to be arreſted inſtead of ſummoning me to be heard, was a matter of favour. The next day I received a letter from Guy, who informed me that having in the morning been with the attorney-general, he had ſeen in his office the rough draft of a requiſition againſt Emilius and the author. Guy, it is to be remembered, was the partner of Ducheſne, who had printed the work, and, without apprehenſions on his own account, charitably gave this information to the author. The credit I gave to him may be judged of.

It was, no doubt, a very probable ſtory, that a bookſeller, admitted to an audience by the attorney-general, ſhould read at eaſe ſcattered rough drafts in the office of that magiſtrate! Madame de Boufflers and others confirmed what he had ſaid. By the abſurdities which were inceſſantly rung in my ears, I was

almoſt tempted to believe every body I heard ſpeak had loſt their ſenſes.

Clearly perceiving there was ſome myſtery, which not one thought proper to explain to me, I patiently waited the event, depending upon my integrity and innocence, and thinking myſelf happy, let the perſecution which awaited me be what it would, to be called to the honour of ſuffering in the cauſe of truth. Far from being afraid and concealing myſelf, I went every day to the caſtle, and in the afternoon took my uſual walk. On the eighth of June, the evening before the order was concluded on, I walked in company with two profeſſors of the oratory, Father Alamanni and Father Mandard. We carried to Champeaux a little collation, which we eat with a keen appetite. We had forgotten to bring glaſſes, and ſupplied the want of them by ſtalks of rye, through which we ſucked up the wine from the bottle, piquing ourſelves upon the choice of large tubes to vie with each other in pumping up what we drank. I never was more cheerful in my life.

I have

I have related in what manner I loſt my ſleep during my youth. I had ſince that time contracted a habit of reading every night in my bed, until I found my eyes begin to grow heavy. I then extinguiſhed my wax taper and endeavoured to ſlumber for a few moments, which were in general very ſhort. The book I commonly read at night was the Bible, which, in this manner, I read five or ſix times from the beginning to the end. This evening, finding myſelf leſs diſpoſed to ſleep than ordinary, I continued my reading beyond the uſual hour, and read the whole book, which finiſhes at the Levite of Ephraim, the book of Judges, if I miſtake not, for ſince that time I have never once ſeen it. This hiſtory affected me exceedingly, and, in a kind of dream, my imagination ſtill ran on it, when ſuddenly I was rouſed from my ſtupor by a noiſe and light. Thérèſa, carrying a candle, lighted M. la Roche, who perceiving me haſtily raiſe myſelf up, ſaid: Do not be alarmed; I come from Madame de Luxembourg, who, in her letter, encloſes you another from the Prince of Conti. In fact, in the letter of Madame de Luxembourg I found another, which an expreſs from the

the prince had brought her, ſtating that, notwithſtanding all his efforts, it was determined to proceed againſt me with the utmoſt rigour. The fermentation, ſaid he, is extreme; nothing can ward off the blow; the court requires it, and the parliament will abſolutely proceed; at ſeven o'clock in the morning an order will be made to arreſt him, and perſons will immediately be ſent to execute it. I have obtained a promiſe that he ſhall not be purſued if he makes his eſcape; but if he perſiſts in expoſing himſelf to be taken this will immediately happen. La Roche conjured me in behalf of Madame de Luxembourg to riſe and go and ſpeak to her. It was two o'clock, and ſhe had juſt retired to bed. She expects you, added he, and will not go to ſleep without ſpeaking to you. I dreſſed myſelf in haſte and ran to her.

She appeared to be agitated; this was for the firſt time. Her diſtreſs affected me. In this moment of ſurpriſe and in the night, I myſelf was not free from emotion; but on ſeeing her I forgot my own ſituation, and thought of nothing but the melancholy part ſhe would have to act ſhould I ſuffer myſelf

to

to be arreſted; for feeling I had ſufficient courage ſtrictly to adhere to truth, although I might be certain of its being prejudicial or even deſtructive to me, I was convinced I had not preſence of mind, addreſs, nor perhaps firmneſs enough, not to expoſe her ſhould I be cloſely preſſed. This determined me to ſacrifice my reputation to her tranquillity, and to do for her that which nothing could have prevailed upon me to do for myſelf. The moment I had come to this reſolution, I declared it, wiſhing not to diminiſh the magnitude of the ſacrifice by giving her the leaſt trouble to obtain it. I am ſure ſhe could not miſtake my motive, although ſhe ſaid not a word, which proved to me ſhe was ſenſible of it. I was ſo much ſhocked at her indifference, that I, for a moment, thought of retracting; but the Marechal came in, and Madame de Boufflers arrived from Paris a few moments afterwards. They did what Madame de Luxembourg ought to have done. I ſuffered myſelf to be flattered; I was aſhamed to retract; and the only thing that remained to be determined upon, was the place of my retreat and the time of my departure. M. de Luxembourg propoſed to me to

remain

remain incognito a few days at the caſtle, that we might deliberate at leiſure, and take ſuch meaſures as ſhould ſeem moſt proper; to this I would not conſent, no more than to go ſecretly to the temple. I was determined to ſet off the ſame day rather than remain concealed in any place whatever.

Knowing I had ſecret and powerful enemies in the kingdom, I thought, notwithſtanding my attachment to France, I ought to quit it, the better to inſure my future tranquillity. My firſt intention was to retire to Geneva; but a moment of reflection was ſufficient to diſſuade me from committing that act of folly; I knew the miniſtry of France, more powerful at Geneva than at Paris, would not leave me more at peace in one of theſe cities than in the other, were a reſolution taken to torment me. I was alſo convinced the diſcourſe upon Inequality had excited againſt me in the council a hatred the more dangerous as the council dared not make it manifeſt. I had alſo learned, that when the new Eloiſa appeared, the ſame council had immediately forbidden the ſale of that work, upon the ſolicitation of doctor

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Tronchin; but perceiving the example not to be imitated, not even in Paris, the members were aſhamed of what they had done, and withdrew the prohibition.

I had no doubt but, finding in the preſent caſe a more favourable opportunity, they would be very careful to take advantage of it. Notwithſtanding exterior appearances, I knew there reigned againſt me in the heart of every Geneveſe a ſecret jealouſy, which, in the firſt favourable moment, would publicly ſhew itſelf. Nevertheleſs, the love of my country called me to it, and could I have flattered myſelf I ſhould there have lived in peace, I ſhould not have heſitated; but neither honour nor reaſon permitting me to take refuge as a fugitive in a place of which I was a citizen, I reſolved to approach it only, and to wait in Switzerland until ſomething relative to me ſhould be determined upon in Geneva. This ſtate of uncertainty did not, as it will ſoon appear, continue long.

Madame de Boufflers highly diſapproved this reſolution, and renewed her efforts to induce me

me to go to England, but all ſhe could ſay was of no effect; I have never loved England nor the Engliſh, and the eloquence of Madame de Boufflers, far from conquering my repugnancy, ſeemed to increaſe it without my knowing why. Determined to ſet off the ſame day, I was from the morning inacceſſible to every body, and La Roche, whom I ſent to fetch my papers, would not tell Thérèſa whether or not I was gone. Since I had determined to write my own memoirs, I hâd collected a great number of letters and other papers, ſo that he was obliged to return ſeveral times. A part of theſe papers, already ſelected, were laid aſide, and I employed the morning in ſorting the reſt, that I might take with me ſuch only as were neceſſary and deſtroy what remained. M. de Luxembourg was kind enough to aſſiſt me in this buſineſs, which we could not finiſh before it was neceſſary I ſhould ſet off, and I had not time to burn a ſingle paper. The Marechal offered to take upon himſelf to ſort what I ſhould leave behind me, and throw into the fire every ſheet that he found uſeleſs, without truſting to any perſon whomſoever, and to ſend me thoſe of which he

ſhould

ſhould make choice. I accepted his offer, very glad to be delivered from that care, that I might paſs the few hours I had to remain with perſons ſo dear to me, from whom I was going to ſeparate for ever. He took the key of the chamber in which I left theſe papers; and, at my earneſt ſolicitation, ſent for my poor aunt, who, not knowing what was become of me, or what was to become of herſelf, and in momentary expectation of the arrival of the officers of juſtice, without knowing how to act or what to anſwer them, was miſerable to an extreme. La Roche accompanied her to the caſtle in ſilence; ſhe thought I was already far from Montmorenci: on perceiving me, ſhe made the place reſound with her cries, and threw herſelf into my arms. Oh, friendſhip! affinity of ſentiment, habit, and intimacy!

In this pleaſing, yet cruel moment, the remembrance of ſo many days of happineſs, tenderneſs, and peace paſſed together, augmented the grief of a firſt ſeparation after an union of ſeventeen years, during which we had ſcarcely loſt ſight of each other for a ſingle day.

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The Marechal, who ſaw this embrace, could not withhold his tears. He withdrew. Thérèſa determined never more to leave me out of her ſight. I made her feel the inconvenience of accompanying me at that moment, and the neceſſity of her remaining to take care of my effects and collect my money. When an order is made to arreſt a man, it is cuſtomary to ſeize his papers and put a ſeal upon his effects, or to make an inventory of them and appoint a guardian to whoſe care they are entruſted. It was neceſſary Thérèſa ſhould remain to obſerve what paſſed and get every thing ſettled in the moſt advantageous manner poſſible. I promiſed her ſhe ſhould ſhortly come to me; the Marechal confirmed my promiſe; but I did not chuſe to tell her to what place I was going, that, in caſe of being interrogated by the perſons who came to take me into cuſtody, ſhe might with truth plead ignorance upon that head. In embracing her the moment before we ſeparated I felt within me a moſt extraordinary emotion, and I ſaid to her with an agitation which, alas! was but too prophetic: My dear girl, you muſt arm yourſelf with courage. You have partaken of my proſperity;

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it now remains to you, ſince you have choſen it, to partake of my miſery. Expect nothing in future but inſult and calamity in following me. The deſtiny begun for me by this melancholy day will purſue me until my lateſt hour."

I had now nothing to think of but my departure. The officers were to arrive at ten o'clock. It was four in the afternoon when I ſet off, and they were not yet come. It was determined I ſhould take poſt. I had no carriage. The Marechal made me a preſent of a cabriolet, and lent me horſes and a poſtillion the firſt ſtage, where, in conſequence of the meaſures he had taken, I had no difficulty in procuring others.

As I had not dined at table, nor made my appearance in the caſtle, the ladies came to bid me adieu in the entreſol where I had paſſed the day. Madame de Luxembourg embraced me ſeveral times with a melancholy air; but I did not in theſe embraces feel the preſſing I had done in thoſe ſhe had laviſhed upon me two or three years before. Madame de Bouſflers alſo embraced me, and ſaid to me many civil things.

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An embrace which ſurpriſed me more than all the reſt had done was one from Madame de Mirepoix, for ſhe alſo was at the caſtle. Madame la Marechale de Mirepoix is a perſon extremely cold, decent, and reſerved, and did not, at leaſt as ſhe appeared to me, ſeem quite exempt from the natural haughtineſs of the houſe of Lorraine. She had never ſhewn me much attention. Whether, flattered by an honour I had not expected, I endeavoured to enhance the value of it; or that there really was in the embrace a little of that commiſeration natural to generous hearts. I found in her manner and look ſomething energetical which penetrated me. I have ſince that time frequently thought that, acquainted with my deſtiny, ſhe could not refrain from a momentary concern for my fate.

The Marechal did not open his mouth; he was as pale as death. He would abſolutely accompany me to the carriage which waited at the watering place. We croſſed the garden without uttering a ſingle word. I had a key of the park with which I opened the gate, and, inſtead of putting it again into my pocket, I held

held it out to the Marechal without ſaying a word. He took it with a vivacity which ſurpriſed me, and which has ſince frequently intruded itſelf upon my thoughts. I have not in my whole life had a more bitter moment than that of this ſeparation. Our embrace was long and ſilent: we both felt this was our laſt adieu.

Between Barre and Montmorenci I met, in a hired carriage, four men in black who ſaluted me ſmiling. According to what Théréſa has ſince told me of the officers of juſtice, the hour of their arrival, and their manner of behaviour, I have no doubt that they were the perſons I met, eſpecially as the order to arreſt me, inſtead of being made out at ſeven o'clock, as I had been told it would, had not been given till noon. I had to go through Paris. A perſon in a cabriolet is not much concealed. I ſaw ſeveral perſons in the ſtreets who ſaluted me with an air of familiarity, but I did not know one of them. The ſame evening I changed my route to paſs Villeroy. At Lyons the couriers were conducted to the commandant. This might have been embarraſſing to a man unwilling

unwilling either to lie or change his name. I went with a letter from Madame de Luxembourg to beg M. de Villeroy would ſpare me this diſagreeable ceremony. M. de Villeroy gave me a letter of which I made no uſe, becauſe I did not go through Lyons. This letter ſtill remains ſealed up amongſt my papers. The duke preſſed me to ſleep at Villeroy, but I preferred returning to the great road, which I did, and travelled two more ſtages the ſame evening.

My carriage was inconvenient and uncomfortable, and I was too much indiſpoſed to go far in a day. My appearance beſides was not ſufficiently diſtinguiſhed for me to be well ſerved, and in France poſt-horſes feel the whip in proportion to the favourable opinion the poſtillion has of his temporary maſter. By paying the guides generouſly I thought I ſhould make up for my ſhabby appearance: this was ſtill worſe. They took me for a worthleſs fellow who was carrying orders, and, for the firſt time in my life, travelling poſt. From that moment I had nothing but worn out hacks, and I became the ſport of the poſtillons.

I ended

I ended as I ſhould have begun, by being patient, holding my tongue, and ſuffering myſelf to be driven as my conductors thought proper.

I had ſufficient matter of reflection to prevent me from being weary on the road, employing myſelf in the recollection of that which had juſt happened; but this was neither my turn of mind nor the inclination of my heart. The facility with which I forget paſt evils, however recent they may be, is aſtoniſhing. The remembrance of them becomes feeble, and, ſooner or latter, effaced, in the inverſe proportion to the greater degree of fear with which the approach of them inſpires me. My cruel imagination, inceſſantly tormented by the apprehenſion of evils ſtill at a diſtance, diverts my attention, and prevents me from recollecting thoſe which are paſt. Caution is needleſs after the evil has happened, and it is time loſt to give it a thought. I, in ſome meaſure, put a period to my misfortunes before they happen: the more I have ſuffered at their approach the greater is the facility with which I forget them; whilſt, on the contrary, in-

ceſſantly recollecting my paſt happineſs, I, if I may ſo ſpeak, enjoy it a ſecond time at pleaſure. It is to this happy diſpoſition I am indebted for an exemption from that ill humour which ferments in a vindictive mind, by the continual remembrance of injuries received, and torments it with all the evil it wiſhes to do its enemy. Naturally choleric, I have felt all the force of anger, which in the firſt moments has ſometimes been carried to fury, but a deſire of vengeance never took root within me. I think too little of the offence to give myſelf much trouble about the offender. I think of the injury I have received from him on account of that he may do me a ſecond time, but were I certain he would never do me another the firſt would be inſtantly forgotten. Pardon of offences is continually preached to us. I knew not whether or not my heart would be capable of overcoming its hatred, for it never yet felt that paſſion, and I give myſelf too little concern about my enemies to have the merit of pardoning them. I will not ſay to what a degree, in order to torment me, they torment themſelves. I am at their mercy, they have unbounded power, and make of it what

uſe they pleaſe. There is but one thing in which I ſet them at defiance: which is in tormenting themſelves about me, to force me to give myſelf the leaſt trouble about them.

The day after my departure I had ſo perfectly forgotten what had paſſed, the parliament, Madame de Pompadour, M. de C.....l, Grimm, and D'Alembert, with their conſpiracies, that, had not it been for the neceſſary precautions during the journey, I ſhould have thought no more of them. The remembrance of one thing which ſupplied the place of all theſe was what I had read the evening before my departure. I recollected alſo the paſtorals of Geſſner, which his tranſlator Hubert had ſent me a little time before. Theſe two ideas occurred to me ſo ſtrongly, and were connected in ſuch a manner in my mind, that I was determined to endeavour to unite them by treating, after the manner of Geſſner, the ſubject of the Levite of Ephraim. His paſtoral and ſimple ſtyle appeared to me but little fitted to ſo horrid a ſubject, and it was not to be preſumed the ſituation I was then in would furniſh me with ſuch ideas as would enliven it.

However I attempted the thing, ſolely to amuſe myſelf in my cabriolet, and without the leaſt hope of ſucceſs. I had no ſooner begun than I was aſtoniſhed at the livelineſs of my ideas, and the facility with which I expreſſed them. In three days I compoſed the three firſt cantos of the little poem which I finiſhed at Motiers, and I am certain of not having done any thing in my life in which there is a more intereſting mildneſs of manners, a greater brilliancy of colouring, more ſimple delineations, greater exactneſs of proportion, or more antique ſimplicity in general, notwithſtanding the horror of the ſubject which in itſelf is abominable, ſo that beſides every other merit I had ſtill that of a difficulty conquered. If the Levite of Ephraim be not the beſt of my works, it will ever be that moſt eſteemed. I have never read, nor ſhall I ever read it again without feeling interiorly the applauſe of a heart without acrimony, which, far from being embittered by misfortunes, is ſuſceptible of conſolation in the midſt of them, and finds within itſelf a reſource by which they are counterballanced. Aſſemble the great philoſophers, ſo ſuperior in their books to adverſity which they do not ſuffer,

place

place them in a ſituation ſimilar to mine, and, in the firſt moments of the indignation of their injured honour, give them a like work to compoſe, and it will be ſeen in what manner they will acquit themſelves of the taſk.

When I ſet off from Montmorenci to go into Switzerland, I had reſolved to ſtop at Yverdon, at the houſe of my old friend Roguin, who had ſeveral years before retired to that place, and had invited me to go and ſee him. I was told Lyons was not the direct road, for which reaſon I avoided going through it. But I was obliged to paſs through Beſançon, a fortified town and conſequently ſubject to the ſame inconvenience. I took it into my head to turn about and go to Salins, under the pretence of going to ſee M. de M.....n, the nephew of M. D...n, who had an employment at the ſalt-works, and formerly had given me many invitations to his houſe. The expedient ſucceeded: M. de M.....n was not in the way, and, happily, not being obliged to ſtop, I continued my journey without being ſpoken to by any body.

The moment I was within the territory of Berne, I ordered the poſtillion to ſtop; I got out of my carriage, proſtrated myſelf, kiſſed the ground, and exclaimed in a tranſport of joy: "Heaven, the protector of virtue, be praiſed, I touch a land of liberty!" Thus, blind and unſuſpecting in my hopes, have I ever been paſſionately attached to that which was to make me unhappy. The man thought me mad. I got into the carriage, and a few hours afterwards I had the pure and lively ſatisfaction of feeling myſelf preſſed within the arms of the reſpectable Roguin. Ah! let me breathe for a moment with this worthy hoſt! It is neceſſary I ſhould gain ſtrength and courage before I proceed farther. I ſhall ſoon find that in my way which will give employment to them both. It is not without reaſon that I have been diffuſe in the recital of all the circumſtances I have been able to recollect. Although they may ſeem unintereſting, yet, when once the thread of the conſpiracy is got hold of, they may throw ſome light upon the progreſs of it; and, for inſtance, without giving the firſt idea of the problem I am going to propoſe, afford ſome aid in reſolving it.

Suppoſe,

Suppoſe, that, for the execution of the conſpiracy of which I was the object, my abſence was abſolutely neceſſary, every thing tending to that effect could not have happened otherwiſe than it did; but if, without ſuffering myſelf to be alarmed by the nocturnal embaſſy of Madame de Luxembourg, I had continued to hold out, and, inſtead of remaining at the caſtle, had returned to my bed and quietly ſlept until morning, ſhould I have equally had an order of arreſt made out againſt me? This is a great queſtion upon which the ſolution of many others depends, and for the examination of it, the hour of the comminatory decree of arreſt, and that of the real decree may be remarked to advantage. A rude but ſenſible example of the importance of the leaſt detail in the expoſition of facts, of which the ſecret cauſes are ſought for to diſcover them by induction.

END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

THE CONFESSIONS OF J. J. ROUSSEAU.

BOOK XII.

WITH this book begins the work of darkneſs, in which I have for the laſt eight years been enveloped, though it has not by any means been poſſible for me to penetrate the dreadful obſcurity. In the abyſs of evil into which I am plunged, I feel the blows reach me, without perceiving the hand by which they are directed, or the means it employs. Shame and misfortune ſeem of themſelves to fall upon me. When in the affliction of my heart I ſuffer a groan to eſcape me, I have the appearance of a man who complains without reaſon, and the authors of my ruin have the inconceivable art of

of rendering the public, unknown to itſelf, or without its perceiving the effects of it, accomplice in their conſpiracy. Therefore in my narrative of circumſtances relative to myſelf, of the treatment I have received, and all that has happened to me, I ſhall not be able to indicate the hand by which the whole has been directed, nor aſſign the cauſes, while I ſtate the effect. The primitive cauſes are all given in the preceding books; and every thing in which I am intereſted, and all the ſecret motives pointed out. But it is impoſſible for me to explain, even by conjecture, that in which the different cauſes are combined to operate the ſtrange events of my life. If amongſt my readers one even of them ſhould be generous enough to wiſh to examine the myſtery to the bottom, and diſcover the truth, let him carefully read over a ſecond time the three preceding books, afterwards at each fact he ſhall find ſtated in the books which follow, let him gain ſuch information as is within his reach, and go back from intrigue to intrigue, and from agent to agent, until he comes to the firſt mover of all. I know where his reſearches will terminate; but in the mean time I loſe myſelf in the

crooked and obſcure ſubterraneous path through which his ſteps muſt be directed.

During my ſtay at Yverdon, I became acquainted with all the family of my friend Roguin, and amongſt others with his niece, Madame Boy de la Tour, and her daughters, whoſe father, as I think I have already obſerved, I formerly knew at Lyons. She was at Yverdon, upon a viſit to her uncle and his ſiſter; her eldeſt daughter, about fifteen years of age, delighted me by her fine underſtanding and excellent diſpoſition. I conceived the moſt tender friendſhip for the mother and the daughter. The latter was deſtined by M. Roguin to the colonel, his nephew, a man already verging towards the decline of life, and who ſhewed me marks of great eſteem and affection; but although the heart of the uncle was ſet upon this marriage, which was much wiſhed for by the nephew alſo, and I was greatly deſirous to promote the ſatisfaction of both, the great diſproportion of age, and the extreme repugnancy of the young lady made me join with the mother in poſtponing the ceremony; and the affair was at length broken off.

off. The colonel has ſince married Mademoiſelle Dillan, his relation, beautiful, and amiable as my heart could wiſh, and who has made him the happieſt of huſbands and fathers. However, M. Roguin has not yet forgotten my oppoſition to his wiſhes. My conſolation is in the certainty of having diſcharged to him, and his family, the duty of the moſt pure friendſhip, which does not always conſiſt in being agreeable, but in adviſing for the beſt.

I did not remain long in doubt about the reception which awaited me at Geneva, had I choſen to return to that city. My book was burned there, and on the 18th of June, nine days after an order to arreſt me had been given at Paris, another to the ſame effect was determined upon by the republic. So many incredible abſurdities were ſtated in this ſecond decree, in which the eccleſiaſtical edict was formally violated, that I refuſed to believe the firſt accounts I heard of it, and when theſe were well confirmed, I trembled leſt ſo manifeſt an infraction of every law, beginning with that of common ſenſe, ſhould create the greateſt confuſion in the city. I was, however,

relieved from my fears; every thing remained quiet. If there was any rumour amongſt the populace it was unfavourable to me, and I was publicly treated by all the goſſips and pedants like a ſcholar threatened with a flogging for not having ſaid his catechiſm.

Theſe two decrees were the ſignal for the cry of malediction, raiſed againſt me with unexampled fury in every part of Europe. All the gazettes, journals, and pamphlets, rang the alarm bell. The French eſpecially, that mild, generous, and poliſhed people, who ſo much pique themſelves upon their attention and proper condeſcenſion to the unfortunate, inſtantly forgetting their favourite virtues, ſignalized themſelves by the number and violence of the outrages with which, while each ſeemed to ſtrive who ſhould afflict me moſt, they overwhelmed me. I was impious, an atheiſt, a madman, a wild beaſt, a wolf. The continuator of the Journal of Trevoux was guilty of a piece of extravagance in attacking my pretended Lycanthropy, which was no mean proof of his own. A ſtranger would have thought an author in Paris was afraid of incurring the

the animadverſion of the police, by publiſhing a work of any kind without cramming into it ſome inſult to me. I ſought in vain the cauſe of this unanimous animoſity, and was almoſt tempted to believe the world was gone mad. What! ſaid I to myſelf, the editor of the Perpetual Peace, ſpread diſcord; the author of the Confeſſion of the Savoyard, Vicar impious; the writer of the new Eloiſa, a wolf; the author of Emilius, a madman! Gracious God! what then ſhould I have been had I publiſhed the Treatiſe, *de l'Eſprit* or any ſimilar work? And yet in the ſtorm raiſed againſt the author of that book, the public, far from joining the cry of his perſecutors, revenged him of them by eulogium. Let his book and mine, the receptions the two works met with, and the treatment of the two authors in the different countries of Europe, be compared; and for the difference let cauſes, ſatisfactory to a man of ſenſe be found, and I will aſk no more.

I found the reſidence of Yverdon ſo agreeable that I reſolved to yield to the ſolicitations of M. Roguin and his family, who were deſirous of keeping me there. M. de Moiry de Gingins,

Gingins, bailiff of that city, encouraged me by his goodneſs to remain within his juriſdiction. The colonel preſſed me ſo much to accept for my habitation a little pavillion he had in his houſe between the court and garden, that I complied with his requeſt, and he immediately furniſhed it with every thing neceſſary for my little houſhold eſtabliſhment.

The banneret Roguin, one of the perſons who ſhewed me the moſt aſſiduous attention, did not leave me for an inſtant during the whole day. I was much flattered by his civilities but they ſometimes importuned me. The day on which I was to take poſſeſſion of my new habitation was already fixed, and I had written to Thérèſa to come to me, when ſuddenly a ſtorm was raiſed againſt me in Berne, which was attributed to the devotees, but I have never been able to learn the cauſe of it. The ſenate, excited againſt me, without my knowing by whom, did not ſeem diſpoſed to ſuffer me to remain undiſturbed in my retreat. The moment the bailiff was informed of the new fermentation, he wrote in my favour to ſeveral of the members of the government, reproach-

reproaching them with their blind intolerance, and telling them it was ſhameful to refuſe to a man of merit, under oppreſſion, the aſylum which ſuch a numerous banditti found in their ſtates. Senſible people were of opinion the warmth of his reproaches had rather embittered than ſoftened the minds of the magiſtrates. However this may be, neither his influence nor eloquence could ward off the blow. Having received an intimation of the order he was to ſignify to me, he gave me a previous communication of it; and that I might not wait its arrival, I réſolved to ſet off the next day. The difficulty was to know where to go to, finding myſelf ſhut out from Geneva and all France, and foreſeeing that in this affair each ſtate would be anxious to imitate its neighbour.

Madame Boy de la Tour, propoſed to me to go and reſide in an uninhabited, but completely furniſhed houſe, which belonged to her ſon in the village of Motiers, in the Val de Travers, in the county of Neuchâtel. I had only a mountain to croſs to arrive at it. The offer came the more opportunely, as in the

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ſtates of the king of Pruſſia I ſhould naturally be ſheltered from all perſecution, at leaſt religion could not ſerve as a pretext for it. But a ſecret difficulty, improper for me at that moment to divulge, had in it that which was very ſufficient to make me heſitate. The innate love of juſtice, to which my heart was conſtantly ſubject, added to my ſecret inclination to France, had inſpired me with an averſion to the king of Pruſſia, who, by his maxims and conduct, ſeemed to tread under-foot all reſpect for natural law and every duty of humanity. Amongſt the framed engravings, with which I had decorated my alcove at Montmorenci, was a portrait of this prince, and under it a diſtich, the laſt line of which was as follows:

Il penſe en philoſophe, et ſe conduit en roi *.

This verſe, which from any other pen would have been a fine eulogium, from mine had an unequivocal meaning, and too clearly explained the verſe by which it was preceded. The diſtich had been read by every body who came

* He thinks like a philoſopher, and acts like a king.

to

to ſee me, and my viſitors were numerous. The Chevalier de Lorenzy had even written it down to give it to D'Alembert, and I had no doubt but D'Alembert had taken care to make my court with it to the prince. I had alſo aggravated this firſt fault by a paſſage in Emilius, where, under the name of Adraſtus, king of the Daunians, it was clearly ſeen whom I had in view, and the remark had not eſcaped critics, becauſe Madame de Bouffiers had ſeveral times mentioned the ſubject to me. I was, therefore, certain of being inſcribed in red ink in the regiſters of the king of Pruſſia, and beſides, ſuppoſing his majeſty to have the principles I had dared to attribute to him, he, for that reaſon, could not but be diſpleaſed with my writings and their author; for every body knows the worthleſs part of mankind and tyrants have never failed to conceive the moſt mortal hatred againſt me, ſolely on reading my works, without being acquainted with my perſon.

However, I had preſumption enough to depend upon his mercy, and was far from thinking I ran much riſk. I knew none but weak men

men were ſlaves to the baſe paſſions, and that theſe had but little power over ſtrong minds, ſuch as I had always thought his to be. According to his art of reigning, I thought he could not but ſhew himſelf magnanimous on this occaſion, and that being ſo in fact was not above his character. I thought a mean and eaſy vengeance would not for a moment counterbalance his love of glory, and putting myſelf in his place, his taking advantage of circumſtances to overwhelm with the weight of his generoſity a man who had dared to think ill of him, did not appear to me impoſſible. I therefore went to ſettle at Motiers, with a confidence of which I imagined he would feel all the value, and ſaid to myſelf: When Jean Jaques riſes to the elevation of Coriolanus, will Frederic ſink below the General of the Volſci?

Colonel Roguin inſiſted on croſſing the mountain with me, and inſtalling me at Motiers. A ſiſter-in-law to Madame Boy de la Tour, named Madame Girardier, to whom the houſe in which I was going to live was very convenient, did not ſee me arrive there with pleaſure; however, ſhe with a good grace put

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me in poſſeſſion of my lodging, and I eat with her until Thérèſa came, and my little eſtabliſhment was formed.

Perceiving at my departure from Montmorenci I ſhould in future be a fugitive upon the earth, I heſitated about permitting her to come to me and partake of the wandering life to which I ſaw myſelf condemned. I felt the nature of our relation to each other was about to change, and that what until then had on my part been favour and friendſhip, would in future become ſo on hers. If her attachment was proof againſt my misfortunes, to this I knew ſhe muſt become a victim, and that her grief would add to my pain. Should my diſgrace weaken her affections, ſhe would make me conſider her conſtancy as a ſacrifice, and inſtead of feeling the pleaſure I had in dividing with her my laſt morſel of bread, ſhe would ſee nothing but her own merit in following me wherever I was driven by fate.

I muſt ſay every thing; I have never concealed the vices either of my poor mamma or myſelf; I cannot be more favourable to Thérèſa,

rèſa, and whatever pleaſure I may have in doing honour to a perſon who is dear to me, I will not diſguiſe the truth, although it may diſcover in her an error, if an involuntary change of the affections of the heart be one. I had long perceived hers to grow cooller towards me, and that ſhe was no longer for me what ſhe had been in our younger days. Of this I was the more ſenſible, as for her I was what I had always been. I fell into the ſame inconvenience as that of which I had felt the effect with mamma, and this effect was the ſame now I was with Thérèſa. Let us not ſeek for perfection, which nature never produces; it would be the ſame thing with any other woman. The manner in which I had diſpoſed of my children, however reaſonable it had appeared to me, had not always left my heart at eaſe. While writing my Treatiſe on Education, I felt I had neglected duties with which it was not poſſible to diſpenſe. Remorſe at length became ſo ſtrong that it almoſt forced from me a public confeſſion of my fault at the beginning of my Emilius, and the paſſage is ſo clear, that it is aſtoniſhing any perſon ſhould, after reading it, have had the courage

to

to reproach me with my error. My ſituation was however ſtill the ſame, or ſomething worſe, by the animoſity of my enemies, who ſought to find me in a fault. I feared a relapſe, and unwilling to run the riſk, I preferred abſtinence to expoſing Thérèſa to a ſimilar mortification. I had beſides remarked that a connection with women was prejudicial to my health; this double reaſon made me form reſolutions to which I had ſometimes but badly kept, but for the laſt three or four years I had more conſtantly adhered to them. It was in this interval I had remarked Thérèſa's coolneſs; ſhe had the ſame attachment to me from duty, but not the leaſt from love. Our intercourſe naturally became leſs agreeable, and I imagined that, certain of the continuation of my cares wherever ſhe might be, ſhe would chuſe to ſtay at Paris rather than to wander with me. Yet ſhe had given ſuch ſigns of grief at our parting, had required of me ſuch poſitive promiſes that we ſhould meet again, and, ſince my departure, had expreſſed to the prince de Conti and M. de Luxembourg ſo ſtrong a deſire of it, that, far from having the courage to ſpeak to her of ſeparation, I ſcarcely

had enough to think of it myſelf; and after having felt in my heart how impoſſible it was for me to do without her, all I thought of afterwards was to recal her to me as ſoon as poſſible. I wrote to her to this effect, and ſhe came. It was ſcarcely two months ſince I had quitted her; but it was our firſt ſeparation after an union of ſo many years. We had both of us felt it moſt cruelly. What emotion in our firſt embrace! O how delightful are the tears of tenderneſs and joy! How does my heart drink them up! Why have not I had reaſon to ſhed them more frequently?

On my arrival at Motiers I had written to a Lord Keith, marſhal of Scotland, and governor of Neuchâtel, informing him of my retreat into the ſtates of his Pruſſian majeſty, and requeſting of him his protection He anſwered me with his well known generoſity, and in the manner I had expected from him. He invited me to his houſe. I went with M. Martinet, lord of the manor of Val de Travers, who was in great favour with his excellency. The venerable appearance of this il-

luſtrious and virtuous Scotchman, powerfully affected my heart, and from that inſtant began between him and me the ſtrong attachment, which on my part, ſtill remains the ſame, and would be ſo on his, had not the traitors, who have deprived me of all the conſolations of life, taken advantage of my abſence to deceive his old age and depreciate me in his eſteem.

George Keith, hereditary marſhal of Scotland, and brother to the famous General Keith who lived glorioufly and died in the bed of honour, had quitted his country at a very early age, and was proſcribed on account of his attachment to the houſe of Stuart. With that houſe, however, he ſoon became diſguſted by the unjuſt and tyrannical ſpirit he remarked in the ruling character of the Stuart family. He lived a long time in Spain, the climate of which pleaſed him exceedingly, and at length attached himſelf, as his brother had done, to the ſervice of the king of Pruſſia, who knew men and gave them the reception they merited. His majeſty received a great return for this reception, in the ſervices rendered

dered him by Marſhal Keith, and by what was infinitely more precious, the ſincere friendſhip of his lordſhip. The great mind of this worthy man, haughty and republican, could ſtoop to no other yoke than that of friendſhip, but to this it was ſo obedient, that with very different maxims, he ſaw nothing but Frederic the moment he became attached to him. The king charged the marſhal with affairs of importance, ſent him to Paris, to Spain, and at length, ſeeing he was already advanced in years, let him retire with the government of Neuchâtel, and the delightful employment of paſſing there the remainder of his life in rendering the inhabitants happy.

The people of Neuchâtel, whoſe manners are trivial, know not how to diſtinguiſh ſolid merit, and ſuppoſe wit to conſiſt in long diſcourſes. When they ſaw a ſedate man of ſimple manners appear amongſt them, they miſtook his ſimplicity for haughtineſs, his candour for ruſticity, his laconiciſm for ſtupidity, and rejected his benevolent cares, becauſe, wiſhing to be uſeful, and not being a ſycophant, he knew not how to flatter people he did not eſteem.

eſteem. In the ridiculous affair of the miniſter Petitpierre, who was diſplaced by his colleagues, for having been unwilling they ſhould be eternally damned, my Lord, oppoſing the uſurpations of the miniſters, ſaw the whole country of which he took the part, riſe up againſt him, and when I arrived there, the ſtupid murmur had not entirely ſubſided. He paſſed for a man influenced by the prejudices with which he was inſpired by others, and of all the imputations brought againſt him this was the moſt devoid of truth. My firſt ſentiment on ſeeing this venerable old man, was that of tender commiſeration, on account of his extreme leanneſs of body, years having already left him little elſe but ſkin and bone; but when I raiſed my eyes to his animated, open, and noble countenance, I felt a reſpect, mingled with confidence, which abſorbed every other ſentiment. He anſwered the very ſhort compliment I made him when firſt I came into his preſence by ſpeaking of ſomething elſe, as if I had already been a week in his houſe. He did not bid us ſit down. The ſtupid Chatelain, the lord of the manor, remained ſtanding. For my part, I at firſt ſight ſaw in the

fine and piercing eye of his lordſhip ſomething ſo conciliating that, feeling myſelf entirely at eaſe, I, without ceremony, took my ſeat by his ſide upon the ſopha. By the familiarity of his manner I immediately perceived the liberty I took gave him pleaſure, and that he ſaid to himſelf: this is not a Neuchâtelois.

Singular effect of the ſimilarity of characters! at an age when the heart loſes its natural warmth, that of this good old man grew warm by his attachment to me to a degree which ſurpriſed every body. He came to ſee me at Motiers under the pretence of quail ſhooting, and ſtaid there two days without touching a gun. We conceived ſuch a friendſhip for each other that we knew not how to live ſeparate: the caſtle of Colombier, where he paſſed the ſummer, was ſix leagues from Motiers; I went there at leaſt once a fortnight, and made a ſtay of twenty-fours hours, and then returned like a pilgrim with my heart full of affection for my hoſt. The emotion I had formerly experienced in my journeys from the Hermitage to Eaubonne, was certainly very

different, but it was not more pleaſing than that with which I approached Colombier.

What tears of tenderneſs have I ſhed when on the road to it, while thinking of the paternal goodneſs, amiable virtues, and charming philoſophy of this reſpectable old man! I called him father, and he called me ſon. Theſe affectionate names give, in ſome meaſure, an idea of the attachment by which we were united, but by no means that of the want we felt of each other, nor of our continual deſire to be together. He would abſolutely give me an apartment at the caſtle of Colombier, and for a long time preſſed me to take up my reſidence in that in which I lodged during my viſits. I at length told him I was more free and at my eaſe in my own houſe, and that I had rather continue until the end of my life to come and ſee him. He approved of my candour, and never afterwards ſpoke to me upon the ſubject. Oh, my good lord! Oh, my worthy father! How is my heart ſtill moved when I think of your goodneſs? Ah, barbarous wretches! how deeply did they wound me when they deprived me of your friendſhip! But no, great

man, you are and will ever be the ſame for me, who am always the ſame. You have been deceived, but you are not changed.

My Lord Marechal is not without faults; he is a man of wiſdom, but he is ſtill a man. With the greateſt penetration, the niceſt diſcrimination, and the moſt profound knowledge of men, he ſometimes ſuffers himſelf to be deceived and never recovers his error. His temper is very ſingular and foreign to his general turn of mind. He ſeems to forget the people he ſees every day, and thinks of them in a moment when they leaſt expect it; his attention ſeems ill-timed; his preſents are dictated by caprice and not by propriety. He gives or ſends in an inſtant whatever comes into his head, be the value of it ever ſo ſmall. A young Geneveſe, deſirous of entering into the ſervice of Pruſſia, made a perſonal application to him; his lordſhip, inſtead of giving him a letter, gave him a little bag of peas, which he deſired him to carry to the king. On receiving this ſingular recommendation his majeſty gave a commiſſion to the bearer of it. Theſe elevated geniuſes have between themſelves a language

language which the vulgar will never underſtand. The whimſical manner of my Lord Marechal, ſomething like the caprice of a fine woman, rendered him ſtill more intereſting to me. I was certain, and afterwards had proofs, that it had not the leaſt influence over his ſentiments, nor did it affect the cares preſcribed by friendſhip on ſerious occaſions. Yet in his manner of obliging there is the ſame ſingularity as in his manners in general. Of this I will give one inſtance relative to a matter of no great importance. The journey from Motiers to Colombier being too long for me to perform in one day, I commonly divided it by ſetting off after dinner and ſleeping at Brot, which is half way. The landlord of the houſe where I ſtopt, named Saudoz, having to ſolicit at Berlin a favour of importance to him, begged I would requeſt his excellency to aſk it in his behalf. Moſt willingly, ſaid I, and took him with me. I left him in the anti-chamber, and mentioned the matter to his lordſhip who returned me no anſwer. After paſſing with him the whole morning, I ſaw, as I croſſed the hall to go to dinner, poor Sandoz who was fatigued to death with waiting. Thinking the

governor had forgotten what I had ſaid to him, I again ſpoke of the buſineſs before we ſat down to table; but ſtill received no anſwer. I thought this manner of making me feel I was importunate rather ſevere, and, pitying the the poor man in waiting, held my tongue. On my return the next day I was much ſurpriſed at the thanks he returned me for the good dinner his excellency had given him after receiving his paper. Three weeks afterwards his lordſhip ſent him the reſcript he had ſolicited, diſpatched by the miniſter, and ſigned by the king, and this without having ſaid a word either to myſelf or Sandoz concerning the buſineſs, about which I thought he did not chuſe to give himſelf the leaſt concern.

I could wiſh inceſſantly to ſpeak of George Keith; from him proceeds my recollection of the laſt happy moments I have enjoyed; the reſt of my life, ſince our ſeparation, has been paſſed in affliction and grief of heart. The remembrance of this is ſo melancholy and confuſed that it was impoſſible for me to obſerve the leaſt order in what I write, ſo that in future

ture I ſhall be under the neceſſity of ſtating facts without giving them a regular arrangement.

I was ſoon relieved from my inquietude ariſing from the uncertainty of my aſylum, by the anſwer from his majeſty to the lord marſhal, in whom, as it will readily be believed, I had found an able advocate. The king not only approved of what he had done, but deſired him, for I muſt relate every thing, to give me twelve louis. The good old man, rather embarraſſed by the commiſſion, and not knowing how to execute it properly, endeavoured to ſoften the inſult by transforming the money into proviſions, and writing to me that he had received orders to furniſh me with wood and coal to begin my little eſtabliſhment: he moreover added, and perhaps from himſelf, that his majeſty would willingly build me a little houſe, ſuch a one as I ſhould chuſe to have, provided I would fix upon the ground. I was extremely ſenſible of the kindneſs of the laſt offer, which made me forget the weakneſs of the other. Without accepting either, I conſidered Frederic as my benefactor and pro-

tector, and became so sincerely attached to him, that from that moment I interested myself as much in his glory as until then I had thought his successes unjust. At the peace he made soon after, I expressed my joy by an illumination in a very good taste: it was a string of garlands, with which I decorated the house I inhabited, and in which, it is true, I had the vindictive haughtiness to spend almost as much money as he had wished to give me. The peace ratified, I thought as he was at the highest pinnacle of military and political fame, he would think of acquiring that of another nature, by re-animating his states, encouraging in them commerce and agriculture, creating a new soil, covering it with a new people, maintaining peace amongst his neighbours, and becoming the arbitrator, after having been the terror, of Europe. He was in a situation to sheath his sword without danger, certain that no sovereign would oblige him again to draw it. Perceiving he did not disarm, I was afraid he would profit but little by the advantages he had gained, and be great by halves. I dared to write to him upon the subject, and with a familiarity of a nature to please men of his character,

character, conveying to him the ſacred voice of truth, which but few kings are worthy to hear. The liberty I took was a ſecret between him and myſelf. I did not communicate it even to the lord marſhal, to whom I ſent my letter to the king ſealed up. His lordſhip forwarded my diſpatch without aſking what it contained. His majeſty returned me no anſwer, and the marſhal going ſoon after to Berlin, the king told him he had received from me a ſcolding. By this I underſtood my letter had been ill received, and that the frankneſs of my zeal had been miſtaken for the ruſticity of a pedant. In fact, this might poſſibly be the caſe; perhaps I did not ſay what was neceſſary, nor in the manner proper to the occaſion. All I can anſwer for is the ſentiment which induced me to take up my pen.

Shortly after my eſtabliſhment at Motiers Travers, having every poſſible aſſurance I ſhould be ſuffered to remain there in peace, I took the Armenian habit. This was not the firſt time I had thought of doing it. I had formerly had the ſame intention, particularly at Montmorenci, where the frequent uſe of

probes often obliging me to keep my chamber, made me more clearly perceive the advantages of a long robe. The convenience of an Armenian taylor, who frequently came to ſee a relation he had at Montmorenci, almoſt tempted me to determine on taking this new dreſs, troubling myſelf but little about what the world would ſay of it. Yet, before I concluded upon the matter, I wiſhed to take the opinion of M. de Luxembourg, who immediately adviſed me to follow my inclination. I therefore procured a little Armenian wardrobe, but on account of the ſtorm raiſed againſt me, I was induced to poſtpone making uſe of it until I ſhould enjoy tranquillity, and it was not until ſome months afterwards that, forced by new attacks of my diſorder, I thought I could properly, and without the leaſt riſk, put on my new dreſs at Motiers, eſpecially after having conſulted the paſtor of the place, who told me I might wear it even in the temple without indecency. I then adopted the waiſtcoat, caſſetan, fur bonnet, and girdle; and after having, in this dreſs, attended divine ſervice, I ſaw no impropriety in going in it to viſit his lordſhip. His excellency, on ſeeing me clothed

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in this manner, made me no other compliment than that which conſiſted in ſaying *Salamalchi*, after which nothing more was ſaid upon the ſubject, and I continued to wear my new dreſs.

Having quite abandoned literature, all I now thought of was leading a quiet life, and one as agreeable as I could make it. When alone, I have never felt wearineſs of mind, not even in complete inaction; my imagination filling up every void, was ſufficient to keep up my attention. The inactive babbling of a private circle, where, ſeated oppoſite to each other, they, who ſpeak move nothing but the tongue, is the only thing I have ever been unable to ſupport. When walking and rambling about, there is ſome ſatisfaction in converſation; the feet and eyes do ſomething; but to hear people with their arms acroſs ſpeak of the weather, of the biting of flies, or what is ſtill worſe, compliment each other, is to me an inſupportable torment. That I might not live like a ſavage, I took it into my head to learn to make laces. Like the women I carried my cuſhion with me when I went to make viſits, or ſat down to work at

my door, and chatted with paſſers by. This made me the better ſupport the emptineſs of babbling, and enabled me to paſs my time with my female neighbours without wearineſs. Several of theſe were very amiable and not devoid of wit. One in particular, Iſabella d'Ivernois, daughter of the attorney-general of Neuchâtel. I found ſo eſtimable as to induce me to enter with her into terms of particular friendſhip, from which ſhe derived ſome advantage by the uſeful advice I gave her, and the ſervices ſhe received from me on occaſions of importance, ſo that now a worthy and virtuous mother of a family, ſhe is perhaps indebted to me for her reaſon, her huſband, her life, and happineſs. On my part, I received from her, ſoft conſolation, particularly during a melancholy winter, throughout the whole of which, when my ſufferings were moſt cruel, ſhe came to paſs with Thérèſa and me long evenings, which ſhe made very ſhort to us by her agreeable converſation, and our mutual openneſs of heart. She called me papa, and I called her daughter, and theſe names, which we ſtill give to each other, will, I hope, continue to be as dear to her as they are to me.

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That my laces might be of ſome utility, I gave them to my young female friends at their marriages, upon condition of their ſucking their children; Iſabella's eldeſt ſiſter had one upon theſe terms, and well deſerved it by her obſervance of them: Iſabella herſelf, alſo received another, which, by intention, ſhe as fully merited. She has not been happy enough to be able to purſue her inclination. When I ſent the laces to the two ſiſters, I wrote each of them a letter; the firſt has been ſhewn about in the world; the ſecond had not the ſame celebrity: friendſhip proceeds with leſs noiſe.

Amongſt the connections I made in my neighbourhood, of which I will not enter into a detail, I muſt mention that with colonel Pury, who had a houſe upon the mountain where he came to paſs the ſummer. I was not anxious to become acquainted with him, becauſe I knew he was upon bad terms at court, and with the lord marſhal, whom he did not viſit. Yet, as he came to ſee me, and ſhewed me much attention, I was under the neceſſity of returning his viſit; this was repeated, and we ſometimes dined with each other. At his houſe I became

acquainted

acquainted with M. Du Perou, and afterwards too intimately connected with him to paſs his name over in ſilence.

M. Du Perou was an American, ſon to a commandant of Surinam, whoſe ſucceſſor, M. le Chambrier, of Neuchâtel, married his widow. Left a widow a ſecond time, who came with her ſon to live in the country of her ſecond huſband.

Du Perou, an only ſon, very rich, and tenderly beloved by his mother, had been carefully brought up, and his education was not loſt upon him. He had acquired much knowledge, a taſte for the arts, and piqued himſelf upon his having cultivated his rational faculty: his Dutch appearance, yellow complexion, and ſilent and cloſe diſpoſition, favoured this opinion. Although young, he was already deaf and gouty. This rendered his motions deliberate and very grave, and although he was fond of diſputing, he in general ſpoke but little becauſe his hearing was bad. I was ſtruck with his exterior, and ſaid to myſelf, this is a thinker, a man of wiſdom, ſuch a one

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as any body would be happy to have for a friend. He frequently addreſſed himſelf to me without paying the leaſt compliment, and this ſtrengthened the favourable opinion I had already formed of him. He ſaid but little to me of myſelf or my books, and ſtill leſs of himſelf; he was not deſtitute of ideas, and what he ſaid was juſt. This juſtneſs and equality attracted my regard. He had neither the elevation of mind, nor the diſcrimination of the lord marſhal, but he had all his ſimplicity; this was ſtill repreſenting him in ſomething. I did not become infatuated with him, but he acquired my attachment from eſteem; and by degrees this eſteem led to friendſhip, and I totally forgot the objection I made to the baron Holbach: that he was too rich.

For a long time I ſaw but little of Du Perou, becauſe I did not go to Neuchâtel, and he came but once a year to the mountain of colonel Pury. Why did not I go to Neuchâtel? This proceeded from a childiſhneſs upon which I muſt not be ſilent.

Although protected by the king of Pruſſia and the lord marſhal, while I avoided perſecu-

tion

tion in my aſylum, I did not avoid the murmurs of the public, of municipal magiſtrates and miniſters. After what had happened in France it became faſhionable to inſult me; theſe people would have been afraid to ſeem to diſapprove of what my perſecutors had done by not imitating them. The *claſs* of Neuchâtel, that is, the miniſters of that city, gave the impulſe, by endeavouring to move the council of ſtate againſt me. This attempt not having ſucceeded, the miniſters addreſſed themſelves to the municipal magiſtrate, who immediately prohibited my book treating me on all occaſions with but little civility, and ſaying, that had I wiſhed to reſide in the city I ſhould not have been ſuffered to do it. They filled their Mercury with abſurdities, and the moſt ſtupid hypocriſy, which, although it made every man of ſenſe laugh, animated the people againſt me. This, however, did not prevent them from ſetting forth that I ought to be very grateful for their permitting me to live at Motiers, where they had no authority: they would willingly have meaſured me the air by the pint, provided I had paid for it a dear price. They would have it that I was obliged to them

for

for the protection the king granted me in ſpite of the efforts they inceſſantly made to deprive me of it. Finally, failing of ſucceſs, after having done me all the injury they could, and defamed me to the utmoſt of their power, they made a merit of their impotence, by boaſting of their goodneſs in ſuffering me to ſtay in their country. I ought to have laughed at their vain efforts, but I was fooliſh enough to be vexed at them, and had the weakneſs to be unwilling to go to Necuchâtel, to which I yielded for almoſt two years, as if it was not doing too much honour to ſuch wretches, to pay attention to their proceedings, which, good or bad, could not be imputed to them, becauſe they never act but from a foreign impulſe. Beſides, minds without ſenſe or knowledge, whoſe objects of eſteem are influence, power, and money, are far from imagining even that ſome reſpect is due to talents, and that it is diſhonourable to injure and inſult them.

A certain mayor of a village, who for ſundry malverſations had been deprived of his office, ſaid to the lieutenant of Val-de-Travers, the

the huſband of Iſabella: *I am told this Rouſſeau has great wit; bring him to me that I may ſee whether he has or not.* The diſapprobation of ſuch a man ought certainly to have no effect upon thoſe on whom it falls.

After the treatment I had received at Paris, Geneva, Berne, and even at Neuchâtel, I expected no favour from the paſtor of this place. I had however been recommended to him by Madame Boy de la Tour, and he had given me a good reception; but in that country where every new comer is indiſcriminately flattered civilities ſignify but little. Yet, after my ſolemn union with the reformed church, and living in a proteſtant country, I could not, without failing in my engagements, as well as in the duty of a citizen, neglect the public profeſſion of the religion into which I had entered: I therefore attended divine ſervice. On the other hand, had I gone to the holy table, I was afraid of expoſing myſelf to a refuſal, and it was by no means probable, that after the tumult excited at Geneva by the council, and at Neuchâtel by the *claſſe*, (the miniſters), he would without difficulty, adminiſter to me the ſacrament in his church. The time of com-

communion approaching, I wrote to M. de Montmolin, the miniſter, to prove to him my deſire of communicating and declaring myſelf heartily united to the Proteſtant church; I alſo told him, in order to avoid diſputing upon articles of faith, that I would not hearken to any particular explanation of the point of doctrine. After taking theſe ſteps, I made myſelf eaſy, not doubting but M. de Montmolin would refuſe to admit me without the preliminary diſcuſſion to which I refuſed to conſent, and that in this manner every thing would be at an end without any fault of mine. I was deceived: when I leaſt expected any thing of the kind, M. de Montmolin came to declare to me, not only that he admitted me to the communion under the clauſe which I had propoſed, but that he and the elders thought themſelves much honoured by my being one of their flock. I never in my whole life felt greater ſurprize, or received from it more conſolation. Living always alone and unconnected, appeared to me a melancholy deſtiny, eſpecially in adverſity. In the midſt of ſo many proſcriptions and perſecutions, I found it extremely agreeable to be able to ſay to myſelf; I am at leaſt amongſt my brethren; and I went

to

to the communion with an emotion of heart, and my eyes ſuffuſed with tears of tenderneſs, which perhaps were the moſt agreeable preparation to him to whoſe table I was drawing near.

Sometime afterwards his lordſhip ſent me a letter from Madame de Boufflers, which he had received, at leaſt I preſumed ſo, by means of D'Alembert, who was acquainted with the marechal. In this letter, the firſt that lady had written to me after my departure from Montmorenci, ſhe rebuked me ſeverely for having written to M. de Montmolin, and eſpecially for having communicated. I the leſs underſtood what ſhe meaned by her reproof, as after my journey to Geneva, I had conſtantly declared myſelf a Proteſtant, and had gone publicly to the Hotel de Hollande, without incurring the leaſt cenſure from any body. It appeared to me diverting enough, that Madame de Boufflers ſhould wiſh to direct my conſcience in matters of religion. However, as I had no doubt of the purity of her intention, I was not offended by this ſingular ſally, and I anſwered her without anger, ſtating to her my reaſons.

Calumnies

Calumnies in print were ſtill induſtriouſly circulated, and their benign authors reproached the different powers with treating me too mildly. For my part, I let them ſay and write what they pleaſed, without giving myſelf the leaſt concern about the matter. I was told there was a cenſure from the Sorbonne, but this I could not believe. What could the Sorbonne have to do in the matter? Did the doctors wiſh to know to a certainty I was not a Catholic? Every body already knew I was not one. Were they deſirous of proving I was not a good Calviniſt? Of what conſequence was this to them? It was taking upon themſelves a ſingular caſe, and becoming the ſubſtitutes of our miniſters. Before I ſaw this publication I thought it was diſtributed in the name of the Sorbonne, by way of mockery: and when I had read it I was convinced this was the caſe. But when at length there was not a doubt of its authenticity, all I could bring myſelf to believe was, that the learned doctors would have been better placed in a mad-houſe than they were in the college.

I was more affected by another publication, becauſe it came from a man for whom I always had

had an eſteem, and whoſe conſtancy I admired, though I pitied his blindneſs. I mean the mandatory letter againſt me by the archbiſhop of Paris. I thought to return an anſwer to it was a duty I owed myſelf. This I felt I could do without derogating from my dignity; the caſe was ſomething ſimilar to that of the king of Poland. I have always deteſted brutal diſputes, after the manner of Voltaire. I never combat but with dignity, and before I deign to defend myſelf I muſt be certain that he by whom I am attacked will not diſhonour my retort. I had no doubt but this letter was fabricated by the Jeſuits, and although they were at that time in diſtreſs, I diſcovered in it their old principle of cruſhing the wretched. I was therefore at liberty to follow my ancient maxim, by honouring the titulary author, and refuting the work, which I think I did completely.

I found my reſidence at Motiers very agreeable, and nothing was wanting to determine me to end my days there, but a certainty of the means of ſubſiſtence. Living is dear in that neighbourhood, and all my old projects had

had been overturned by the diſſolution of my houſehold arrangements at Montmorenci, the eſtabliſhment of others, the ſale or ſquandering of my furniture, and the expences incurred ſince my departure. The little capital which remained to me daily diminiſhed. Two or three years were ſufficient to conſume the remainder without my having the means of renewing it, except by again engaging in literary purſuits: a pernicious profeſſion which I had already abandoned. Perſuaded that every thing which concerned me would change, and that the public, recovered from its phrenzy, would make my perſecutors bluſh, all my endeavours tended to prolong my reſources until this happy revolution ſhould take place, after which I ſhould more at my eaſe chuſe a reſource from amongſt thoſe which might offer themſelves. To this effect I took up my Dictionary of Muſic, which ten years labour had ſo far advanced as to leave nothing wanting to it but the laſt corrections. My books, which I had lately received, enabled me to finiſh this work; my papers, ſent me by the ſame conveyance, furniſhed me with the means of beginning my memoirs to which I was determined to give my whole

whole attention. I began by tranſcribing the letters into a book, by which my memory might be guided in the order of facts and time. I had already ſelected thoſe I intended to keep for this purpoſe, and for ten years the ſeries was not interrupted. However, in preparing them for copying I found an interruption at which I was ſurpriſed. This was for almoſt ſix months, from October 1756, to March following. I recollected having put into my ſelection a number of letters from Diderot, De Leyre, Madame D'Epinay, Madame de Chenonceaux, &c. which filled up the void and were miſſing. What was become of them? Had any perſons laid their hands upon my papers whilſt they remained in the Hotel de Luxembourg? This was not conceivable, and I had ſeen M. de Luxembourg take the key of the chamber in which I had depoſited them. Many letters from different ladies, and all thoſe from Diderot, were without date, on which account I had been under the neceſſity of dating them from memory before they could be put in order, and thinking I might have committed errors, I again looked them over for the purpoſe of ſeeing whether or not I could

could find thoſe which ought to fill up the void. This experiment did not ſucceed. I perceived the vacancy to be real, and that the letters had certainly been taken away. By whom and for what purpoſe? This was what I could not comprehend. Theſe letters written prior to my great quarrels, and at the time of my firſt enthuſiaſm in the compoſition of Eloiſa, could not be intereſting to any perſon. They contained nothing more than cavilings by Diderot, jeerings from De Leyre, aſſurances of friendſhip from M. de Chenonceaux, and even Madame d'Epinay, with whom I was then upon the beſt of terms. To whom were theſe letters of conſequence? To what uſe were they to be put? It was not until ſeven years afterwards that I ſuſpected the nature of the theft. The deficiency being no longer doubtful, I looked over my rough drafts to ſee whether or not it was the only one. I found ſeveral, which on account of the badneſs of my memory, made me ſuppoſe others in the multitude of my papers. Thoſe I remarked were that of the *Morale Senſitive*, and the extract of the adventures of Lord Edward. The laſt, I confeſs, made me ſuſpect Madame de Luxembourg.

La Roche, her valet de chambre, had ſent me the papers, and I could think of nobody but herſelf to whom this fragment could be of conſequence; but what concern could the other give her, any more than the reſt of the letters miſſing, with which, even with evil intentions, nothing to my prejudice could be done, unleſs they were falſified? As for the Marechal, with whoſe real friendſhip for me, and invariable integrity, I was perfectly acquainted, I never could ſuſpect him for a moment. The moſt reaſonable ſuppoſition, after long tormenting my mind in endeavouring to diſcover the author of the theft, was that which imputed it to D'A.....t, who having thruſt himſelf into the company of Madame de Luxembourg, might have found means to turn over theſe papers, and take from amongſt them ſuch manuſcripts and letters as he might have thought proper, either for the purpoſe of endeavouring to embroil me with the writer of them, or to appropriate thoſe he ſhould find uſeful to his own private purpoſes. I imagined that, deceived by the title of *Morale Senſitive*, he might have ſuppoſed it to be the plan of a real treatiſe upon materialiſm, with which he would have armed

armed himſelf againſt me in a manner eaſy to be imagined. Certain that he would ſoon be undeceived by reading the ſketch, and determined to quit all literary purſuits, theſe larcenies gave me but little concern. They beſides were not the firſt the ſame hand had committed* upon me without my having complained of theſe pilferings. In a very little time I thought no more of the trick that had been played me, than if nothing had happened, and began to collect the materials I had left for the purpoſe of undertaking my projected confeſſions.

I had long thought the company of miniſters, or at leaſt the citizens and burgeſſes of Geneva, would remonſtrate againſt the infraction of the edict in the decree made againſt me. Every thing remained quiet, at leaſt to

* I had found in his *Elemens de Muſique* † ſeveral things taken from what I had written for the *Encyclopedie*, and which were given to him ſeveral years before the publication of his elements. I know not what he may have had to do with a book entituled *Dictionaire des Beaux Arts* ‡ but I found in it articles tranſcribed word for word from mine, and this long before the ſame articles were printed in the *Encyclopedie*.

† Elements of Muſic. ‡ Dictionary of the Fine Arts.

all exterior appearance; for diſcontent was general, and ready, on the firſt opportunity, openly to manifeſt itſelf. My friends, or perſons calling themſelves ſuch, wrote letter after letter exhorting me to come and put myſelf at their head, aſſuring me of public ſeparation from the council. The fear of the diſturbance and troubles which might be cauſed by my preſence, prevented me from acquieſcing with their deſires, and, faithful to the oath I had formerly made, never to take the leaſt part in any civil diſſention in my country, I choſe rather to let the offence remain as it was, and baniſh myſelf for ever from the country, than to return to it by means which were violent and dangerous. It is true, I expected the burgeſſes would make legal remonſtrances againſt an infraction in which their intereſts were deeply concerned; but no ſuch ſteps were taken. They who conducted the body of citizens ſought leſs the real redreſs of grievances than an opportunity to tender themſelves neceſſary. They caballed but were ſilent, and ſuffered me to be beſpattered by the goſſips and hypocrites ſet on to render me odious in the

eyes of the populace, and paſs upon them their boiſtering for a zeal in favour of religion.

After having, during a whole year, vainly expected that ſome one would remonſtrate againſt an illegal proceeding, and ſeeing myſelf abandoned by my fellow citizens, I determined to renounce my ungrateful country in which I never had lived, from which I had not received either inheritance or ſervices, and by which, in return for the honour I had endeavoured to do it, I ſaw myſelf ſo unworthily treated by unanimous conſent, ſince they, who ſhould have ſpoken, had remained ſilent. I therefore wrote to the firſt ſyndic for that year, to M. Favre, if I remember right, a letter in which I ſolemnly gave up my freedom of the city of Geneva, carefully obſerving in it, however, that decency and moderation, from which I have never departed in the acts of haughtineſs which, in my misfortunes, the cruelty of my enemies have frequently forced from me.

This ſtep opened the eyes of the citizens, who feeling they had neglected their own intereſts by abandoning my defence, took my

part when it was too late. They had griefs of their own which they joined to mine, and made theſe the ſubject of ſeveral well reaſoned repreſentations, which they ſtrengthened and extended, as the refuſal of the council, ſupported by the miniſtry of France, made them more clearly perceive the project formed to impoſe on them a yoke. Theſe altercations produced ſeveral pamphlets which were undeciſive, until that appeared entitled *Lettres ecrites de la Campagne* *, a work written in favour of the council, with infinite art, and by which the remonſtrating party, reduced to ſilence, was cruſhed for a time. This production, a laſting monument of the rare talents of its author, came from the attorney-general T....., a man of wit and an enlightened underſtanding, well verſed in the laws and government of the republic. *Siluit terra.*

The remonſtrators, recovered from their firſt overthrow, undertook to give an anſwer, and in time produced one which brought them off tolerably well. But they all looked to me,

* Letters written from the Country.

as

as the only perſon capable of combating a like adverſary with hope of ſucceſs. I confeſs I was of their opinion, and excited by my former fellow citizens, who thought it was my duty to aid them with my pen, as I had been the cauſe their embarraſſment, I undertook to refute the *Lettres ecrites de la Campagne*, and parodied the title of them by that of *Lettres ecrites de la Montagne*,* which I gave to mine. I wrote this anſwer ſo ſecretly, that, at a meeting I had at Thonon, with the chiefs of the male-contents to talk of their affairs, and where they ſhewed me a ſketch of their anſwer, I ſaid not a word of mine, which was quite ready, fearing obſtacles might ariſe relative to the impreſſion of it, ſhould the magiſtrate or my enemies hear of what I had done. This work was, however, known in France before the publication ; but government choſe rather to let it appear, than to ſuffer me to gueſs at the means by which my ſecret had been diſcovered. Concerning this I will ſtate what I know, which is but trifling : what I have conjectured ſhall remain with myſelf.

* Letter written from the Mountain.

I received, at Motiers, almoſt as many viſits as at the hermitage and Montmorenci; but theſe, for the moſt part were of a different kind. They who had formerly come to ſee me, were people, who having taſte, talents, and principles, ſomething ſimilar to mine, alledged them as the cauſes of their viſits, and introduced ſubjects on which I could converſe. At Motiers, the caſe was different, eſpecially with the viſitors who came from France. They were officers, or other perſons who had no taſte for literature, nor had many of them read my works, although, according to their own accounts, they had travelled thirty, forty, ſixty, and a hundred leagues to come, and ſee me, and admire the illuſtrious man, the very celebrated, the great man, &c. For from the time of my ſettling at Motiers, I received the moſt impudent flattery, from which the eſteem of thoſe with whom I aſſociated had formerly ſheltered me. As but few of my new viſitors deigned to tell me who or what they were, and as they had neither read nor caſt their eye over my works, nor had their reſearches and mine been directed to the ſame objects, I knew not what to ſpeak to them upon: I waited for what they

they had to ſay, becauſe it was for them to know and tell me the purpoſe of their viſit. It will naturally be imagined this did not produce converſations very intereſting to me, although they, perhaps, were ſo to my viſitors, according to the information they might wiſh to acquire: for as I was without ſuſpicion, I anſwered, without reſerve, to every queſtion they thought proper to aſk me, and they commonly went away as well informed as myſelf, of the particulars of my ſituation.

I was, for example, viſited in this manner by M. de Feins, equerry to the queen, and captain of cavalry, who had the patience to paſs ſeveral days at Motiers, and to follow me on foot even to la Ferriere, leading his horſe by the bridle, without having with me any point of union, except our acquaintance with Madamoiſelle Fell, and that we both played at *bilboquet*. *

Before this I had received another viſit much more extraordinary. Two men arrived

* A kind of cup and ball.

on foot, each leading a mule loaded with his little baggage, lodging at the inn, taking care of their mules and aſking to ſee me. By the equipage of theſe muleteers they were taken for ſmugglers, and the news that ſmugglers were come to ſee me was inſtantly ſpread. Their manner of addreſſing me ſufficiently ſhewed they were perſons of another deſcription; but without being ſmugglers they might be adventurers, and this doubt kept me for ſome time on my guard. They ſoon removed my apprehenſions. One was M. de Montauban, who had the title of Comte de la Tour-du-Pin, gentleman to the Dauphin; the other M. Daſtier de Carpentras, an old officer, who had his croſs of St. Louis in his pocket, becauſe he could not diſplay it. Theſe gentlemen, both very amiable, were men of ſenſe, and their manner of travelling, ſo much to my own taſte, aud but little like that of French gentlemen, in ſome meaſure, gained them my attachment, which an intercourſe with them ſerved to improve. Our acquaintance did not end with the viſit; it is ſtill kept up, and they have ſince been ſeveral times to ſee me, not on foot, that was very well for the firſt time;

but

but the more I have ſeen of theſe gentlemen, the leſs ſimilarity have I found between their taſte and mine; I have not diſcovered their maxims to be ſuch as I have ever obſerved, that my writings are familiar to them, or that there is any real ſympathy between them and myſelf. What therefore did they want with me? Why came they to ſee me with ſuch an equipage? Why repeat their viſit? Why were they ſo deſirous of having me for their hoſt? I did not at the time propoſe to myſelf theſe queſtions; but they have ſometimes occurred to me ſince.

Won by their advances, my heart abandoned itſelf without reſerve, eſpecially to M. Daſtier, with whoſe open countenance I was more particularly pleaſed. I even correſponded with him, and when I determined to print the Letters from the Mountain, I thought of addreſſing myſelf to him, to deceive thoſe by whom my packet was waited for upon the road to Holland. He had ſpoken to me a good deal, and perhaps purpoſely, upon the liberty of the preſs at Avignon; he offered me his ſervices ſhould I have any thing to print there:

I took advantage of the offer, and ſent him ſucceſſively by the poſt my firſt ſheets. After having kept theſe for ſome time, he ſent them back to me becauſe, ſaid he, no bookſeller dared to undertake them, and I was obliged to have recourſe to Rey, taking care to ſend my papers, one after the other, and not to part with thoſe which ſucceeded until I had advice of the reception of thoſe already ſent. Before the work was publiſhed, I found it had been ſeen in the office of the miniſters, and D'Eſcherny of Neuchâtel, ſpoke to me of a book, entitled, *De l'Homme de la Montagne*,* which d'H.....k had told him was by me. I aſſured him, and it was true, that I never had written a book which bore that title. When the letters appeared he became furious, and accuſed me of falſehood, although I had told him truth. By this means I was certain my manuſcript had been read, as I could not doubt of the fidelity of Rey, the moſt rational conjecture ſeemed to be, that my packets had been opened at the poſt-houſe.

Another acquaintance I made much about the ſame time, but which was begun by letters,

* Of the Man of the Mountain.

was

was that with M. Laliand of Nimes, who wrote to me from Paris, begging I would ſend him my profile; he ſaid he was in want of it for my buſt in marble, which Le Moine was making for him to be placed in his library. If this was a pretence invented to deceive me, it fully ſucceeded. I imagined that a man who wiſhed to have my buſt in marble in his library, had his head full of my works, conſequently of my principles, and that he loved me becauſe his mind was in uniſon with mine. It was natural this idea ſhould ſeduce me. I have ſince ſeen M. Laliand. I found him very ready to render me many trifling ſervices, and to concern himſelf in my little affairs, but I have my doubts of his having, in the few books he ever read, fallen upon any one of thoſe I have written. I do not know that he has a library, or that ſuch a thing is of any uſe to him; and for the buſt, he has a bad figure in plaiſter, by Le Moine, from which has been engraved an hideous portrait that bears my name, as if it bore to me ſome reſemblance.

The only Frenchman who ſeemed to come to ſee me, on account of my ſentiments, and his

his taſte for my works, was a young officer of the regiment of Limouſin, named Seguier de St. Briſſon. He made a figure in Paris, where he ſtill, perhaps, diſtinguiſhes himſelf, by his pleaſing talents and his wit. He came once to Montmorenci, the winter which preceded my cataſtrophe. I was pleaſed with his vivacity. He afterwards wrote to me at Motiers, and whether he wiſhed to flatter me, or that his head was turned with Emilius, he informed me he was about to quit the ſervice to live independently, and had begun to learn the trade of a carpenter. He had an elder brother, a captain in the ſame regiment, the favourite of the mother, who, a devotee to exceſs, and directed by I know not what hypocrite, did not treat the youngeſt ſon well, accuſing him of irreligion, and what was ſtill worſe, of the unpardonable crime of being connected with me. Theſe were the grievances, on account of which he was determined to break with his mother, and adopt the manner of life of which I have juſt ſpoken, all to play the part of the young Emilius. Alarmed at this petulance, I immediately wrote to him, endeavouring to make him change his reſolution, and my exhortations

exhortations were as ſtrong as I could make them. They had their effect. He returned to his duty, to his mother, and took back the reſignation he had given to the colonel, who had been prudent enough to make no uſe of it, that the young man might have time to reflect upon what he had done. St. Briſſon, cured of theſe follies, was guilty of another leſs alarming, but, to me, not leſs diſagreeable than the reſt: he became an author. He ſucceſſively publiſhed two or three pamphlets which announced a man not devoid of talents, but I have not to reproach myſelf with having encouraged him by my praiſes to continue to write.

Sometime afterwards he came to ſee me, and we made together a pilgrimage to the iſland of St. Pierre. During this journey I found him different from what I ſaw of him at Montmorenci. He had, in his manner, ſomething affected, which at firſt did not much diſguſt me, although I have ſince thought of it to his diſadvantage. He once viſited me at the hotel de St. Simon, as I paſſed through Paris on my way to England. I learned there what he had not told me, that he lived in the great world,

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and often viſited Madame de Luxembourg. Whilſt I was at Trie, I never heard from him, nor did he ſo much as make enquiry after me, by means of his relation Madamoiſelle Seguier, my neighbour. This lady never ſeemed favourably diſpoſed towards me. In a word, the infatuation of M. de St. Briſſon ended ſuddenly, like the connection of M. de Feins: but this man owed me nothing, and the former was under obligations to me, unleſs the follies I prevented him from committing, were nothing more than affectation; which might very poſſibly be the caſe.

I had viſits from Geneva alſo. The Delucs, father and ſon, ſucceſſively choſe me for their attendant in ſickneſs. The father was taken ill on the road, the ſon was already ſick when he left Geneva; they both came to my houſe. Miniſters, relations, hypocrites, and perſons of every deſcription came from Geneva and Switzerland, not like thoſe from France, to laugh at and admire me, but to rebuke and catechiſe me. The only perſon amongſt them, who gave me pleaſure was, Moulton, who paſſed with me three or four days, and whom

I wiſhed

I wiſhed to retain much longer; the moſt perſevering of all, the moſt obſtinate, and who conquered me by importunity, was a M. de I.....s. a merchant at Geneva, a French refugee, and related to the attorney-general of Neuchâtel. This man came from Geneva to Motiers twice a year, on purpoſe to ſee me, remained with me ſeveral days together from morning to night, accompanied me in my walks, brought me a thouſand little preſents, inſinuated himſelf in ſpite of me into my confidence, and intermeddled in all my affairs, notwithſtanding there was not between him and myſelf the leaſt ſimilarity of ideas, inclination, ſentiment, or knowledge. I do not believe he ever read a book of any kind throughout, or that he knows upon what ſubject mine are written. When I began to herboriſe, he followed me in my botanical rambles, without taſte for that amuſement, or having any thing to ſay to me, or I to him. He had the patience to paſs with me three days in a public houſe at Goumoins, whence, by wearying him, and making him feel how much he wearied me, I was in hopes of driving him. I could not, however, ſhake his incredible perſeverance,

rance, nor by any means diſcover the motive of it.

Amongſt theſe connections, made and continued by force, I muſt not omit the only one that was agreeable to me, and in which my heart was really intereſted: this was that I had with a young Hungarian who came to live at Neuchâtel, and from that place to Motiers, a few months after I had taken up my reſidence there. He was called by the people of the country, the Baron de Sauttern, by which name he had been recommended from Zurich. He was tall, well made, had an agreeable countenance, and mild and ſocial qualities. He told every body, and gave me alſo to underſtand, that he came to Neuchâtel for no other purpoſe than that of forming his youth to virtue, by his intercourſe with me. His phyſiognomy, manner, and behaviour, ſeemed well ſuited to his converſation, and I ſhould have thought I failed in one of the greateſt duties had I turned my back upon a young man in whom I perceived nothing but what was amiable, and who ſought my acquaintance from ſo reſpectable a motive. My heart knows not how to connect itſelf by halves.

halves. He ſoon acquired my friendſhip, and all my confidence, and we were preſently inſeparable. He accompanied me in all my walks, and became fond of them. I took him to the marechal, who received him with the utmoſt kindneſs. As he was yet unable to explain himſelf in French, he ſpoke and wrote to me in Latin, I anſwered in French, and this mingling of the two languages did not make our converſations either leſs ſmooth or lively. He ſpoke of his family, his affairs, his adventures, and of the court of Vienna, with the domeſtic details of which he ſeemed well acquainted. In fine, during two years which we paſſed in the greateſt intimacy, I found in him a mildneſs of character proof againſt every thing, manners not only polite but elegant, great neatneſs of perſon, an extreme decency in his converſation, in a word, all the marks of a man born and educated a gentleman, and which rendered him, in my eyes, too eſtimable not to make him dear to me.

At the time we were upon the moſt intimate and friendly terms, D'I.....s wrote to me from Geneva, putting me upon my guard againſt

againſt the young Hungarian who had taken up his reſidence in my neighbourhood; telling me he was a ſpy whom the miniſter of France had appointed to watch my proceedings. This information was of a nature to alarm me the more, as every body adviſed me to guard againſt the machinations of perſons who were employed to keep an eye upon my actions, and to entice me into France for the purpoſe of betraying me.

To ſhut the mouths, once for all, of theſe fooliſh adviſers, I propoſed to Sauttern, without giving him the leaſt intimation of the information I had received, a journey on foot to Pontarlier, to which he conſented. As ſoon as we arrived there I put the letter from d'I.....s into his hands, and after giving him an ardent embrace, I ſaid: "Sauttern has no need of a proof of my confidence in him, but it is neceſſary I ſhould prove to the public that I know in whom to place it." This embrace was accompanied with a pleaſure which perſecutors can neither feel themſelves, nor take away from the oppreſſed.

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I will never believe Sauttern was a ſpy, nor that he betrayed me; but I was deceived by him. When I opened to him my heart without reſerve, he conſtantly kept his own ſhut, and abuſed me by lies. He invented I know not what kind of ſtory, to prove to me his preſence was neceſſary in his own country. I exhorted him to return to it as ſoon as poſſible. He ſet off, and when I thought he was in Hungary, I learned he was at Straſbourgh. This was not the firſt time he had been there. He had cauſed ſome diſorder in a family in that city; and the huſband knowing I received him in my houſe, wrote to me. I uſed every effort to bring the young woman back to the paths of virtue, and Sauttern to his duty.

When I thought they were perfectly detached from each other, they renewed their acquaintance, and the huſband had the complaiſance to receive the young man at his houſe; from that moment I had nothing more to ſay. I found the pretended baron had impoſed upon me by a great number of lies. His name was not Sauttern, but Sautterſheim. With reſpect to the title of baron, given him in

in Switzerland, I could not reproach him with the impropriety, becauſe he had never taken it; but I have not a doubt of his being a gentleman, and the marſhal, who knew mankind, and had been in Hungary, always conſidered and treated him as ſuch.

He had no ſooner left my neighbourhood, than the girl at the inn where he eat, at Motiers, declared herſelf with child by him. She was ſo dirty a creature, and Sauttern, generally eſteemed in the country for his conduct and purity of morals, piqued himſelf ſo much upon cleanlineſs, that every body was ſhocked at this impudent pretenſion. The moſt amiable women of the country, who had vainly diſplayed to him their charms, were furious: I myſelf was almoſt choked with indignation. I I uſed every effort to get the tongue of this impudent woman ſtopped, offering to pay all expences, and to give ſecurity for Sautterſheim. I wrote to him in the fulleſt perſuaſion, not only that this pregnancy could not relate to him, but that it was feigned, and the whole a machination of his enemies and mine. I wiſhed him to return and confound the ſtrumpet,

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and thoſe by whom ſhe was dictated to. The puſillanimity of his anſwer ſurprized me. He wrote to the maſter of the pariſh to which the creature belonged, and endeavoured to ſtifle the matter. Perceiving this, I concerned myſelf no more about it, but I was aſtoniſhed that a man who could ſtoop ſo low ſhould have been ſufficiently maſter of himſelf to deceive me by his reſerve in the cloſeſt familiarity.

From Straſbourgh, Sautterſheim went to ſeek his fortune in Paris, and found there nothing but miſery. He wrote to me, acknowledging his error. My compaſſion was excited by the recollection of our former friendſhip, and I ſent him a ſum of money. The year following, as I paſſed through Paris, I ſaw him much in the ſame ſituation; but he was the intimate friend of M. de Laliand, and I could not learn by what means he had formed this acquaintance, or whether it was recent or of long ſtanding. Two years afterwards Sautterſheim returned to Straſbourgh, whence he wrote to me, and where he died. This, in a few words, is the hiſtory of our connection,

and

and what I know of his adventures; but while I mourn the fate of the unhappy young man, I ſtill, and ever ſhall, believe he was the ſon of people of diſtinction, and that the impropriety of his conduct was the effect of the ſituations to which he was reduced.

Such were the connections and acquaintance I acquired at Motiers. How many of theſe would have been neceſſary to compenſate the cruel loſſes I ſuffered at the ſame time!

The firſt of theſe was that of M. de Luxembourg, who, after having been long tormented by the phyſicians, at length became their victim, by being treated for the gout, which they would not acknowledge him to have, as for a diſorder they thought they could cure.

According to what La Roche, the confidential ſervant of Madame de Luxembourg, wrote to me relative to what had happened, it is by this cruel and memorable example that the miſeries of greatneſs are to be deplored.

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The loſs of this good nobleman afflicted me the more, as he was the only real friend I had in France, and the mildneſs of his character was ſuch as to make me quite forget his rank, and attach myſelf to him as my equal. Our connection was not broken off on account of my having quitted the kingdom; he continued to write to me as uſual.

I nevertheleſs thought I perceived that abſence, or my misfortune had cooled his affection for me. It is difficult to a courtier to preſerve the ſame attachment to a perſon whom he knows to be in diſgrace with courts. I moreover ſuſpected the great aſcendancy Madame de Luxembourg had over his mind, had been unfavourable to me, and that ſhe had taken advantage of our ſeparation to injure me in his eſteem. For her part, notwithſtanding a few affected marks of regard, which daily became leſs frequent, ſhe leſs concealed the change in her friendſhip. She wrote to me four or five times into Switzerland, after which ſhe never wrote to me again, and nothing but my prejudice, confidence, and blindneſs, could

have prevented my diſcovering in her ſomething more than a coolneſs towards me.

Guy, the bookſeller, partner with Ducheſne, who, after I had left Montmorenci, frequently went to the hotel de Luxembourg, wrote to me that my name was in the will of the Marechal. There was nothing in this either incredible or extraordinary, on which account I had no doubt of the truth of the information. I deliberated within myſelf whether or not I ſhould receive the legacy. Every thing well conſidered, I determined to accept it, whatever it might be, and to do that honour to the memory of an honeſt man, who, in a rank in which friendſhip is ſeldom found, had had a real one for me. I had not this duty to fulfil. I heard no more of the legacy, whether it were true or falſe; and in truth I ſhould have felt ſome pain in offending againſt one of the great maxims of my ſyſtem of morality, in profiting by any thing at the death of a perſon whom I had once held dear. During the laſt illneſs of our friend Muſſard, Lenieps propoſed to me to take advantage of the grateful ſenſe he expreſſed

preſſed for our cares, to inſinuate to him diſpoſitions in our favour. Ah! my dear Lenieps, ſaid I, let us not pollute by intereſted ideas, the ſad but ſacred duties we diſcharge towards our dying friend. I hope my name will never be found in the teſtament of any perſon, at leaſt not in that of a friend. It was about this time my Lord Marſhal ſpoke to me of his, of what he intended to do in it for me, and that I made him the anſwer of which I have ſpoken in the firſt part of my memoirs.

My ſecond loſs, ſtill more afflicting and irreparable was that of the beſt of women and mothers, who, already weighed down with years, and overburthened with infirmities and miſery, quitted this vale of tears for the abode of the bleſſed, where the amiable remembrance of the good we have done here below is the eternal reward of our benevolence. Go gentle and beneficent ſhade to thoſe of Fenelon, Bernex, Catinat, and others, who in a more humble ſtate, have, like them, opened their hearts to true charity; go and taſte of the fruit of your own benevolence, and prepare for your ſon the place he hopes to fill by your ſide.

Happy in your misfortunes that heaven, in putting to them a period, has ſpared you the cruel ſpectacle of his! Fearing, leaſt I ſhould fill her heart with ſorrow by the recital of my firſt diſaſters. I had not written to her ſince my arrival in Switzerland; but I wrote to M. de Conzié, to enquire after her ſituation, and it was from him I learned ſhe had ceaſed to alleviate the ſufferings of the afflicted, and that her own were at an end. I myſelf ſhall not ſuffer long; but if I thought I ſhould not ſee her again in the life to come, my feeble imagination would leſs delight in the idea of the perfect happineſs which I there hope to enjoy.

My third and laſt loſs, for ſince that time I have not had a friend to loſe, was that of the lord marſhal. He did not die, but, tired of ſerving the ungrateful, he left Neuchâtel, and I have never ſeen him ſince. He ſtill lives, and will, I hope, ſurvive me; he is alive, and thanks to him, all my attachments on earth are not deſtroyed. There is one man ſtill worthy of my friendſhip; for the real value of this conſiſts more in what we feel than in that which

which we inſpire; but I have loſt the pleaſure I enjoyed in his, and can rank him in the number of thoſe only whom I love, but with whom I am no longer connected. He went to England to receive the pardon of the king, and acquire the poſſeſſion of the property which formerly had been confiſcated. We did not ſeparate without an intention of again being united, the idea of which ſeemed to give him as much pleaſure as I received from it. He determined to reſide at Keith Hall, near Aberdeen, and I was to join him as ſoon as he was ſettled there: but this project was too flattering to my hopes to give me any of its ſucceſs. He did not remain in Scotland. The affectionate ſolicitations of the king of Pruſſia induced him to return to Berlin, and the reaſon of my not going to him there will preſently appear.

Before this departure, foreſeeing the ſtorm which my enemies began to raiſe againſt me, he, of his own accord ſent me letters of naturalization, which ſeemed to be a certain means of preventing me from being driven from the country. The community of the

Convent of Val de Travers followed the example of the governor, and gave me letters of *communion*, gratis, as they were the firſt. Thus, in every reſpect, become a citizen, I was ſheltered from legal expulſion, even by the prince; but it has never been by legitimate means, that the man who, of all others, has ever ſhewn the greateſt reſpect for the laws, has been perſecuted. I do not think I ought to enumerate, amongſt the number of my loſſes at this time, that of the Abbé Mably. Having lived ſometime at the houſe of his mother, I had been acquainted with the Abbé, but not very intimately, and I have reaſon to believe the nature of his ſentiments with reſpect to me changed after I acquired a greater celebrity than he already had. But the firſt time I diſcovered his inſincerity was immediately after the publication of the *Letters from the Mountain*. A letter attributed to him, addreſſed to Madame Saladin, was handed about in Geneva, in which he ſpoke of this work as the ſeditious clamours of a furious demagogue.

The eſteem I had for the Abbé Mably, and my great opinion of his underſtanding, did not, for

for a moment, permit me to believe this extravagant letter was written by him. I acted in this buſineſs with my uſual candour. I ſent him a copy of the letter, informing him he was ſaid to be the author of it. He returned me no anſwer. This ſilence aſtoniſhed me: but what was my ſurprize when, by a letter I received from Madame de Chenonceaux, I learned the Abbé was really the author of that which was attributed to him, and found himſelf greatly embarraſſed by mine. For even ſuppoſing for a moment that what he ſtated was true, how could he juſtify ſo public an attack, wantonly made, without obligation or neceſſity, for the ſole purpoſe of overwhelming, in the midſt of his greateſt misfortunes, a man to whom he had ſhewn himſelf a well-wiſher, and who had not done any thing that could excite his enmity? In a ſhort time afterwards the Dialogues of Phocion, in which I perceived nothing but a compilation, without ſhame or reſtraint, from my writings, made their appearance.

In reading this book I perceived the author had not the leaſt regard for me, and that in

future I muſt number him among my moſt bitter enemies. I do not believe he has ever pardoned me for the Social Contract, far ſuperior, to his abilities, or the Perpetual Peace; and I am, beſides, of opinion the deſire he expreſſed that I ſhould make an extract from the Abbé de St. Pierre, proceeded from a ſuppoſition in him that I ſhould not acquit myſelf of it ſo well.

The farther I advance in my narrative, the leſs order I feel myſelf capable of obſerving. The agitation of the reſt of my life has deranged in my ideas the ſucceſſion of events. Theſe are too numerous, confuſed and diſagreeable to be recited in due order. The only ſtrong impreſſion they have left upon my mind is that of the horrid myſtery by which the cauſe of them is concealed, and of the deplorable ſtate to which they have reduced me. My narrative will in future be irregular, and according to the events which, without order, may occur to my recollection. I remember that about the time to which I refer, full of the idea of my confeſſions, I very imprudently ſpoke of them to every body, never imagining

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it could be the wiſh or intereſt, much leſs within the power of any perſon whatſoever to throw an obſtacle in the way of this undertaking, and had I ſuſpected it, even this would not have rendered me more diſcrete, as from the nature of my diſpoſition it is totally impoſſible for me to conceal either my thoughts or feelings. The knowledge of this enterprize was, as far as I can judge, the cauſe of the ſtorm that was raiſed to drive me from Switzerland, and deliver me into the hands of thoſe by whom I might be prevented from executing it.

I had another project in contemplation which was not looked upon with a more favourable eye by thoſe who were afraid of the firſt: this was a general edition of my works. I thought this edition of them neceſſary to aſcertain what books, among thoſe to which my name was affixed, were really written by me, and to furniſh the public with the means of diſtinguiſhing them from the writings falſely attributed to me by my enemies, to bring me to diſhonour and contempt. This was beſides a ſimple and an honourable means of inſuring

to myſelf a livelihood, and the only one that remained to me. As I had renounced the profeſſion of an author, my memoirs not being of a nature to appear during my lifetime ; and as I no longer gained a farthing in any manner whatſoever, and conſtantly lived at a certain expence. I ſaw the end of my reſources in that of the produce of the laſt things I had written. This reaſon had induced me to haſten the finiſhing of my Dictionary of Muſic, which ſtill was incomplete. I had received for it a hundred louis (guineas), and a life annuity of three hundred livres; but a hundred louis could not laſt long in the hands of a man who annually expended upwards of ſixty, and three hundred livres (twelve guineas) a year, was but a trifling ſum to one upon whom paraſites and beggarly viſitors lighted like a ſwarm of flies.

A company of merchants from Neuchâtel came to undertake the general edition, and a printer or bookſeller of the name of Reguillat, from Lyons, thruſt himſelf, I know not by what means amongſt them to direct it. The agreement was made upon reaſonable terms,

and ſufficient to accompliſh my object. I had in print and manuſcript, matter for ſix volumes in quarto. I moreover agreed to give my aſſiſtance in bringing out the edition. The merchants were, on their part, to pay me a thouſand crowns (one hundred and twenty-five pounds) down, and to aſſign me an annuity of ſixteen hundred livres (ſixty-ſix pounds) for life.

The agreement was concluded but not ſigned, when the Letters from the Mountain appeared. The terrible exploſion cauſed by this infernal work, and its abominable author, terrified the company, and the undertaking was at an end.

I would compare the effect of this laſt production to that of the letter on French Muſic, had not that letter, while it brought upon me hatred, and expoſed me to danger, acquired me reſpect and eſteem. But after the appearance of the laſt work, it was matter of aſtoniſhment at Geneva and Verſailles, that ſuch a monſter as the author of it ſhould be ſuffered to exiſt. The little Council, excited by R....t

de F..... and directed by the attorney-general, made a declaration againſt my work, by which, in the moſt ſevere terms, it was declared to be unworthy of being burned by the hands of the hangman, adding, with an addreſs which bordered upon the burleſque, there was no poſſibility of ſpeaking of or anſwering it without diſhonour. I would here tranſcribe the curious piece of compoſition, but unfortunately I have it not by me. I ardently wiſh ſome of my readers, animated by the zeal of truth and equity, would read over the Letters from the Mountain: they will, I dare hope, feel the ſtoical moderation which reigns throughout the whole, after cruel outrages, with which the author was loaded. But unable to anſwer the abuſe, becauſe no part of it could be called by that name, nor to the reaſons becauſe theſe were unanſwerable, my enemies pretended to appear too much enraged to reply: and it is true, if they took the invincible arguments it contains for abuſe, they muſt have felt themſelves roughly treated.

The remonſtrating party, far from complaining of the odious declaration, acted according

cording to the ſpirit of it, and inſtead of making a trophy of the Letters from the Mountain, which they veiled to make them ſerve as a ſhield, were puſillanimous enough not to do juſtice or honour to that work, written to defend them, and at their own ſolicitation. They did not either quote or mention the letters, although they tacitly drew from them all their arguments, and by exactly following the advice with which they conclude, made them the ſole cauſe of their ſafety and triumph. They had impoſed on me this duty: I had fulfilled it, and unto the end had ſerved their cauſe and the country. I begged of them to abandon me, and in their quarrels, to think of nobody but themſelves. They took me at my word, and I concerned myſelf no more about their affairs, further than conſtantly to exhort them to peace, not doubting, ſhould they continue to be obſtinate, of their being cruſhed by France, this however did not happen, I know the reaſon why it did not, but this is not the place to explain what I mean.

The effect produced at Neuchâtel by the Letters from the Mountain was at firſt very mild. I ſent a copy of them to M. de Montmollin, who received

received it favourably, and read it without making any objection. He was ill as well as myſelf; as ſoon as he recovered he came in a friendly manner to ſee me, and converſed on general ſubjects. A rumour was however begun; the book was burned I know not where. From Geneva, Berne, and perhaps from Verſailles, the effervescence quickly paſſed to Neuchâtel, and eſpecially to Val de Travers, where, before even the miniſters had taken any apparent ſteps, an attempt was ſecretly made to ſtir up the people. I ought, I dare aſſert, to have been beloved by the people of that country in which I have lived, giving alms in abundance, not leaving about me an indigent perſon without aſſiſtance, never refuſing to do any ſervice in my power, and which was conſiſtent with juſtice, making myſelf perhaps too familiar with every body, and avoiding, as far as it was poſſible for me to do it, all diſtinction which might excite the leaſt jealouſy. This, however, did not prevent the populace, ſecretly ſtirred up againſt me by I know not whom, from being by degrees iritated againſt me, even to fury, nor from publicly inſulting me not only in the country and upon the road, but in the

ſtreet.

ſtreet. Thoſe to whom I had rendered the greateſt ſervices became moſt irritated againſt me, and even people who ſtill continued to receive my benefactions, not daring to appear, excited others, and ſeemed to wiſh thus to be revenged of me for their humiliation, by the obligations they were under for the favours I had conferred upon them. Montmollin ſeemed to pay no attention to what was paſſing, and did not yet come forward. But as the time of communion approached, he came to adviſe me not to preſent myſelf at the holy table, aſſuring me, however, he was not my enemy, and that he would leave me undiſturbed. I found this compliment whimſical enough; it brought to my recollection the letter from Madame de Boufflers, and I could not conceive to whom it could be a matter of ſuch importance whether I communicated or not. Conſidering this condeſcenſion on my part as an act of cowardice, and moreover, being nnwilling to give to the people a new pretence under which they might charge me with impiety, I refuſed the requeſt of the miniſter, and he went away diſſatisfied, giving me to underſtand I ſhould repent of my obſtinacy.

He

He could not of his own authority forbid me the communion: that of the Conſiſtory, by which I had been admitted to it, was neceſſary, and as long as there was no objection from that body I might preſent myſelf without the fear of being refuſed. Montmollin procured from *the Claſs* (the miniſters) a commiſſion to ſummon me to the Conſiſtory, there to give an account of the articles of my faith, and to excommunicate me ſhould I refuſe to comply. This excommunication could not be pronounced without the aid of the Conſiſtory alſo, and a majority of the voices. But the peaſants, who, under the appellation of elders, compoſed this aſſembly, preſided over and governed by their miniſter, might naturally be expected to adopt his opinion, eſpecially in matters of the clergy which they ſtill leſs underſtood than he did. I was therefore ſummoned, and I reſolved to appear.

What a happy circumſtance and triumph would this have been to me could I have ſpoken, and had I, if I may ſo ſpeak, had my pen in my mouth! With what ſuperiority, with what facility even, ſhould I have overthrown

thrown this poor miniſter in the midſt of his ſix peaſants! The thirſt after power having made the Proteſtant clergy forget all the principles of the reformation, all I had to do to recal theſe to their recollection and reduce them to ſilence, was to make comments upon my firſt Letters from the Mountain, upon which they had the folly to animadvert.

My text was ready, I had only to enlarge on it, and my adverſary was confounded. I ſhould not have been weak enough to remain on the defenſive; it was eaſy to me to become an aſſailant without his even perceiving it, or being able to ſhelter himſelf from my attack. The contemptible prieſts of *the Claſs*, equally careleſs and ignorant, had of themſelves placed me in the moſt favourable ſituation I could deſire to cruſh them at pleaſure. But what of this? It was neceſſary I ſhould ſpeak without heſitation, and find ideas, turns of expreſſion, and words at will, preſerving a preſence of mind, and keeping myſelf collected, without once ſuffering even a momentary confuſion. For what could I hope, feeling, as I did, my want of aptitude to expreſs myſelf with eaſe?

I had

I had been reduced to the moſt mortifying ſilence at Geneva, before an aſſembly which was favourable to me, and previouſly reſolved to approve of every thing I ſhould ſay. Here, on the contrary, I had to do with a caviller who, ſubſtituting cunning to knowledge, would ſpread for me a hundred ſnares before I could perceive one of them, and was reſolutely determined to catch me in an error let the conſequence be what it would. The more I examined the ſituation in which I ſtood, the greater danger I perceived myſelf expoſed to, and feeling the impoſſibility of ſucceſsfully withdrawing from it, I thought of another expedient. I meditated a diſcourſe which I intended to pronounce before the Conſiſtory, to exempt myſelf from the neceſſity of anſwering. The thing was eaſy. I wrote the diſcourſe and began to learn it by memory, with an inconceivable ardour. Thérèſa laughed at hearing me mutter and inceſſantly repeat the ſame phraſes, while endeavouring to cram them into my head. I hoped, at length, to remember what I had written: I knew the Chatelain, as an officer attached to the ſervice of the prince, would be preſent at the Conſiſtory, and that

notwithſtanding

notwithſtanding the manœuvres and bottles of Montmollin, moſt of the elders were well diſpoſed towards me. I had, moreover, in my favour, reaſon, truth, and juſtice, with the protection of the king, the authority of the Council of State, and the good wiſhes of every real patriot, to whom the eſtabliſhment of this inquiſition was threatening. In fine, every thing contributed to encourage me.

On the eve of the day appointed, I had my diſcourſe by rote, and recited it without miſſing a word. I had it in my head all night: in the morning I had forgotten it. I heſitated at every word, thought myſelf before the aſſembly, became confuſed, ſtammered, and loſt my preſence of mind. In fine, when the time to make my appearance was almoſt at hand, my courage totally failed me. I remained at home and wrote to the Conſiſtory, haſtily ſtating my reaſons, and pleaded my diſorder, which really, in the ſtate to which apprehenſion had reduced me, would ſcarcely have permitted me to ſtay out the whole ſitting.

The

The miniſter, embarraſſed by my letter, adjourned the Conſiſtory. In the interval, he, of himſelf, and by his creatures, made a thouſand efforts to ſeduce the elders, who following the dictates of their conſciences, rather than thoſe they received from him, did not vote according to his wiſhes, or thoſe of the Claſs. Whatever power his arguments drawn from his cellar might have over theſe kind of people, he could not gain one of them, more than the two or three who were already devoted to his will, and who were called his *ames damnées**. The officer of the prince, and the Colonel Pury, who, in this affair, acted with great zeal, kept the reſt to their duty, and when Montmollin wiſhed to proceed to excommunication, his Conſiſtory, by a majority of voices, flatly refuſed to authoriſe him to do it. Thus reduced to the laſt expedient, that of ſtirring up the people againſt me, he, his colleagues, and other perſons, ſet about it openly, and were ſo ſucceſsful, that notwithſtanding the ſtrong and frequent reſcripts of

* Damned Souls.

the

the king, and the orders of the Council of State, I was at length obliged to quit the country, that I might not expoſe the officer of the king, to be himſelf aſſaſſinated while he protected me.

The recollection of the whole of this affair is ſo confuſed, that it is impoſſible for me to reduce to or connect the circumſtances of it. I remember a kind of negociation had been entered into with the Claſs, in which Montmollin was the mediator. He feigned to believe it was feared I ſhould, by my writings, diſturb the peace of the country, in which caſe, the liberty I had of writing would be blamed. He had given me to underſtand that if I conſented to lay down my pen, what was paſt would be forgotten. I had already entered into this engagement with myſelf, and did not heſitate in doing it with the Claſs, but conditionally and ſolely in matters of religion. He found means to have a duplicate of the agreement upon ſome change neceſſary to be made in it, the condition having been rejected by the claſs; I demanded back the writing, which was returned to me, but he kept the duplicate,

plicate, pretending it was loſt. After this, the people, openly excited by the miniſters, laughed at the reſcripts of the king, and the orders of the council of ſtate, and ſhook of all reſtraint. I was declaimed againſt from the pulpit, called antichriſt, and purſued in the country like a mad wolf. My Armenian dreſs diſcovered me to the populace; of this I felt the cruel inconvenience, but to quit it in ſuch circumſtances, appeared to me an act of cowardice. I could not prevail upon myſelf to do it, and I quietly walked through the country with my caffetan and fur bonnet in the midſt of the hootings of the dregs of the people, and ſometimes through a ſhower of ſtones. Several times as I paſſed before houſes, I heard thoſe by whom they were inhabited call out: bring me my gun, that I may fire at him. As I did not on this account haſten my pace: my calmneſs increaſed their fury, but they never went farther than threats, at leaſt with reſpect to fire arms.

During all this fermentation I received from two circumſtances the moſt ſenſible pleaſure. The firſt was my having it in my power to prove my gratitude by means of the lord marſhal.

ſhal. The honeſt part of the inhabitants of Neuchâtel, full of indignation at the treatment I received, and the manœuvres of which I was the victim, held the miniſters in execration, clearly perceiving they were obedient to a foreign impulſe, and the vile agents of people, who, in making them act kept themſelves concealed; they were moreover afraid my caſe would have dangerous conſequences, and be made a precedent for the purpoſe of eſtabliſhing a real inquiſition.

The magiſtrates, and eſpecially M. Meuron, who had ſucceeded M. d'Ivernois in the office of attorney-general, made every effort to defend me. Colonel Bury, although a private individual, did more, and ſucceeded better. It was the colonel who found means to make Montmollin ſubmit in his conſiſtory, by keeping the elders to their duty. He had credit, and employed it to ſtop the ſedition; but he had nothing more than the authority of the laws, and the aid of juſtice and reaſon, to oppoſe to that of money and wine: the combat was unequal, and in this point, Montmollin was triumphant. However, thankful for his zeal and

cares

cares, I wiſhed to have it in my power to make him a return of good offices, and in ſome meaſure diſcharge a part of the obligations I was under to him. I knew he was very deſirous of being named a counſellor of ſtate; but having diſpleaſed the court by his conduct in the affair of the miniſter Petitpierre, he was in diſgrace with the prince and governor. I however undertook, at all riſks, to write to the lord marſhal in his favour: I went ſo far as even to mention the employment of which he was deſirous, and my application was ſo well received that, contrary to the expectations of his moſt ardent well wiſhers, it was almoſt inſtantly conferred upon him by the king. In this manner fate, which has conſtantly raiſed me to too great an elevation, or plunged me into an abyſs of adverſity, continued to toſs me from one extreme to another, and whilſt the populace covered me with mud I was made a counſellor of ſtate.

The other pleaſing circumſtance was a viſit I received from Madame de V.....n with her daughter, with whom ſhe had been at the baths of Bourbonne, whence they came to Motiers

Motiers and ſtayed with me two or three days. By her attention and cares, ſhe at length conquered my long repugnancy; and my heart, won by her endearing manner, made her a return of all the friendſhip of which ſhe had long given me proofs. This journey made me extremely ſenſible of her kindneſs: my ſituation rendered the conſolations of friendſhip highly neceſſary to ſupport me under my ſufferings. I was afraid ſhe would be too much affected by the inſults I received from the populace, and could have wiſhed to conceal them from her that her feelings might not be hurt, but this was impoſſible; and although her preſence was ſome check upon the inſolent populace in our walks, ſhe ſaw enough of their brutality to enable her to judge of what paſſed when I was alone. During the ſhort reſidence ſhe made at Motiers, I was ſtill attacked in my habitation. One morning her chamber-maid found my window blocked up with ſtones, which had been thrown at it during the night. A very heavy bench placed in the ſtreet, by the ſide of the houſe, and ſtrongly faſtened down, was taken up and reared againſt the door in ſuch a manner as,

had it not been perceived from the window, to have knocked down the firſt perſon who ſhould have opened the door to go out. Madame de V.....n was acquainted with every thing that paſſed; for, beſides what ſhe herſelf was witneſs to, her confidential ſervant went into many houſes in the village, ſpoke to every body, and was ſeen in converſation with Montmollin. She did not, however, ſeem to pay the leaſt attention to that which happened to me, nor never mentioned Montmollin nor any other perſon, and anſwered in a few words to what I ſaid to her of him. Perſuaded that a reſidence in England would be more agreeable to me than any other, ſhe frequently ſpoke of Mr. Hume, who was then at Paris, of his friendſhip for me and the deſire he had of being of ſervice to me in his own country. It is time I ſhould ſay ſomething of Hume.

He had acquired a great reputation in France amongſt the Encyclopediſts by his eſſays on commerce and politics, and in the laſt place by his hiſtory of the Houſe of Stuart, the only one of his writings of which I had read a part, in the tranaſltion of the Abbé Prévôt. For

For want of being acquainted with his other works, I was perſuaded, according to what I heard of him, that Mr. Hume joined a very republican mind to the Engliſh paradoxes in favour of luxury. In this opinion I conſidered his whole apology of Charles I. as a prodigy of impartiality, and I had as great an idea of his virtue as of his genius. The deſire of being acquainted with this great man, and of obtaining his friendſhip, had greatly ſtrengthened the inclination I felt to go to England, induced by the ſolicitations of Madame de Boufflers, the intimate friend of Hume. After my arrival in Switzerland, I received from him, by means of this lady, a letter extremely flattering; in which, to the higheſt encomiums on my genius, he ſubjoined a preſſing invitation to induce me to go to England, and the offer of all his intereſt, and that of his friends, to make my reſidence there agreeable. I found in the conntry to which I had retired, the Lord Marſhal, the countryman and friend of Hume, who confirmed my good opinion of him, and from whom I learned a literary anecdote, which did him great honour in the opinion of his lordſhip and had the ſame effect

in mine. Wallace, who had written againſt Hume upon the ſubject of the population of the ancients, was abſent whilſt his work was in the preſs. Hume took upon himſelf to examine the proofs, and to do the needful to the edition. This manner of acting was according to my own way of thinking. I had ſold at ſix ſols, (three pence) a piece, the copies of a ſong written againſt myſelf. I was, therefore, ſtrongly prejudiced in favour of Hume, when Madame de V.....n came and mentioned the lively friendſhip he expreſſed for me, and his anxiety to do me the honours of England; ſuch was her expreſſion. She preſſed me a good deal to take advantage of this zeal and to write to him. As I had not naturally an inclination to England, and did not intend to go there until the laſt extremity, I refuſed to write or make any promiſe; but I left her at liberty to do whatever ſhe ſhould think neceſſary to keep Mr. Hume favourably diſpoſed towards me. When ſhe went from Motiers, ſhe left me in the perſuaſion, by every thing ſhe had ſaid to me of that illuſtrious man, that he was my friend, and ſhe herſelf ſtill more his.

After

After her departure, Montmollin carried on his manœuvres with more vigour, and the populace threw off all reſtraint. Yet I ſtill continued to walk quietly amidſt the hootings of the vulgar; and a taſte for botany, which I had began to contract with Doctor d'Ivernois, making my rambling more amuſing, I went through the country herbaliſing, without being affected by the clamours of this ſcum of the earth, whoſe fury was ſtill augmented by my calmneſs. What affected me moſt was, ſeeing the families of my friends *, or of perſons who gave themſelves that name, openly

* This fatality had begun with my reſidence at Yverdon: the banneret Roguin dying a year or two after my departure from that city, the old papa Roguin had the candour to inform me with grief, as he ſaid, that in the papers of his relation, proofs had been found of his having been concerned in the conſpiracy, formed to expel me from Yverdon and the ſtate of Bern. This clearly proved the conſpiracy not to be, as ſome perſons pretended to believe, an affair of hypocriſy; ſince the banneret, far from being a devotee, carried materialiſm and incredulity to intolerance and fanaticiſm. Beſides, nobody at Yverdon had ſhewn me more conſtant attention, nor had ſo prodigally beſtowed upon me praiſes and flattery as this banneret. He faithfully followed the favourite plan of my perſecutors.

join the league of my perſecutors; ſuch as the d'I.....s, without excepting the father and brother of my Iſabelle Boy de la Tour, a relation to the friend in whoſe houſe I lodged, and Madame G.....r her ſiſter-in-law. This Peter Boy was ſuch a brute, ſo ſtupid, and behaved ſo uncouthly, that, to prevent my mind from being diſturbed, I took the liberty to ridicule him; and, after the manner of the *Petit Prophête*, I wrote a pamphlet of a few pages entitled, *la Viſion de Pierre de la Montagne dit le Voyant* *, in which I found means to be diverting enough, on the miracles which then ſerved as the great pretext for my perſecution. D..... had this ſcrap printed at Geneva, but its ſucceſs in the country was but moderate; the Neuchatelois, with all their wit, taſte but weakly attic ſalt or pleaſantry when theſe are a little refined.

In the midſt of decrees and perſecutions, the Geneveſe had diſtinguiſhed themſelves by ſetting up a hue and cry with all their might, and my friend V..... amongſt others, with an

* The viſion of Peter of the mountain, called the Seer.

heroical

heroical generoſity, choſe that moment preciſely, to publiſh againſt me letters in which he pretended to prove I was not a chriſtian. Theſe letters, written with an air of ſelf-ſufficiency, were not the better for it, although it was poſitively ſaid the celebrated B.....t had given them ſome correction: for this man, although a materialiſt, has an intolerant orthodoxy the moment I am in queſtion. There certainly was nothing in this work which could tempt me to anſwer it; but having an opportunity of ſaying a few words upon it in my Letters from the Mountain, I inſerted in them a ſhort note ſufficiently expreſſive of diſdain to render V..... furious. He filled Geneva with his furious exclamations, and d'I.....s wrote me word he had quite loſt his ſenſes. Sometime afterwards appeared an anonymous ſheet, which inſtead of ink ſeemed to be written with the water of the Phlegethon. In this letter I was accuſed of having expoſed my children in the ſtreets, of taking about with me a ſoldier's trull, of being worn out with debaucheries, ..., and other fine things of a like nature. It was not difficult for me to diſcover the author. My firſt idea on read-

ing this libel, was to reduce to its real value every thing the world calls fame and reputation amongſt men; ſeeing thus a man who was never in a brothel in his life, and whoſe greateſt defect was his being as timid and ſhy as a virgin, treated as a frequenter of places of that deſcription; and in finding myſelf charged with being ....., I, who not only never had the leaſt taint of any ſuch diſorder, but, according to the faculty, was ſo conſtructed as to make it almoſt impoſſible for me to contract it. Every thing well conſidered, I thought I could not better refute this libel than by having it printed in the city in which I had longeſt reſided, and with this intention I ſent it to Ducheſne to print it juſt as it was with an advertiſement, in which I named M. V..... and a few ſhort notes by way of ecclairciſſement. Not ſatisfied with printing it only, I ſent copies to ſeveral perſons, and amongſt others one copy to the prince Louis of Wirtemberg who had made me polite advances, and with whom I was in correſpondence. The prince, Du Peyrou, and others, ſeemed to have their doubts about the author of the libel, and blamed me for having named

V.....

V..... upon ſo ſlight a foundation. Their remarks produced in me ſome ſcruples, and I wrote to Ducheſne to ſuppreſs the paper. Guy wrote to me he had ſuppreſſed it: this may or may not be the caſe; I have been deceived on ſo many occaſions that there would be nothing extraordinary in my being ſo on this, and, from the time of which I ſpeak, was ſo enveloped in profound darkneſs that it was impoſſible for me to come at any kind of truth.

M. V..... bore the imputation with a moderation more than aſtoniſhing in a man who was ſuppoſed not to have deſerved it, and after the fury with which he was ſeized on former occaſions. He wrote me two or three letters in very guarded terms with a view, as it appeared to me, to endeavour by my anſwers to diſcover how far I was certain of his being the author of the paper, and whether or not I had any proofs againſt him. I wrote him two ſhort anſwers, ſevere in the ſenſe, but politely expreſſed, and with which he was not diſpleaſed. To his third letter, perceiving he wiſhed to form with me a kind of correſpondence, I returned no anſwer, and he got d'Ivernois to

ſpeak to me. Madame Cramer wrote to Du Peyrou, telling him ſhe was certain the libel was not by V..... This however did not make me change my opinion. But as it was poſſible I might be deceived, and that if I were, I owed V..... an explicit reparation, I ſent him word by d'I.....s I would make him ſuch a one as he ſhould think proper provided he would name to me the real author of the libel, or at leaſt prove that he himſelf was not ſo. I went farther: feeling that, after all, were he not culpable, I had no right to call upon him for proofs of any kind, I ſtated, in a memoir of conſiderable length, the reaſons whence I had inferred my concluſion, and determined to ſubmit them to the judgement of an arbitrator, againſt whom V..... could not except. But few people would gueſs the arbitrator of whom I made choice. I declared at the end of the memoir, that if, after having examined it, and made ſuch enquiries as ſhould ſeem neceſſary, the council pronounced M. V..... not to be the author of the libel, from that moment I ſhould be fully perſuaded he was not, and would immmediately go and throw myſelf at his feet, and aſk his pardon until I had obtained

ed it. I can ſay with the greateſt truth that my ardent zeal for equity, the uprightneſs and generoſity of my heart, and my confidence in the love of juſtice innate in every mind, never appeared more fully and perceptible than in this wiſe and intereſting memoir, in which I took, without heſitating, my moſt implacable enemies for arbitrators between a calumniator and myſelf. I read to Du Peyrou what I had written: he adviſed me to ſuppreſs it, and I did ſo. He wiſhed me to wait for the proofs V..... promiſed, and I am ſtill waiting for them; he thought it beſt I ſhould in the mean time be ſilent, and I held my tongue, and ſhall do ſo the reſt of my life, cenſured as I am for having brought againſt V..... a heavy imputation, falſe and unſupported by proof, although I am ſtill fully perſuaded, nay, as convinced as I am of my exiſtence, that he is the author of the libel. My memoir is in the hands of Du Peyrou. Should it ever be publiſhed my reaſons will be found in it, and the heart of Jean Jaques, with which my contemporaries would not be acquainted, will I hope be known.

I have now to proceed to my cataſtrophe at Motiers, and to my departure from Val de

Travers, after a reſidence of two years and a half, and an eight months ſuffering with unſhaken conſtancy of the moſt unworthy treatment. It is impoſſible for me clearly to recollect the circumſtances of this diſagreeable period, but a detail of them will be found in a publication to that effect by Du Peyrou, of which I ſhall hereafter have occaſion to ſpeak.

After the departure of Madame de V.....n the fermentation increaſed, and, notwithſtanding the reiterated reſcripts of the king, the frequent orders of the council of ſtate, and the cares of the chatelain and magiſtrates of the place, the people, ſeriouſly conſidering me as antichriſt, and perceiving all their clamours to be of no effect, ſeemed at length determined to proceed to violence; ſtones were already thrown after me in the roads, but I was however in general at too great a diſtance to receive any harm from them. At laſt, in the night of the fair of Motiers, which is in the beginning of September, I was attacked in my habitation in ſuch a manner as to endanger the lives of every body in the houſe.

At midnight I heard a great noiſe in the gallery which ran along the back part of the houſe. A ſhower of ſtones thrown againſt the window and the door which opened to the gallery fell into it with ſo much noiſe and violence, that my dog, which uſually ſlept there, and had began to bark, ceaſed from fright, and ran into a corner gnawing and ſcratching the planks to endeavour to make his eſcape. I immediately roſe, and was preparing to go from my chamber into the kitchen, when a ſtone thrown by a vigorous arm croſſed the latter, after having broken the window, forced open the door of my chamber, and fell at my feet, ſo that had I been a moment ſooner upon the floor I ſhould have had the ſtone againſt my ſtomach. I judged the noiſe had been made to bring me to the door, and the ſtone thrown to receive me as I went out. I ran into the kitchen, where I found Thérèſa, who alſo had riſen, and was tremblingly making her way to me as faſt as ſhe could. We placed ourſelves againſt a wall out of the direction of the window to avoid the ſtones, and deliberate upon what was beſt to be done; for going out to call aſſiſtance was the certain means of getting ourſelves

ſelves knocked on the head. Fortunately the maid-ſervant of an old man who lodged under me was waked by the noiſe, and got up and ran to call the chatelain, whoſe houſe was next to mine. He jumped from his bed, put on his robe de chambre, and inſtantly came to me with the guard, which, on account of the fair, went the round that night, and was juſt at hand. The chatelain was ſo alarmed at the ſight of the effects of what had happened that he turned pale, and on ſeeing the ſtones in the gallery, exclaimed, Good God! here is a quarry! On examining below ſtairs, the door of a little court was found to have been forced, and there was an appearance of an attempt having been made to get into the houſe by the gallery. On enquiring the reaſon why the guard had neither prevented nor perceived the diſturbance, it came out that the guards of Motiers had inſiſted upon doing duty that night, although it was the turn of thoſe of another village.

The next day the chatelain ſent his report to the council of ſtate, which two days afterwards ſent an order to enquire into the affair, to promiſe a reward and ſecrecy to thoſe who

ſhould impeach ſuch as were guilty, and in the mean time to place, at the expence of the king, guards about my houſe, and that of the chatelain, which joined to it. The day after the diſturbance, colonel Pury, the attorney-general Meuron, the chatelain Martinet, the receiver Guyenet, the treaſurer d'Ivernois and his father, in a word, every perſon of conſequence in the country, came to ſee me, and united their ſolicitations to perſuade me to yield to the ſtorm, and leave, at leaſt for a time, a place in which I could no longer live in ſafety nor with honour. I perceived that even the chatelain was frightened at the fury of the people, and apprehending it might extend to himſelf, would be glad to ſee me depart as ſoon as poſſible, that he might no longer have the trouble of protecting me there, and be able to quit the pariſh, which he did after my departure. I therefore yielded to their ſolicitations, and this with but little pain, for the hatred of the people ſo afflicted my heart that I was no longer able to ſupport it.

I had a choice of places to retire to. After Madame de V.....n returned to Paris, ſhe had, in

in ſeveral letters, mentioned a Mr. Walpole, whom ſhe called my lord, who, having a ſtrong deſire to ſerve me, propoſed to me an aſylum at one of his country houſes, of the ſituation of which ſhe gave me the moſt agreeable deſcription; entering, relative to lodging and ſubſiſtence, into a detail which proved ſhe and lord Walpole had held particular conſultations upon the project. My lord marſhal had always adviſed me to go to England or Scotland, and in caſe of my determining upon the latter, offered me there an aſylum. But he offered me another at Potſdam, near to his perſon, and which tempted me more than all the reſt. He had juſt communicated to me what the king had ſaid to him upon my going there, which was a kind of invitation to me from that monarch, and the dutcheſs of Saxe-Gotha depended ſo much upon my taking the journey that ſhe wrote to me, deſiring I would go to ſee her in my way to the court of Pruſſia, and ſtay ſometime before I proceeded farther; but I was ſo attached to Switzerland that I could not reſolve to quit it ſo long as it was poſſible for me to live there, and I ſeized this opportunity to execute a project of which

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I had for ſeveral months conceived the idea, and of which I have deferred ſpeaking that I might not interrupt my narrative.

This project conſiſted in going to reſide in the iſland of St. Peter, an eſtate belonging to the hoſpital of Berne, in the middle of the lake of Bienne. In a pedeſtrian pilgrimage I had made the preceding year with Du Peyrou we had viſited this iſle with which I was ſo much delighted, that I had ſince that time inceſſantly thought of the means of making it my place of reſidence. The greateſt obſtacle to my wiſhes aroſe from the property of the iſland being veſted in the people of Berne, who three years before had driven me from amongſt them; and, beſides the mortification of returning to live with people who had given me ſo unfavourable a reception, I had reaſon to fear they would leave me no more at peace in the iſland than they had done at Yverdon. I had conſulted the lord marſhal upon the ſubject, who, thinking as I did, that the people of Berne would be glad to ſee me baniſhed to the iſland, and to keep me there as an hoſtage for the works I might be tempted to write, had found-

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ed their diſpoſitions by means of M. Sturler, his old neighbour at Colombier. M. Sturler addreſſed himſelf to the chiefs of the ſtate, and, according to their anſwer, aſſured the Marſhal the Bernois, ſorry for their paſt behaviour, wiſhed to ſee me ſettled in the iſland of St. Peter, and to leave me there at peace. As an additional precaution, before I determined to reſide there, I deſired the Colonel Chaillet to make new enquiries. He confirmed what I had already heard, and the receiver of the iſland having obtained from his ſuperiors permiſſion to lodge me in it, I thought I might without danger go to his houſe, with the tacit conſent of the ſovereign and the proprietors; for I could not expect the people of Berne would openly acknowledge the injuſtice they had done me, and thus act contrary to the moſt inviolable maxim of all ſovereigns.

The iſland of St. Peter, called at Neuchâtel the iſland of La Motte, in the middle of the lake of Bienne, is half a league in circumference; but in this little ſpace all the chief productions neceſſary to ſubſiſtence are found. The iſland has fields, meadows, orchards, woods,

woods, and vineyards, and all theſe, favoured by variegated and mountainous ſituations, form a diſtribution the more agreeable, as the parts not being diſcovered all at once, are ſeen ſucceſſively to advantage, and make the iſland appear greater than it really is. A very elevated terrace forms the weſtern part of it, and commands Glereſſe and Neuveville. This terrace is planted with trees which form a long alley, interrupted in the middle by a great ſaloon, in which, during the vintage, the people from the neighbouring ſhores aſſemble and divert themſelves. There is but one houſe in the whole iſland, but that is very ſpacious and convenient, inhabited by the receiver, and ſituated in a hollow by which it is ſheltered from the winds.

Five or ſix hundred paces to the ſouth of the iſland of St. Peter, is another iſland conſiderably leſs than the former, wild and uncultivated, which appears to have been detached from the greater iſle by ſtorms: its gravely ſoil produces nothing but willows and perſicaria, but there is in it a high hill well covered with greenſward and very pleaſant. The form of

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the lake is an almoſt regular oval. The banks, leſs rich than thoſe of the lake of Geneva and Neuchâtel, form a beautiful decoration, eſpecially towards the weſtern part, which is well peopled, and edged with vineyards at the foot of a chain of mountains, ſomething like thoſe of Côte-Rotie, but which produce not ſuch excellent wine. The bailiwick of St. John, Neuveville, Bienne, and Nidan lie in a line from the ſouth to the north, to the extremity of the lake, the whole interſperſed with very agreeable villages.

Such was the aſylum I had prepared for myſelf, and to which I was determined to retire after quitting Val de Travers*. This choice was ſo agreeable to my peaceful inclinations, and my ſolitary and indolent diſpoſition, that I conſider it as one of the pleaſing reveries, of

* It may perhaps be neceſſary to remark that I left there an enemy in M. du Teneaux, mayor of Verriéres, not much eſteemed in the country, but who has a brother, ſaid to be an honeſt man, in the office of M. de St. Florentin. The mayor had been to ſee him ſometime before my adventure. Little remarks of this kind, though of no conſequence in themſelves, may lead to the diſcovery of many underhand dealings.

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which I became the moſt paſſionately fond. I thought I ſhould in that iſland be more ſeparated from men, more ſheltered from their outrages, and ſooner forgotten by mankind; in a word, more abandoned to the delightful pleaſures of the inaction of a contemplative life. I could have wiſhed to have been confined in it in ſuch a manner as to have had no intercourſe with mortals, and I certainly took every meaſure I could imagine to relieve me from the neceſſity of troubling my head about them.

The great queſtion was that of ſubſiſtence, and by the dearneſs of proviſions, and the difficulty of carriage, this is expenſive in the iſland; the inhabitants are beſides at the mercy of the receiver. This difficulty was removed by an arrangement which Du Peyrou made with me, in becoming a ſubſtitute to the company which had undertaken and abandoned my general edition. I gave him all the materials neceſſary, and made the proper arrangement and diſtribution. To the engagement between us I added that of giving him the memoirs of my life, and made him the general depoſitary of all my papers, under the expreſs condition

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of making no uſe of them until after my death, having it at heart, quietly to end my days without doing any thing which ſhould again bring me back to the recollection of the public. The life annuity he undertook to pay me was ſufficient to my ſubſiſtence. My lord marſhal having recovered all his property, had offered me twelve hundred livres (fifty pounds) a year, half of which I accepted. He wiſhed to ſend me the principal, but this I refuſed on account of the difficulty of placing it. He then ſent the amount to Du Peyrou, in whoſe hands it remained, and who pays me the annuity according to the terms agreed upon with his lordſhip. Adding therefore to the reſult of my agreement with Du Peyrou, the annuity of the marſhal, two thirds of which were reverſible to Thérèſa after my death, and the annuity of three hundred livres from Ducheſne, I was aſſured of a genteel ſubſiſtence for myſelf, and after me for Thérèſa, to whom I left ſeven hundred livres (twenty-nine pounds) a year, from the annuities paid me by Rey and the lord marſhal; I had therefore no longer to fear a want of bread. But it was ordained that honour ſhould oblige me to reject all theſe reſour-

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ces which fortune and my labours placed within my reach, and that I ſhould die as poor as I had lived. It will be ſeen whether or not, without reducing myſelf to the laſt degree of infamy, I could abide by the engagements which care has always been taken to render ignominious, by depriving me of every other reſource to force me to conſent to my own diſhonour. How was it poſſible any body could doubt of the choice I ſhould make in ſuch an alternative? Others have judged of my heart by their own.

My mind at eaſe relative to ſubſiſtence was without care upon every other ſubject. Although I left in the world the field open to my enemies, there remained in the noble enthuſiaſm by which my writings were dictated, and in the conſtant uniformity of my principles, an evidence of the uprightneſs of my heart, which anſwered to that deducible from my conduct in favour of my natural diſpoſition. I had no need of any other defence againſt my calumniators. They might under my name deſcribe another man, but it was impoſſible they ſhould deceive ſuch as were unwilling to be impoſed upon.

upon. I could have given them my whole life to animadvert upon, with a certainty, notwithſtanding all my faults and weakneſſes, and my want of aptitude to ſupport the lighteſt yoke, of their finding me in every ſituation a juſt and good man, without bitterneſs, hatred, or jealouſy, ready to acknowledge my errors, and ſtill more prompt to forget the injuries I received from others; ſeeking all my happineſs in love, friendſhip, and affection, and in every thing carrying my ſincerity even to imprudence and the moſt incredible diſintereſtedneſs.

I therefore in ſome meaſure took leave of the age in which I lived and my contemporaries, and bid adieu to the world with an intention to confine myſelf for the reſt of my days to that iſland; ſuch was my reſolution, and it was there I hoped to execute the great project of the indolent life to which I had until then conſecrated the little activity with which heaven had endowed me. The iſland was going to become that of Papimanie, that happy country where the inhabitants ſleep.

Où l'on fait plus, où l'on fait nulle choſe *

* Where they do more: where they do nothing.

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This *more* was every thing for me, for I never much regretted ſleep; indolence is ſufficient to my happineſs, and provided I do nothing, I had rather dream waking than aſleep. Being paſt the age of romantic projects, and having been more ſtunned than flattered by the trumpet of fame, my only hope was that of living at eaſe, and conſtantly at leiſure. This is the life of the bleſſed in the world to come, and for the reſt of mine here below I made it my ſupreme happineſs.

They who reproach me with ſo many contradictions will not fail here to add another to the number. I have obſerved the indolence of great companies made them unſupportable to me, and I am now ſeeking ſolitude for the ſole purpoſe of abandoning myſelf to inaction. This however is my diſpoſition; if there be in it a contradiction, it proceeds from nature and not from me; but there is ſo little that it is preciſely on that account that I am always conſiſtent. The indolence of company is burdenſome becauſe it is forced. That of ſolitude is charming becauſe it is free, and depends upon the will. In company I ſuffer cruelly by in-

action becauſe this is of neceſſity. I muſt there remain nailed to my chair, or ſtand upright like a picket, without ſtirring hand or foot, not daring to run, jump, ſing, exclaim, nor geſticulate when I pleaſe, not allowed even to dream, ſuffering at the ſame time the fatigue of inaction and all the torment of conſtraint; obliged to pay attention to every fooliſh thing uttered, and to all the idle compliments paid, and conſtantly to keep my mind upon the rack that I may not fail to introduce in my turn my jeſt or my lie. And this is called idleneſs! It is the labour of a galley ſlave.

The indolence I love is not that of a lazy fellow who ſits with his arms acroſs in total inaction, and thinks no more than he acts, but that of a child which is inceſſantly in motion doing nothing, and that of a dotard who wanders from his ſubject. I love to amuſe myſelf with trifles, by beginning a hundred things and never finiſhing one of them, by going and coming as I take either into my head, by changing my project at every inſtant, by following a fly through all its windings, in wiſhing to overturn a rock to ſee what is under it,

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by undertaking with ardour the work of ten years, and abandoning it without regret at the end of ten minutes; finally, in muſing from morning until night without order or coherence, and in following in every thing the caprice of the moment.

Botany, ſuch as I have always conſidered it, and of which after my own manner I began to become paſſionately fond, was preciſely an idle ſtudy, proper to fill up the void of my leiſure, without leaving room for the delirium of imagination or the wearineſs of total inaction. Careleſsly wandering in the woods and the country, mechanically gathering here a flower and there a branch; eating my morſel almoſt by chance, obſerving a thouſand and a thouſand times the ſame things, and always with the ſame intereſt, becauſe I always forgot them, were to me the means of paſſing an eternity without a weary moment. However elegant, admirable, and variegated the ſtructure of plants may be, it does not ſtrike an ignorant eye ſufficiently to fix the attention. The conſtant analogy, with, at the ſame time, the prodigious rarity which reigns in their conformation,

gives pleaſure to thoſe only who have already ſome idea of the vegetable ſyſtem. Others at the ſight of theſe treaſures of nature feel nothing more than a ſtupid and monotonous admiration. They ſee nothing in detail becauſe they know not for what to look, nor do they perceive the whole, having no idea of the chain of connection and combinations which overwhelms with its wonders the mind of the obſerver. I was arrived at that happy point of knowledge, and my want of memory was ſuch as conſtantly to keep me there, that I knew little enough to make the whole new to me, and yet every thing that was neceſſary to make me ſenſible of the beauties of all the parts. The different ſoils into which the iſland, although little, was divided, offered a ſufficient variety of plants, for the ſtudy and amuſement of my whole life. I was determined not to leave a blade of graſs without analyſing it, and I began already to take meaſures for making, with an immenſe collection of obſervations, the *Flora Petrinſularis*.

I ſent for Thérèſa, who brought with her my books and effects. We boarded with the

receiver of the iſland. His wife had ſiſters at Nidau, who by turns came to ſee her, and were company for Thérèſa. I here made the experiment of the agreeable life which I could have wiſhed to continue to the end of my days, and the pleaſure I found in it only ſerved to make me feel to a greater degree the bitterneſs of that by which it was ſhortly to be ſucceeded.

I have ever been paſſionately fond of water, and the ſight of it throws me into a delightful reverie, although frequently without a determinate object.

Immediately after I roſe from my bed I never failed, if the weather was fine, to run to the terrace to reſpire the freſh and ſalubrious air of the morning, and glide my eye over the horizon of the lake, bounded by banks and mountains raviſhing to the view. I know no homage more worthy of the divinity than the ſilent admiration excited by the contemplation of his works, and which is not exteriorly expreſſed. I can eaſily comprehend the reaſon why the inhabitants of great cities, who ſee nothing but

walls, ſtreets, and crimes, have but little faith; but not whence it happens that people in the country, and eſpecially ſuch as live in ſolitude, can poſſibly be without it. How comes it to paſs theſe do not a hundred times a day elevate their minds in ecſtacy to the author of the wonders which ſtrike their ſenſes? For my part, it is eſpecially at riſing, wearied by a want of ſleep, that long habit inclines me to this elevation which impoſes not the fatigue of thinking. But to this effect my eyes muſt be ſtruck with the raviſhing beauties of nature. In my chamber I pray leſs frequently, and not ſo fervently; but at the view of a fine landſcape I feel myſelf moved, but by what I am unable to tell. I have ſomewhere read of a wiſe biſhop who in a viſit to his dioceſe found an old woman whoſe only prayer conſiſted in the ſingle interjection Oh! Good mother, ſaid he to her, continue to pray in this manner; your prayer is better than ours. This better prayer is mine alſo.

After breakfaſt, I haſtened, with a frown on my brow, to write a few pitiful letters, longing ardently for the moment after which I ſhould have

have no more to write. I buſied myſelf for a few minutes about my books and papers, to unpack and arrange them, rather than to read what they contained; and this arrangement which to me became the work of Penelope, gave me the pleaſure of muſing for a while. I then grew weary and quitted my books to ſpend the three or four hours which remained to me of the morning in the ſtudy of botany, and eſpecially of the ſyſtem of Linnæus, of which I became ſo paſſionately fond, that, after having felt how uſeleſs my attachment to it was, I could not entirely ſhake it off. This great obſerver is, in my opinion, the only one who, with Ludwig, has hitherto conſidered botany as a naturaliſt and a philoſopher; but he has too much ſtudied it in herbals and gardens, and not ſufficiently in nature herſelf. For my part, whoſe garden was always the whole iſland, the moment I wanted to make or verify an obſervation, I ran into the woods or meadows with my book under my arm, and there laid myſelf upon the ground near the plant in queſtion, to examine it at my eaſe as it ſtood. This method was of great ſervice to me in gaining a knowledge of vegetables in their

natural ſtate, before they had been cultivated and changed in their nature by the hands of men. Fagon, firſt phyſician to Louis XIV. and who named and perfectly knew all the plants in the royal garden, is ſaid to have been ſo ignorant in the country as not to know how to diſtinguiſh the ſame plants. I am preciſely the contrary. I know ſomething of the work of nature, but nothing of that of the gardener.

I gave every afternoon totally up to my indolent and careleſs diſpoſition, and to following without regularity the impulſe of the moment. When the weather was calm I frequently went, immediately after I roſe from dinner, and alone got into the boat. The receiver had taught me to row with one oar; I rowed out into the middle of the lake. The moment I withdrew from the bank, I felt a ſecret joy which almoſt made me leap, and of which it is impoſſible for me to tell or even comprehend the cauſe, if it were not a ſecret congratulation on my being out of the reach of the wicked. I afterwards rowed about the lake, ſometimes approaching the oppoſite bank, but never touching at it. I often let my boat float at the mercy

mercy of the wind and water, abandoning myſelf to reveries without object, and which by their ſtupidity were not the leſs agreeable. I ſometimes exclaimed, Oh nature! oh my mother! I am here under thy guardianſhip alone; here is no deceitful and cunning mortal to interfere between thee and me. In this manner I withdrew half a league from land; I could have wiſhed the lake had been the ocean. However, to pleaſe my poor dog, who was not ſo fond as I was of ſuch a long ſtay on the water, I commonly followed one conſtant courſe; this was going to land at the little iſland where I walked an hour or two, or laid myſelf down on the graſs on the ſummit of the hill, there to ſatiate myſelf with the pleaſure of admiring the lake and its environs, to examine and diſſect all the herbs within my reach, and, like another Robinſon Cruſoe, build myſelf an imaginary place of reſidence in the iſland. I became very much attached to this eminence. When I brought Thérèſa, with the wife of the receiver and her ſiſters, to walk there, how proud was I to be their pilot and guide! We took there rabbits to ſtock it. This was another ſource of pleaſure to Jean Jaques. Theſe animals

rendered the iſland ſtill more intereſting to me. I afterwards went to it more frequently, and with greater pleaſure, to obſerve the progreſs of the new inhabitants.

To theſe amuſements I added one which recalled to my recollection the delightful life I led at the Charmettes, and to which the ſeaſon particularly invited me. This was aſſiſting in the ruſtic labours of gathering of roots and fruits, and of which Thérèſa and I made it a pleaſure to partake, with the wife of the receiver and his family. I remember a Bernois, one M. Kirkebergher coming to ſee me, found me perched upon a tree with a ſack faſtened to my waiſt, and already ſo full of apples that I could not ſtir from the branch on which I ſtood. I was not ſorry to be catched in this and ſimilar ſituations. I hoped the people of Berne, witneſſes to the employment of my leiſure, would no longer think of diſturbing my tranquillity, but leave me at peace in my ſolitude. I ſhould have preferred being confined there by their deſire: this would have rendered the continuation of my repoſe more certain.

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This is another declaration upon which I am previouſly certain of the incredulity of many of my readers, who obſtinately continue to judge of me by themſelves, although they cannot but have ſeen, in the courſe of my life, a thouſand internal affections which bore no reſemblance to any of theirs. But what is ſtill more extraordinary is, that they refuſe me every ſentiment, good or indifferent, which they have not, and are conſtantly ready to attribute to me ſuch bad ones as cannot enter the heart of man; in this caſe they find it eaſy to ſet me in oppoſition to nature, and to make of me ſuch a monſter as cannot in reality exiſt. Nothing abſurd appears to them incredible the moment it has a tendency to blacken me, and nothing in the leaſt extraordinary ſeems to them poſſible if it tends to do me honour.

But notwithſtanding what they may think or ſay, I will ſtill continue faithfully to ſtate what J. J. Rouſſeau was, did, and thought; without explaining or juſtifying the ſingularity of his ſentiments and ideas, or endeavouring to diſcover whether or not others have thought as he did. I became ſo delighted with the

iſland of St. Peter, and my reſidence there was ſo agreeable to me, that, by concentring all my deſires within it, I formed the wiſh that I might ſtay there to the end of my life. The viſits I had to return in the neighbourhood, the journeys I ſhould be under the neceſſity of making to Neuchâtel, Bienne, Yverdon, and Nidau, already fatigued my imagination. A day paſſed out of the iſland ſeemed to me a loſs of ſo much happineſs, and to go beyond the bounds of the lake was to go out of my element. Paſt experience had beſides rendered me apprehenſive. The ſatisfaction alone I received from any thing whatever was ſufficient to make me fear the loſs of it, and the ardent deſire I had to end my days in that iſland, was inſeparable from the apprehenſion of being obliged to leave it. I had contracted a habit of going in the evening to ſit upon the ſandy ſhore, eſpecially when the lake was agitated. I felt a ſingular pleaſure in ſeeing the waves break at my feet. I formed of them in my imagination the image of the tumult of the world contraſted with the peace of my habitation, and this pleaſing idea ſometimes ſoftened me even to tears. The repoſe I enjoyed with

ecſtacy, was diſturbed by nothing but the fear of being deprived of it, but this inquietude was accompanied with ſome bitterneſs. I felt my ſituation ſo precarious as not to dare to depend upon its continuance. Ah! how willingly, ſaid I to myſelf, would I renounce the liberty of quitting this place, for which I have no deſire, for the aſſurance of always remaining in it. Inſtead of being permitted to ſtay here by favour, why am I not detained by force! They who ſuffer me to remain may in a moment drive me away, and can I hope my perſecutors, ſeeing me happy, will leave me here to continue to be ſo? Permitting me to live in the iſland is but a trifling favour, I could wiſh to be condemned to do it, and conſtrained to remain here that I may not be obliged to go elſewhere. I caſt an envious eye upon Micheli du Crêt, who, quiet in the caſtle of Arbourg, had only to determine to be happy to become ſo. In fine, by abandoning myſelf to theſe reflections and the alarming apprehenſions of new ſtorms always ready to break over my head, I wiſhed for them with an incredible ardour, and that inſtead of ſuffering me to reſide in the iſland, the Bernois

nois would give it me for a perpetual priſon; and I can aſſert that had it depended upon me to get myſelf condemned to this, I would moſt joyfully have done it, preferring a thouſand times the neceſſity of paſſing my life there to the danger of being driven to another place.

This fear did not long remain on my mind. When I leaſt expected what was to happen, I received a letter from the bailiff of Nidau, within whoſe juriſdiction the iſland of St. Peter was; by his letter he announced to me from their excellencies, an order to quit the iſland and their ſtates. I thought myſelf in a dream. Nothing could be leſs natural, reaſonable, or foreſeen than ſuch an order: for I had conſidered my apprehenſions as the reſult of inquietude in a man whoſe imagination was diſturbed by his misfortunes, and not to proceed from a foreſight which could have the leaſt foundation. The meaſures I had taken to inſure myſelf the tacit conſent of the ſovereign, the tranquillity with which I had been left to make my eſtabliſhment, the viſits of ſeveral people from Berne, and that of the bailiff himſelf, who had ſhewn me ſuch friendſhip,

ſhip and attention, and the rigour of the ſeaſon in which it was barbarous to expel a man who was ſickly and infirm, all theſe circumſtances made me and many people believe there was ſome miſtake in the order, and that ill-diſpoſed people had purpoſely choſen the time of the vintage and the vacation of the ſenate haſtily to do me an injury.

Had I yielded to the firſt impulſe of my indignation I ſhould immediately have departed. But to what place was I to go? What was to become of me at the beginning of the winter, without object, preparation, guide, or carriage? Not to leave my papers and effects at the mercy of the firſt comer, time was neceſſary to make proper arrangements, and it was not ſtated in the order whether or not this would be granted me. The continuance of misfortune began to weigh down my courage. For the firſt time in my life I felt my natural haughtineſs ſtoop to the yoke of neceſſity, and, notwithſtanding the murmurs of my heart, I was obliged to demean myſelf by aſking for a delay. I applied to M. de Graffenried, who had ſent me the order, for an explanation of it.

His

His letter, conceived in the ſtrongeſt terms of diſapprobation of the ſtep that had been taken, aſſured me it was with the greateſt regret he communicated to me the nature of it, and the expreſſions of grief and eſteem it contained ſeemed ſo many gentle invitations to open to him my heart: I did ſo. I had no doubt but my letter would open the eyes of my perſecutors, and that if ſo cruel an order was not revoked, at leaſt a reaſonable delay, perhaps the whole winter, to make the neceſſary preparations for my retreat, and to chuſe a place of abode, would be granted me.

Whilſt I waited for an anſwer, I reflected upon my ſituation, and deliberated upon the ſteps I had to take. I perceived ſo many difficulties on all ſides, the vexation I had ſuffered had ſo ſtrongly affected me, and my health was then in ſuch a bad ſtate, that I was quite overcome, and the effect of my diſcouragement was to deprive me of the little reſource which remained in my mind, by which I might, as well as it was poſſible to do it, have withdrawn myſelf from my melancholy ſituation. In whatever aſylum I ſhould take refuge, it appeared

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impoſſible to avoid either of the two means made uſe of to expel me. One of which was to ſtir up againſt me the populace by ſecret manœuvres; and the other to drive me away by open force, without giving a reaſon for ſo doing. I could not therefore depend upon a ſafe retreat, unleſs I went in ſearch of it farther than my ſtrength and the ſeaſon ſeemed likely to permit. Theſe circumſtances again bringing to my recollection the ideas which had lately occurred to me, I wiſhed my perſecutors to condemn me to perpetual impriſonment rather than oblige me inceſſantly to wander upon the earth, by ſucceſſively expelling me from the aſylums of which I ſhould make choice; and to this effect I made them a propoſal. Two days after my firſt letter to M. de Graffenried, I wrote him a ſecond, deſiring he would ſtate what I had propoſed to their excellencies. The anſwer from Berne to both was an order, conceived in the moſt formal and ſevere terms, to go out of the iſland, and leave every territory mediate and immediate of the republic, within the ſpace of twenty-four hours, and never to enter them again under the moſt grievous penalties.

This

This was a terrible moment. I have ſince that time felt greater anguiſh, but never have I been more embarraſſed. What afflicted me moſt was being forced to abandon the project which had made me deſirous to paſs the winter in the iſland. It is now time I ſhould relate the fatal anecdote which completed my diſaſters, and involved in my ruin an unfortunate people whoſe riſing virtues already promiſed to equal thoſe of Rome and Sparta. I had ſpoken of the Corſicans in the Social Contract as a new people, the only nation in Europe not too worn out for legiſlation, and had expreſſed the great hope there was of ſuch a people, if it were fortunate enough to have a wiſe legiſlator. My work was read by ſome of the Corſicans, who were ſenſible of the honourable manner in which I had ſpoken of them, and the neceſſity under which they found themſelves of endeavouring to eſtabliſh their republic, made their chiefs think of aſking me for my ideas upon the ſubject. M. Buttafuoco, of one of the firſt families in the country, and captain in France, in the Royal Italians, wrote to me to that effect, and ſent me ſeveral papers for which I had aſked to make myſelf acquainted with the hiſtory of the

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nation and the ſtate of the country. M. Paoli, alſo, wrote to me ſeveral times, and although I felt ſuch an undertaking to be ſuperior to my abilities, I thought I could not refuſe to give my aſſiſtance in ſo great and noble a work, the moment I ſhould have acquired all the neceſſary information. It was to this effect I anſwered both theſe gentlemen, and the correſpondence laſted until my departure.

Preciſely at the ſame time, I heard that France was ſending troops to Corſica, and that ſhe had entered into a treaty with the Genoveſe. This treaty and ſending of troops gave me uneaſineſs, and without imagining I had any farther relation with the buſineſs, I thought it impoſſible, and the attempt ridiculous, to labour at an undertaking which required ſuch undiſturbed tranquillity as the political inſtitution of a people in the moment when perhaps they were upon the point of being ſubjugated. I did not conceal my fears from M. Buttafuoco, who rather relieved me from them by the aſſurance that, were there in the treaty things contrary to the liberty of his country, a good citizen like himſelf would not remain as he did in the

the ſervice of France. In fact, his zeal for the legiſlation of the Corſicans, and his connections with M. Paoli could not leave a doubt on my mind reſpecting him; and when I heard he made frequent journeys to Verſailles and Fontainebleau, and had converſations with M. de Choiſeul, all I concluded from the whole was, that with reſpect to the real intentions of France he had aſſurances which he gave me to underſtand, but concerning which he did not chuſe openly to explain himſelf by letter.

This removed a part of my apprehenſions. Yet, as I could not comprehend the meaning of the tranſportation of troops from France, nor reaſonably ſuppoſe they were ſent to Corſica to protect the liberty of the inhabitants which they of themſelves were very well able to defend againſt the Genoveſe, I could neither make myſelf perfectly eaſy, nor ſeriouſly undertake the plan of the propoſed legiſlation, until I had ſolid proofs that the whole was ſerious, and that the parties meaned not to trifle with me. I much wiſhed for an interview with M. Buttafuoco, as that was certainly the beſt means of coming at the explanation I wiſhed. Of this

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he gave me hopes, and I waited for it with the greateſt impatience. I know not whether he really intended me any interview or not; but had this even been the caſe, my misfortunes would have prevented me from profiting by it.

The more I conſidered the propoſed undertaking, and the farther I advanced in the examination of the papers I had in my hands, the greater I found the neceſſity of ſtudying, in the country, the people for whom inſtitutions were to be made, the ſoil they inhabited, and all the relative circumſtances by which it was neceſſary to appropriate to them that inſtitution. I daily perceived more clearly the impoſſibility of acquiring at a diſtance all the information neceſſary to guide me. This I wrote to M. Buttafuoco, and he felt it as I did. Although I did not form the preciſe reſolution of going to Corſica, I conſidered a good deal of the means neceſſary to make that voyage. I mentioned it to M. Daſtier, who having formerly ſerved in the iſland under M. de Maillebois, was neceſſarily acquainted with it. He uſed every effort to diſſuade me from this intention, and I confeſs the frightful deſcription he

he gave me of the Corſicans and their country, conſiderably abated the deſire I had of going to live amongſt them.

But when the perſecutions of Motiers made me think of quitting Switzerland, this deſire was again ſtrengthened by the hope of at length finding amongſt theſe Iſlanders the repoſe refuſed me in every other place. One thing only alarmed me, which was my unfitneſs for the active life to which I was going to be condemned, and the averſion I had always had to it. My diſpoſition, proper for meditating at leiſure and in ſolitude, was not ſo for ſpeaking and acting, and treating of affairs with men. Nature which had endowed me with the firſt talent had refuſed me the laſt. Yet I felt that without taking a direct and active part in public affairs, I ſhould as ſoon as I was in Corſica, be under the neceſſity of yielding to the deſires of the people, and of frequently conferring with the chiefs. The object even of the voyage required that, inſtead of ſeeking retirement, I ſhould, in the heart of the country, endeavour to gain the information of which I ſtood in need. It was certain I

ſhould no longer be maſter of my own time, and that, in ſpite of myſelf, precipitated into the vortex in which I was not born to move, I ſhould there lead a life contrary to my inclination, and never appear but to diſadvantage. I foreſaw that, ill ſupporting by my preſence the opinion my books might have given the Corſicans of my capacity, I ſhould loſe my reputation amongſt them, and, as much to their prejudice as to my own, be deprived of the confidence they had in me, without which, however, I could not ſucceſsfully produce the work they expected from my pen. I was certain that, by thus going out of my ſphere, I ſhould become uſeleſs to the inhabitants, and render myſelf unhappy.

Tormented, beaten by ſtorms from every quarter, and, for ſeveral years paſt, fatigued by journeys and perſecution, I ſtrongly felt a want of the repoſe of which my barbarous enemies wantonly deprived me; I ſighed more than ever after that amiable indolence, that ſoft tranquillity of body and mind, which I had ſo much deſired, and to which, recovered from the chimeras of love and friendſhip, my heart

confined its ſupreme felicity. I viewed with terror the work I was about to undertake; the tumultuous life into which I was to enter made me tremble, and if the grandeur, beauty, and utility of the object animated my courage, the impoſſibility of conquering ſo many difficulties entirely deprived me of it.

Twenty years of profound meditation in ſolitude would have been leſs painful to me than an active life of ſix months in the midſt of men and public affairs, with a certainty of not ſucceeding in my undertaking.

I thought of an expedient which ſeemed proper to obviate every difficulty. Purſued by the under-hand dealings of my ſecret perſecutors to every place in which I took refuge, and ſeeing no other except Corſica where I could in my old days hope for the repoſe I had until then been every where deprived of, I reſolved to go there with the directions of M. Buttafuoco as ſoon as this was poſſible, but to live there in tranquillity; renouncing, in appearance, every thing relative to legiſlation, and, in ſome meaſure to make my hoſts a return

return for their hoſpitality, to confine myſelf to writing in the country the hiſtory of the Corſicans, with a reſerve in my own mind of the intention of ſecretly acquiring the neceſſary information to become more uſeful to them ſhould I ſee a probability of ſucceſs. In this manner, by not entering into an engagement, I hoped to be enabled better to meditate in ſecret and more at my eaſe, a plan which might be uſeful to their purpoſe, and this without much breaking in upon my dearly beloved ſolitude, or ſubmitting to a kind of life which I had ever found inſupportable.

But the journey was not, in my ſituation a thing ſo eaſy to get over. According to what M. Daſtier had told me of Corſica, I could not expect to find there the moſt ſimple conveniences of life, except ſuch as I ſhould take with me; linen, cloaths, plate, kitchen furniture, and books, all were to be conveyed thither. To get there myſelf with my gouvernante, I had the Alps to croſs, and in a journey of two hundred leagues to drag after me all my baggage; I had alſo to paſs through the ſtates of ſeveral ſovereigns, and, according to the example ſet

to all Europe, I had, after what had befallen me, naturally to expect to find obſtacles in every quarter, and that each ſovereign would think he did himſelf honour by overwhelming me with ſome new inſult, and violating in my perſon all the rights of perſons and humanity. The immenſe expence, fatigue, and riſk of ſuch a journey made a previous conſideration of them, and weighing every difficulty, the firſt ſtep neceſſary. The idea of being alone, and, at my age, without reſource, far removed from all my acquaintance, and at the mercy of theſe barbarous and ferocious people, ſuch as M. Daſtier had deſcribed them to me, was ſufficient to make me deliberate before I reſolved to expoſe myſelf to ſuch dangers. I ardently wiſhed for the interview for which M. Buttafuoco had given me reaſon to hope, and I waited the reſult of it to guide me in my determination.

Whilſt I thus heſitated came on the perſecutions of Motiers, which obliged me to retire. I was not prepared for a long journey, eſpecially to Corſica. I expected to hear from Buttafuoco; I took refuge in the iſland of St. Peter, whence I was driven at the beginning of

winter, as I have already ſtated. The Alps, covered with ſnow, then rendered my emigration impracticable, eſpecially with the precipitation preſcribed me. It is true, the extravagant ſeverity of a like order rendered the execution of it almoſt impoſſible; for, in the midſt of that concentred ſolitude, ſurrounded by water, and having but twenty-four hours after receiving the order to prepare for my departure, and find a boat and carriages to get out of the iſland and the territory, had I had wings, I ſhould ſcarcely have been able to pay obedience to it. This I wrote to the bailiff of Nidau, in anſwer to his letter, and haſtened to take my departure from a country of iniquity. In this manner was I obliged to abandon my favourite project, for which reaſon, not having in my oppreſſion been able to prevail upon my perſecutors to diſpoſe of me otherwiſe, I determined, in conſequence of the invitation of my lord marſhal, upon a journey to Berlin, leaving Thérèſa to paſs the winter in the iſland of St. Peter, with my books and effects, and depoſiting my papers in the hands of M. du Peyrou. I uſed ſo much diligence that the next morning I left the iſland, and arrived at Bienne

before noon. An accident which I cannot paſs over in ſilence, had here like to have put an end to my journey.

As ſoon as the news of my having received an order to quit my aſylum was circulated, I received a great number of viſits from the neighbourhood, and eſpecially from the Bernois, who came with the moſt deteſtable falſehood to flatter and ſooth me, proteſting that my perſecutors had ſeized the moment of the vacation of the ſenate to obtain and ſend me the order, which, ſaid they, had excited the indignation of the two hundred. Some of theſe comforters came from the city of Bienne, a little free ſtate within that of Berne, and amongſt others a young man of the name of Wildremet, whoſe family was of the firſt rank, and had the greateſt credit in that little city. Wildremet ſtrongly ſolicited me in the name of his fellow citizens to chuſe my retreat amongſt them, aſſuring me that they were anxiouſly deſirous of it, and that they would think it an honour and their duty to make me forget the perſecutions I had ſuffered; that with them I had nothing to fear from the in-

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fluence of the Bernois, that Bienne was a free city, governed by its own laws, and that the citizens were unanimouſly reſolved not to hearken to any ſolicitation which ſhould be unfavourable to me.

Wildremet perceiving all he could ſay to be ineffectual, brought to his aid ſeveral other perſons, as well from Bienne and the environs as from Berne even, and amongſt others the ſame Kirkeberguer, of whom I have ſpoken, who after my retreat to Switzerland had endeavoured to obtain my eſteem, and by his talents and principles had intereſted me in his favour. But I received much leſs expected and more weighty ſolicitations from M. Barthes, ſecretary to the embaſſy from France, who came with Wildremet to ſee me, exhorted me to accept his invitation, and ſurpriſed me by the lively and tender concern he ſeemed to feel for my ſituation. I did not know M. Barthes; however I perceived in what he ſaid the warmth and zeal of friendſhip, and that he had it at heart to perſuade me to fix my reſidence at Bienne. He made the moſt pompous eulogium of the city and its inhabitants, with

whom he ſhewed himſelf ſo intimately connected as to call them ſeveral times in my preſence his patrons and fathers.

This from Barthes bewildered me in my conjectures. I had always ſuſpected M. de Choiſeul to be the ſecret author of all the perſecutions I ſuffered in Switzerland. The conduct of the reſident of Geneva, and that of the ambaſſador at Soleure but too much confirmed my ſuſpicion; I perceived the ſecret influence of France in every thing that happened to me at Berne, Geneva, and Neuchâtel, and I did not think I had any powerful enemy in that kingdom, except the Duke de Choiſeul. What therefore could I think of the viſit of Barthes, and the tender concern he ſhewed for my welfare? My misfortunes had not yet deſtroyed the confidence natural to my heart, and I had ſtill to learn from experience to diſcern ambuſhes under the appearance of friendſhip. I ſought with ſurprize the reaſon of the benevolence of M. Barthes; I was not weak enough to believe he had acted from himſelf; there was in his manner ſomething public, an affectation even, which declared a concealed

concealed intention, and I was far from having found in any of theſe little ſubaltern agents that generous intrepidity which, in a ſimilar employment, had often cauſed a fermentation in my heart.

I had formerly known ſomething of the Chevalier Beauteville, at the caſtle of Montmorenci; he had ſhewn me marks of eſteem: ſince his appointment to the embaſſy he had given me proofs of his not having entirely forgotten me, accompanied with an invitation to go and ſee him at Soleure. Though I did not accept this invitation I was extremely ſenſible of his civility, not having been accuſtomed to be treated with ſuch kindneſs by people in place. I preſumed M. de Beauteville, obliged to follow his inſtructions in what related to the affairs of Geneva, yet, pitying me under my misfortunes, had by his private cares, prepared for me the aſylum of Bienne, that I might live there in peace under his auſpices. I was properly ſenſible of his attention, but without wiſhing to profit by it, and quite determined upon the journey to Berlin, I ſighed after the moment in which I was to ſee my lord marſhal,

ſhal, perſuaded I ſhould in future find real repoſe and laſting happineſs no where but near his perſon.

On my departure from the iſland, Kirkeberguer accompanied me to Bienne, I found Wildremet and other Biennois, who by the water ſide waited my getting out of the boat. We all dined together at the inn, and on my arrival there my firſt care was to provide a chaiſe, being determined to ſet off the next morning. Whilſt we were at dinner, theſe gentlemen repeated their ſolicitations to prevail upon me to ſtay with them, and this with ſuch warmth and obliging proteſtations, that, notwithſtanding all my reſolutions, my heart, which has never been able to reſiſt friendly attentions, received an impreſſion by theirs: the moment they perceived I was ſhaken they redoubled their efforts with ſo much effect that I was at length overcome, and conſented to remain at Bienne, at leaſt until the ſpring.

Wildremet immediately ſet about providing me with a lodging, and boaſted, as of a fortunate diſcovery, of a dirty little chamber in the back

back of the houſe, on the third ſtory, looking into a court-yard, where I had for a view the diſplay of the ſtinking ſkins of a dreſſer of ſhamoy leather. My hoſt was a man of a mean appearance, and a good deal of a raſcal: the next day after I went to his houſe I heard he was a debauchee, a gameſter, and in bad credit in the neighbourhood. He had neither wife, children, nor ſervants, and, ſhut up in my ſolitary chamber, I was, in the midſt of one of the moſt agreeable countries in Europe, lodged in a manner to make me die of melancholly in the courſe of a few days. What affected me moſt, was, that notwithſtanding what I had heard of the anxious wiſh of the inhabitants to receive me amongſt them, I had not perceived, as I paſſed through the ſtreets, any thing polite towards me in their manners, or obliging in their looks. I was however determined to remain there, when I learned, ſaw, and felt, the very day after, that there was in the city a terrible fermentation, of which I was the cauſe. Several perſons haſtened obligingly to inform me that on the next day I was to receive an order, conceived in the moſt ſevere terms immediately to quit the ſtate, that is the city.

I had

I had nobody in whom I could confide: they who had detained me were diſperſed. Wildremet had diſappeared, I heard no more of Barthes, and it did not appear that his recommendation had brought me into great favour with thoſe whom he had ſtyled his patrons and fathers. One M. de Van Travers, a Bernois, who had an agreeable houſe not far from the city, offered it me for my aſylum, hoping, as he ſaid, that I might there avoid being ſtoned. The advantage this offer held out was not ſufficiently flattering to tempt me to prolong my abode with theſe hoſpitable people.

Yet, having loſt three days by the delay, I had greatly exceeded the twenty-four hours the Bernois had given me to quit their ſtates, and knowing their ſeverity, I was not without apprehenſions as to the manner in which they would ſuffer me to croſs them, when the bailiff of Nidau came opportunely and relieved me from my embarraſſment. As he had highly diſapproved of the violent proceedings of their excellencies, he thought, in his generoſity, he owed me ſome public proof of his taking no part in them, and had the courage to leave his bailiwick

bailiwick to come and pay me a viſit at Bienne. He did me this favour the evening before my departure, and far from being incognito he affected ceremony, coming *in fiocchi* in his coach with his ſecretary, and brought me a paſſport in his own name, that I might croſs the ſtate of Berne at my eaſe, and without fear of moleſtation. I was more flattered by the viſit than by the paſſport, and ſhould have been as ſenſible of the merit of it, had it had for object any other perſon whatſoever. Nothing makes a greater impreſſion upon my heart than a well timed act of courage in favour of the weak unjuſtly oppreſſed.

At length, after having with difficulty procured a chaiſe, I next morning left this barbarous country, before the arrival of the deputation with which I was to be honoured, and even before I had ſeen Thérèſa, to whom I had written to come to me, when I thought I ſhould remain at Bienne, and whom I had ſcarcely time to countermand by a ſhort letter, informing her of my new diſaſter. In the third part of my memoirs, if ever I am able to write them, I ſhall ſtate in what manner, thinking to

to ſet off for Berlin, I really took my departure for England, and the means by which the two ladies who wiſhed to diſpoſe of my perſon, after having by their manœuvres driven me from Switzerland, where I was not ſufficiently in their power, at laſt delivered me into the hands of their friend.

I added what follows on reading my memoirs to M. and Madame, the Counteſs of Egmont, the Prince Pignatelli, the Marchioneſs of Meſme, and the Marquis of Juigné.

I have written the truth: if any perſon has heard of things contrary to thoſe I have juſt ſtated, were they a thouſand times proved, he has heard calumny and falſehood; and if he refuſes thoroughly to examine and compare them with me whilſt I am alive, he is not a friend either to juſtice or truth. For my part, I openly, and without the leaſt fear, declare, that whoever, even without having read my works, ſhall have examined with his own eyes my diſpoſition, character, manners, inclinations, pleaſures, and habits, and pronounce me

a diſhoneſt man, is himſelf one who deſerves a gibbet.

Thus I concluded, and every perſon was ſilent, Madame d'Egmont was the only perſon who ſeemed affected: ſhe viſibly trembled, but ſoon recovered herſelf, and was ſilent like the reſt of the company. Such were the fruits of my reading and declaration.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

KEY

TO THE

ABBREVIATIONS.

Abbreviations.	Explanation.
De B..e,	De Boſe.
De B.....l,	De Buzenval.
De B.....e,	De Broglie.
D...n,	M. and Madame Dupin.
S....l B.....d,	Samuel Bernard.
F.....e,	Fontaine.
La T....e,	La Touche.
Duke of K.....n,	Duke of Kingſton.
P....e of C...i,	Prince of Conti.
D...y*,	
F.....l,	M. and Madame Francueil.
M.....*,	The Chevalier and Count de Montaigu.
B...s,	Binis.
F.....y,	De Froulay.
M..i,	Mavi.

KEY TO THE

Abbreviations.	Explanation.
Z....o, N..i,	Zanetto, Nani.
L'H.....l,	De l'Hoſpital.
C.....e,	De Caſtellane.
L.....e,	De Larnage.
D'.....y,	D'Epinay.
Des C.....s,	Des Chevrettes.
De L....e, de B.....e,	De La Live de Blainville.
D'E..e,	D'Ette.
The Chevalier de V....y*,	
Counteſs de H.....,	Counteſs de Houdetot.
P....e of S... G....,	Prince of Saxe Gotha.
De C.....l,	De Choiſeul.
Mademoiſelle de B.....e,	Mademoiſelle de Blainville
P.....r,	Pompadour.
G....,	Grimm.
C.....x,	Chenonceaux.
P.....e,	Popliniere.
Count de F....., or de F....e	Count de Frieſe.
De R.....t,	De Rochechouart.
De L.....g,	De Luxembourg.
D'H.....h,	Baron de Holbach.
H.....e, or H....que,	Holbachique.
or H.....s,	Holbachians.
De S.....g,	De Schomberg.
Mademoiſelle F..,	Mademoiſelle Fel.
C.....c,	Cahuſac.

ABBREVIATIONS.

Abbreviations.	Explanation.
La C.....e,	La Chevrette.
E....y,	Epinay; an Eſtate near La Chevrette.
S.....,	Saurin.
D'A.....,	D'Argenſon.
G.....t,	Gauffecourt.
V.....,	Vernes.
The Profeſſor V....,	The Profeſſor Vernet.
C.....,	Chappuis.
M..... de M.....,	Marcet de Mezieres.
M.....,	Moultou.
R.....t de F.....,	The Reſident of France.
V.....,	Verſailles.
C.....n,	Crommelin.
T.....,	Tronchin.
.....	D'Aſſervir.
Madame D'A.....n,	Madame D'Aiguillon.
The Commander de G.....e*,	Two names of little importance, and which occur but once.
The Commander de N.....t*,	
De la B.....*,	
De St. L....., or St. L.....t,	De St. Lambert.
De C.....s,	De Caſtries.
M.....y,	Margency.
Viſcount de P.....c,	Polignac.

KEY TO THE

Abbreviations.	Explanation.
B.....r,	Berthier.
T....t,	Trublet.
C.....,	Coindet.
J.....e,	Jonville.
De L.....de M.....s, or M.....s,	De Lamoignon de Malesherbes, or Malesherbes.
T.....	Theluſſon.
Marquis de V.....n,	Verdelin.
A...*,	
F....y,	Formey.
B.....,	Bordeu, a Phyſician.
De L.....n,	De Lamoignon.
Madame D...., Niece to V.....,	Madame Denis, Niece to Voltaire.
D'E.....s,	D'Etioles.
J....., in a Note,	Jongleur.
De C.....s,	De Chauvelins.
The C.....r,	The Chancellor.
The young Marquis de V.....,	De Villeroy.
De M.....x,	De Mirepoix.
De M...n,	De Miran.
B.y de la T...r,	M. Boy de la Tour, in other places Iſabella Boy de la Tour.
R....n,	Roguin.

ABBREVIATIONS.

Abbreviations.	Explanation.
D'A.....t,	D'Alembert.
Attorney General T.....,	Tronchin.
L.....d.	Laliaud.
S.....r de St. B.....n,	Seguier de St. Briſſon.
D...c,	Deluc.
D'Y.....s,	D'Yvernois.
B..,	Boy.
G.....r,	Girardier.
D. or Du P. or D.....u,	Du Perou.
B....t,	Bonnet.
Du T.....x,	Du Terreaux.
Ducheſs / Counteſs / Abbé de B.....s,	De Boufflers.
S....,	An eſtate near Montmorency.
L.....y, (Chevalier de)	Lorenzy.
Mademoiſelle de G.....-.....d *,	
D'A..e *,	

N. B. Thoſe marked with an *Aſteriſk* are not known.